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THE WPA WORK
ON THE GROUND



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THE

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REPUBLIC OF LETTERS,

A SELECTION, IN POETRY AND PROSE,

FROM THE

WORKS OF THE MOST EMINENT WRITERS,

WITH

MANY ORIGINAL PIECES.

BY A. WHITELAW,

EDITOR OF "THE CASQUET OF LITERARY GEMS."

Books are yours,
Within whose silent chamber treasure lies,
Preserved from age to age ; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems which, for a day of need,
The sultan hoards in his ancestral tombs.

Wardnoorth.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH TWENTY ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. II.

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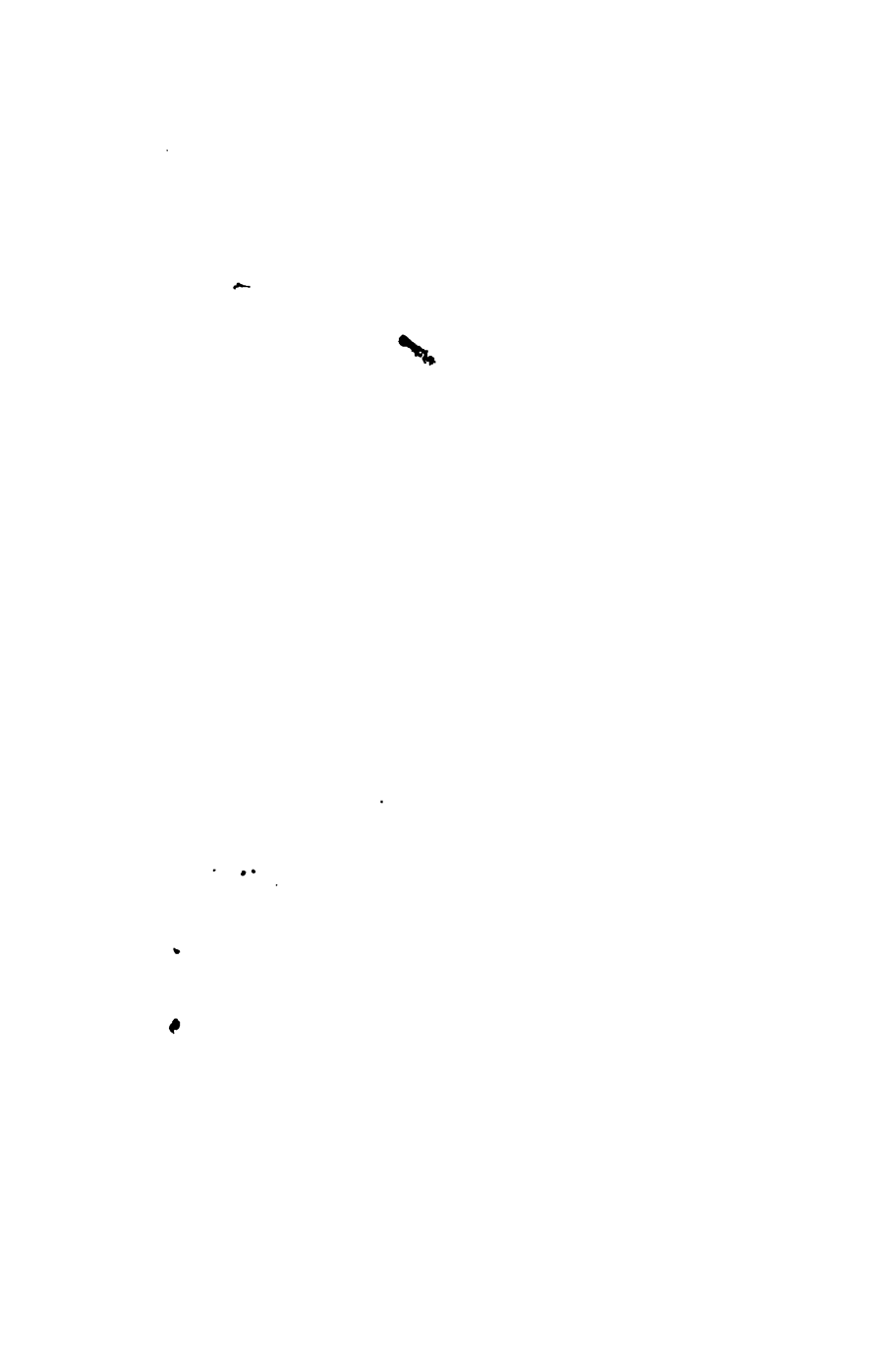
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THE

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

THE FLOATING BEACON.

ONE dark and stormy night, we were on a voyage from Bergen to Christiansand in a small sloop. Our captain suspected that he had approached too near the Norwegian coast, though he could not discern any land, and the wind blew with such violence, that we were in momentary dread of being driven upon a lee-shore. We had endeavoured, for more than an hour, to keep our vessel away; but our efforts proved unavailing, and we soon found that we could scarcely hold our own. A clouded sky, a hazy atmosphere, and irregular showers of sleety rain, combined to deepen the obscurity of night, and nothing whatever was visible, except the sparkling of the distant waves, when their tops happened to break into a wreath of foam. The sea ran very high, and sometimes broke over the deck so furiously, that the men were obliged to hold by the rigging, lest they should be carried away. Our captain was a person of timid and irresolute character, and the dangers that environed us made him gradually lose confidence in himself. He often gave orders, and countermanded them in the same moment, all the while taking small quantities of ardent spirits at intervals. Fear and intoxication soon stupified him completely, and the crew ceased to consult him, or to pay any respect to his authority, in so far as regarded the management of the vessel.

About midnight our mainsail was split, and shortly after we found that the sloop had sprung a leak. We had before shipped a good deal of water through the hatches, and the quantity that now entered from below was so great, that we thought she would go down every moment. Our only chance of escape lay in our boat, which was immediately lowered. After we had all got on board of her, except the captain, who stood leaning against the mast, we called to him, *requesting that he would follow us without delay.* "*How dare you quit the sloop without my permission?*" cried he.

staggering forwards. "This is not fit weather to go a-fishing. Come back—back with you all!"—"No, no," returned one of the crew "we don't want to be sent to the bottom for your obstinacy. Beat a hand there, or we'll leave you behind."—"Captain, you are drunk," said another; "you cannot take care of yourself. You must obey us now."—"Silence! mutinous villain," answered the captain. "What are you all afraid of? This is a fine breeze—Up mainsail, and steer her right in the wind's eye."

The sea knocked the boat so violently and constantly against the side of the sloop, that we feared the former would be injured or upset, if we did not immediately row away; but, anxious as we were to preserve our lives, we could not reconcile ourselves to the idea of abandoning the captain, who grew more obstinate the more we attempted to persuade him to accompany us. At length, one of the crew leapt on board the sloop, and having seized hold of him, tried to drag him along by force; but he struggled resolutely, and soon freed himself from the grasp of the seaman, who immediately resumed his place among us, and urged that we should not any longer risk our lives for the sake of a drunkard and a madman. Most of the party declared they were of the same opinion, and began to push off the boat; but I entreated them to make one effort more to induce their infatuated commander to accompany us. At that moment he came up from the cabin, to which he had descended a little time before, and we immediately perceived that he was more under the influence of ardent spirits than ever. He abused us all in the grossest terms, and threatened his crew with severe punishment, if they did not come on board, and return to their duty. His manner was so violent, that no one seemed willing to attempt to constrain him to come on board the boat; and after vainly representing the absurdity of his conduct, and the danger of his situation, we bid him farewell, and rowed away.

The sea ran so high, and had such a terrific appearance, that I almost wished myself in the sloop again. The crew plied the oars in silence, and we heard nothing but the hissing of the enormous billows as they gently rose up, and slowly subsided again, without breaking. At intervals, our boat was elevated far above the surface of the ocean, and remained, for a few moments, trembling upon the pinnacle of a surge, from which it would quietly descend into a gulf, so deep and awful, that we often thought the dense black mass of waters which formed its sides, were on the point of over-arching us, and bursting upon our heads. We glided with regular undulations from one billow to another; but every time we sunk into the trough of the sea, my heart died *within me*, for I felt as if we were going lower down than we had

ever done before, and clung instinctively to the board on which I sat.

Notwithstanding my terrors, I frequently looked towards the sloop. The fragments of her mainsail, which remained attached to the yard, and fluttered in the wind, enabled us to discern exactly where she lay, and showed, by their motion, that she pitched about in a terrible manner. We occasionally heard the voice of her unfortunate commander, calling to us in tones of frantic derision, and by turns vociferating curses and blasphemous oaths, and singing sea-songs with a wild and frightful energy. I sometimes almost wished that the crew would make another effort to save him, but, next moment, the principle of self-preservation repressed all feelings of humanity, and I endeavoured, by closing my ears, to banish the idea of his sufferings from my mind.

After a little time the shivering canvass disappeared, and we heard a tumultuous roaring and bursting of billows, and saw an unusual sparkling of the sea about a quarter of a mile from us. One of the sailors cried out that the sloop was now on her beam ends, and that the noise, to which we listened, was that of the waves breaking over her. We could sometimes perceive a large black mass heaving itself up irregularly among the flashing surges, and then disappearing for a few moments, and knew but too well that it was the hull of the vessel. At intervals, a shrill and agonized voice uttered some exclamations, but we could not distinguish what they were, and then a long-drawn shriek came across the ocean, which suddenly grew more furiously agitated near the spot where the sloop lay, and, in a few moments, she sunk down, and a black wave formed itself out of the waters that had engulfed her, and swelled gloomily into a magnitude greater than that of the surrounding billows.

The seamen dropped their oars, as if by one impulse, and looked expressively at each other, without speaking a word. Awful forebodings of a fate similar to that of the captain, appeared to chill every heart, and to repress the energy that had hitherto excited us to make unremitting exertions for our common safety. While we were in this state of hopeless inaction, the man at the helm called out that he saw a light a-head. We all strained our eyes to discern it, but, at the moment, the boat was sinking down between two immense waves, one of which closed the prospect, and we remained in breathless anxiety till a rising surge elevated us above the level of the surrounding ocean. A light like a dazzling star then suddenly flashed upon our view, and joyful exclamations burst from every mouth. "That," cried one of the crew, "must be the floating beacon which our captain was looking out for this after-

noon. If we can but gain it, we'll be safe enough yet." This intelligence cheered us all, and the men began to ply the oars with redoubled vigour, while I employed myself in baling out the water that sometimes rushed over the gunnel of the boat when a sea happened to strike her.

An hour's hard rowing brought us so near the light-house that we almost ceased to apprehend any further danger; but it was suddenly obscured from our view, and, at the same time, a confused roaring and dashing commenced at a little distance, and rapidly increased in loudness. We soon perceived a tremendous billow rolling towards us. Its top, part of which had already broke, overhung the base, as if unwilling to burst until we were within the reach of its violence. The man who steered the boat, brought her head to the sea, but all to no purpose, for the water rushed furiously over us, and we were completely immersed. I felt the boat swept from under me, and was left struggling and groping about in hopeless desperation, for something to catch hold of. When nearly exhausted, I received a severe blow on the side from a small cask of water which the sea had forced against me. I immediately twined my arms round it, and, after recovering myself a little, began to look for the boat, and to call to my companions; but I could not discover any vestige of them, or of their vessel. However, I still had a faint hope that they were in existence, and that the intervention of the billows concealed them from my view. I continued to shout as loud as possible, for the sound of my own voice in some measure relieved me from the feeling of awful and heart-chilling loneliness which my situation inspired; but not even an echo responded to my cries, and, convinced that my comrades had all perished, I ceased looking for them, and pushed towards the beacon in the best manner I could. A long series of fatiguing exertions brought me close to the side of the vessel which contained it, and I called out loudly, in hopes that those on board might hear me and come to my assistance, but no one appearing, I waited patiently till a wave raised me on a level with the chains, and then caught hold of them, and succeeded in getting on board.

As I did not see any person on deck, I went forwards to the sky-light, and looked down. Two men were seated below at a table, and a lamp, which was suspended above them, being swung backwards and forwards by the rolling of the vessel, threw its light upon their faces alternately. One seemed agitated with passion, and the other surveyed him with a scornful look. They both talked very loudly, and used threatening gestures, but the sea made so much noise that I could not distinguish what was said. After a little time, they started up, and seemed to be on the point

of closing and wrestling together, when a woman rushed through a small door and prevented them. I beat upon deck with my feet at the same time, and the attention of the whole party was soon transferred to the noise. One of the men immediately came up the cabin stairs, but stopped short on seeing me, as if irresolute whether to advance or hasten below again. I approached him, and told my story in a few words, but instead of making any reply, he went down to the cabin, and began to relate to the others what he had seen. I soon followed him, and easily found my way into the apartment where they all were. They appeared to feel mingled sensations of fear and astonishment at my presence, and it was some time before any of them entered into conversation with me, or afforded those comforts which I stood so much in need of.

After I had refreshed myself with food, and been provided with a change of clothing, I went upon deck, and surveyed the singular asylum in which Providence had enabled me to take refuge from the fury of the storm. It did not exceed thirty feet long, and was very strongly built, and completely decked over, except at the entrance to the cabin. It had a thick mast at midships, with a large lantern, containing several burners and reflectors, on the top of it; and this could be lowered and hoisted up again as often as required, by means of ropes and pulleys. The vessel was firmly moored upon an extensive sand-bank, the beacon being intended to warn seamen to avoid a part of the ocean where many lives and vessels had been lost in consequence of the latter running aground. The accommodations below decks were narrow, and of an inferior description; however, I gladly retired to the birth that was allotted me by my entertainers, and fatigue and the rocking of billows combined to lull me into a quiet and dreamless sleep.

Next morning, one of the men, whose name was Angerstoff, came to my bedside, and called me to breakfast in a surly and imperious manner. The others looked coldly and distrustfully when I joined them, and I saw that they regarded me as an intruder and an unwelcome guest. The meal passed without almost any conversation, and I went upon deck whenever it was over. The tempest of the preceding night had in a great measure abated, but the sea still raged, and a black mist hovered over it, through which the Norway coast, lying at eleven miles distance might be dimly seen. Not a bird enlivened the wide expanse of waters, and I turned pondering from the dreary scene, and asked Morvalden, the younger of the two men, when he thought there was a chance of getting ashore. "Not very soon, I'm afraid," returned he. "We are visited *once a-month* by people from yonder land, who are appointed to bring us a supply of provisions and other necessities.

They were here only six days ago, so you may count how long it will be before they return. Fishing boats sometimes pass us during fine weather, but we won't have much of that this moon at least."

No intelligence could have been more depressing to me than this. The idea of spending perhaps three weeks in such a place was almost insupportable, and the more so, as I could not hasten my deliverance by any exertions of my own, but would be obliged to remain, in a state of inactive suspense, till good fortune, or the regular course of events, afforded me the means of getting ashore. Neither Angerstoff nor Morvalden seemed to sympathize with my distress, or even to care that I should have it in my power to leave the vessel, except in so far as my departure would free them from the expense of supporting me. They returned indistinct and repulsive answers to all the questions I asked, and appeared anxious to avoid having the least communication with me. During the greater part of the forenoon, they employed themselves in trimming the lamps, and cleaning the reflectors, but never conversed any. I easily perceived that a mutual animosity existed between them, but was unable to discover the cause of it. Morvalden seemed to fear Angerstoff, and, at the same time, to feel a deep resentment towards him, which he did not dare to express. Angerstoff apparently was aware of this, for he behaved to his companion with the undisguised fierceness of determined hate, and openly thwarted him in every thing.

Marietta, the female on board, was the wife of Morvalden. She remained chiefly below decks, and attended to the domestic concerns of the vessel. She was rather good-looking, but so sullen and forbidding in her manner that she formed no desirable accession to our party, already so heartless and unsociable in its character.

As night approached, after the long, wearisome, and monotonous day, I went on deck to see the beacon lighted, and continued walking backwards and forwards till a late hour. As the light of the lantern flashed along the sea, I fancied I saw men struggling among the billows, and at other times I imagined I could discern the white sail of an approaching vessel. Human voices seemed to mingle with the noise of the bursting waves, and I often listened intently, almost in the expectation of hearing articulate sounds. My mind grew sombre as the scene itself, and strange and fearful ideas obtruded themselves in rapid succession. It was dreadful to be chained in the middle of the deep—to be the continual sport of the quietless billows—to be shunned as a fatal thing by those who *traversed the solitary ocean*. Though within sight of the shore, *our situation was more dreary than if we had been sailing a thou-*

and miles from it. We felt not the pleasure of moving forwards, nor the hope of reaching port, nor the delights arising from favourable breezes and genial weather. When a billow drove us to one side, we were tossed back again by another; our imprisonment had no variety or definite termination; and the calm and the tempest were alike uninteresting to us. I felt as if my fate had already become linked with that of those who were on board the vessel. My hopes of being again permitted to mingle with mankind died away, and I anticipated long years of gloom and despair, in the company of these repulsive persons into whose hands fate had unexpectedly consigned me.

Angerstoff and Morvalden tended the beacon alternately during the night. The latter had the watch while I remained upon deck. His appearance and manner indicated much perturbation of mind, and he paced hurriedly from side to side, sometimes muttering to himself, and sometimes stopping suddenly to look through the skylight, as if anxious to discover what was going on below. He would then gaze intently upon the heavens, and next moment take out his watch, and contemplate the motions of its hands. I did not offer to disturb these reveries, and thought myself altogether unobserved by him, till he suddenly advanced to the spot where I stood, and said, in a loud whisper,—"There's a villain below—a desperate villain—this is true—he is capable of any thing—and the woman is as bad as him."—I asked what proof he had of all this.—"Oh, I know it," returned he; "that wretch Angerstoff, whom I once thought my friend, has gained my wife's affections. She has been faithless to me—yes, she has. They both wish I were out of the way. Perhaps they are now planning my destruction. What can I do? It is very terrible to be shut up in such narrow limits with those who hate me, and to have no means of escaping, or defending myself from their infernal machinations."—"Why do you not leave the beacon," inquired I, "and abandon your companion and guilty wife?"—"Ah, that is impossible," answered Morvalden; "if I went on shore I would forfeit my liberty. I live here that I may escape the vengeance of the law, which I once outraged for the sake of her who has now withdrawn her love from me. What ingratitude! Mine is indeed a terrible fate, but I must bear it. And shall I never again wander through the green fields, and climb the rocks that encircle my native place? Are the weary dashings of the sea, and the moanings of the wind, to fill my ears continually, all the while telling me that I am an exile!—a hopeless despairing exile. But it won't last long," cried he, catching hold of my arm; "they will murder me!—I am sure,

of it—I never go to sleep without dreaming that Angerstoff has pushed me overboard.”

“Your lonely situation, and inactive life, dispose you to give way to these chimeras,” said I; “you must endeavour to resist them. Perhaps things aren’t so bad as you suppose.”—This is not a lonely situation,” replied Morvalden, in a solemn tone. “Perhaps you will have proof of what I say before you leave us. Many vessels used to be lost here, and a few are wrecked still; and the skeletons and corpses of those who have perished lie all over the sand-bank. Sometimes, at midnight, I have seen crowds of human figures moving backwards and forwards upon the surface of the ocean, almost as far as the eye could reach. I neither knew who they were, nor what they did there. When watching the lantern alone, I often hear a number of voices talking together, as it were, under the waves; and I twice caught the very words they uttered, but I cannot repeat them—they dwell incessantly in my memory, but my tongue refuses to pronounce them or to explain to others what they meant.”

“Do not let your senses be imposed upon by a distempered imagination,” said I; “there is no reality in the things you have told me.”—“Perhaps my mind occasionally wanders a little, for it has a heavy burden upon it,” returned Morvalden. “I have been guilty of a dreadful crime. Many that now lie in the deep below us, might start up, and accuse me of what I am just going to reveal to you. One stormy night, shortly after I began to take charge of this beacon, while watching on deck, I fell into a profound sleep; I know not how long it continued, but I was awakened by horrible shouts and cries—I started up, and instantly perceived that all the lamps in the lantern were extinguished. It was very dark, and the sea raged furiously; but notwithstanding all this, I observed a ship a-ground on the bank, a little way from me, her sails fluttering in the wind, and the waves breaking over her with violence. Half frantic with horror, I ran down to the cabin for a taper, and lighted the lamps as fast as possible. The lantern, when hoisted to the top of the mast, threw a vivid glare on the surrounding ocean, and showed me the vessel disappearing among the billows. Hundreds of people lay gasping in the water near her. Men, women, and children, writhed together in agonizing struggles, and uttered soul-harrowing cries; and their countenances, as they gradually stiffened under the hand of death, were all turned towards me with glassy stare, while the lurid expression of their glistening eyes upbraided me with having been the cause of their untimely end. *Never shall I forget these looks. They haunt me wherever I am—asleep and awake—night and day. I have kept this tale of*

horror secret till now, and do not know if I shall ever have courage to relate it again. The masts of the vessel projected above the surface of the sea for several months after she was lost, as if to keep me in recollection of the night on which so many human creatures perished, in consequence of my neglect and carelessness. Would to God I had no memory! I sometimes think I am getting mad. The past and present are equally dreadful to me; and I dare not anticipate the future."

I felt a sort of superstitious dread steal over me, while Morvalden related his story, and we continued walking the deck in silence, till the period of his watch expired. I then went below, and took refuge in my birth, though I was but little inclined for sleep. The gloomy ideas, and dark forebodings, expressed by Morvalden, weighed heavily upon my mind, without my knowing why; and my situation, which had at first seemed only dreary and depressing, began to have something indefinitely terrible in its aspect.

Next day, when Morvalden proceeded as usual to put the beacon in order, he called upon Angerstoff to come and assist him, which the latter peremptorily refused. Morvalden then went down to the cabin, where his companion was, and requested to know why his orders were not obeyed. "Because I hate trouble," replied Angerstoff.—"I am master here," said Morvalden, "and have been intrusted with the direction of every thing. Do not attempt to trifle with me."—"Trifle with you!" exclaimed Angerstoff, looking contemptuously. "No, no; I am no trifler; and I advise you to walk up stairs again, lest I prove this to your cost."—"Why, husband," cried Marietta, "I believe there are no bounds to your laziness. You make this young man toil from morning to night, and take advantage of his good-nature in the most shameful manner."—"Peace, infamous woman!" said Morvalden; "I know very well why you stand up in his defence; but I'll put a stop to the intimacy that exists between you. Go to your room instantly! You are my wife, and shall obey me."—"Is this usage to be borne?" exclaimed Marietta. "Will no one step forward to protect me from his violence?"—"Insolent fellow!" cried Angerstoff, "don't presume to insult my mistress."—"Mistress!" repeated Morvalden. "This to my face!" and struck him a severe blow. Angerstoff sprung forward, with the intention of returning it, but I got between them, and prevented him. Marietta then began to shed tears, and applauded the generosity her paramour had evinced in sparing her husband, who immediately went upon deck, without speaking a word, and hurriedly resumed the work that had engaged his attention *previous to the quarrel*.

Neither of the two men seemed at all disposed for a reconciliation,

and they had no intercourse during the whole day, except angry and revengeful looks. I frequently observed Marietta in deep consultation with Angerstoff, and easily perceived that the subject of debate had some relation to her injured husband, whose manner evinced much alarm and anxiety, although he endeavoured to look calm and cheerful. He did not make his appearance at meals, but spent all his time upon deck. Whenever Angerstoff accidentally passed him, he shrunk back with an expression of dread, and intuitively, as it were, caught hold of a rope, or any other object to which he could cling. The day proved a wretched and fearful one to me, for I momentarily expected that some terrible affray would occur on board, and that I would be implicated in it. I gazed upon the surrounding sea almost without intermission, ardently hoping that some boat might approach near enough to afford me an opportunity of quitting the horrid and dangerous abode to which I was imprisoned.

It was Angerstoff's watch on deck till midnight; and as I did not wish to have any communication with him, I remained below. At twelve o'clock, Morvalden got up and relieved him, and he came down to the cabin, and soon after retired to his birth. Believing, from this arrangement, that they had no hostile intentions, I lay down in bed with composure, and fell asleep. It was not long before a noise overhead awakened me. I started up, and listened intently. The sound appeared to be that of two persons scuffling together, for a succession of irregular footsteps beat the deck, and I could hear violent blows given at intervals. I got out of my birth, and entered the cabin, where I found Marietta standing alone, with a lamp in her hand. "Do you hear that?" cried I.—"Hear what?" returned she; "I have had a dreadful dream—I am all trembling."—"Is Angerstoff below?" demanded I.—"No—Yes, I mean," said Marietta. "Why do you ask that? He went up stairs."—"Your husband and he are fighting. We must part them instantly."—"How can that be?" answered Marietta; "Angerstoff is asleep."—"Asleep! Didn't you say he went up stairs?"—"I don't know," returned she; "I am hardly awake yet—Let us listen a moment."

Every thing was still for a few seconds; then a voice shrieked out, "Ah! that knife! You are murdering me! Draw it out! No help! Are you done? Now—now—now!"—A heavy body fell suddenly along the deck, and some words were spoken in a faint tone, but the roaring of the sea prevented me from hearing what they were.

I rushed up the cabin stairs, and tried to push open the folding doors at the head of them, but they resisted my utmost efforts. I

knocked violently and repeatedly, to no purpose. "Some one is killed," cried I. "The person who barred these doors on the outside is guilty."—"I know nothing of that," returned Marietta. "We can't be of any use now.—Come here again!—How dreadfully quiet it is.—My God!—A drop of blood has fallen through the sky-light.—What faces are yon looking down upon us?—But this lamp is going out.—We must be going through the water at a terrible rate.—How it rushes past us!—I am getting dizzy.—Do you hear these bells ringing? and strange voices——"

The cabin doors were suddenly burst open, and Angerstoff next moment appeared before us, crying out, "Morvalden has fallen overboard. Throw a rope to him!—He will be drowned." His hands and dress were marked with blood, and he had a frightful look of horror and confusion. "You are a murderer!" exclaimed I, almost involuntarily.—"How do you know that?" said he, staggering back; "I'm sure you never saw—" "Hush, hush," cried Marietta to him; "are you mad?—Speak again!—What frightens you?—Why don't you run and help Morvalden?"—"Has any thing happened to him?" inquired Angerstoff, with a gaze of consternation.—"You told us he had fallen overboard," returned Marietta. "Must my husband perish?"—"Give me some water to wash my hands," said Angerstoff, growing deadly pale, and catching hold of the table for support.

I now hastened upon deck, but Morvalden was not there. I then went to the side of the vessel, and put my hands on the gunwale, while I leaned over, and looked downwards. On taking them off, I found them marked with blood. I grew sick at heart, and began to identify myself with Angerstoff the murderer. The sea, the beacon, and the sky, appeared of a sanguine hue; and I thought I heard the dying exclamations of Morvalden sounding a hundred fathom below me, and echoing through the caverns of the deep. I advanced to the cabin door, intending to descend the stairs, but found that some one had fastened it firmly on the inside. I felt convinced that I was intentionally shut out, and a cold shuddering pervaded my frame. I covered my face with my hands, not daring to look around; for it seemed as if I was excluded from the company of the living, and doomed to be the associate of the spirits of drowned and murdered men. After a little time I began to walk hastily backwards and forwards; but the light of the lantern happened to flash on a stream of blood that ran along the deck, and I could not summon up resolution to pass the spot where it was a second time. The sky looked black and threatening—the sea had a fierceness in its sound and motions—and the wind swept over its bosom with melancholy sighs. Every thing was sombre and

ominous; and I looked in vain for some object that would, by its soothing aspect, remove the dark impressions which crowded upon my mind.

While standing near the bows of the vessel, I saw a hand and arm rise slowly behind the stern, and wave from side to side. I started back as far as I could go in horrible affright, and looked again, expecting to behold the entire spectral figure of which I supposed they formed a part. But nothing more was visible. I struck my eyes till the light flashed from them, in hopes that my senses had been imposed upon by distempered vision—however it was in vain, for the hand still motioned me to advance, and I rushed forwards with wild desperation, and caught hold of it. I was pulled along a little way notwithstanding the resistance I made, and soon discovered a man stretched along the stern-cable, and clinging to it in a convulsive manner. It was Morvalden. He raised his head feebly, and said something, but I could only distinguish the words “murdered—overboard—reached this rope—terrible death.”—I stretched out my arms to support him, but at that moment the vessel plunged violently, and he was shaken off the cable, and dropped among the waves. He floated for an instant, and then disappeared under the keel.

I seized the first rope I could find, and threw one end of it over the stern, and likewise flung some planks into the sea, thinking that the unfortunate Morvalden might still retain strength enough to catch hold of them if they came within his reach. I continued on the watch for a considerable time, but at last abandoned all hopes of saving him, and made another attempt to get down to the cabin—the doors were now unfastened, and I opened them without any difficulty. The first thing I saw on going below, was Angerstoff stretched along the floor, and fast asleep. His torpid look, flushed countenance, and uneasy respiration, convinced me that he had taken a large quantity of ardent spirits. Marietta was in her own apartment. Even the presence of a murderer appeared less terrible than the frightful solitariness of the deck, and I lay down upon a bench, determining to spend the remainder of the night there. The lamp that hung from the roof soon went out, and left me in total darkness. Imagination began to conjure up a thousand appalling forms, and the voice of Angerstoff, speaking in his sleep, filled my ears at intervals—“Hoist up the beacon!—the lamps won’t burn—horrible!—they contain blood instead of oil.—Is that a boat coming?—Yes, yes, I hear the oars.—Damnation!—why is that corpse so long of sinking?—If it doesn’t go down soon, they’ll find *me out*—How terribly the wind blows!—We are driving ashore—*See! see!* Morvalden is swimming after us—How he writhes in the

water!"—Marietta now rushed from her room, with a light in her hand, and seizing Angerstoff by the arm, tried to awake him. He soon rose up with chattering teeth and shivering limbs, and was on the point of speaking, but she prevented him, and he staggered away to his birth, and lay down in it.

Next morning, when I went upon deck, after a short and perturbed sleep, I found Marietta dashing water over it, that she might efface all vestige of the transactions of the preceding night. Angerstoff did not make his appearance till noon, and his looks were ghastly and agonized. He seemed stupified with horror, and sometimes entirely lost all perception of the things around him for a considerable time. He suddenly came close up to me, and demanded, with a bold air, but quivering voice, what I had meant by calling him a murderer?—"Why, that you are one," replied I, after a pause.—"Beware what you say," returned he fiercely,—*"you cannot escape my power now—I tell you, sir, Morvalden fell overboard."*—"Whence, then, came that blood that covered the deck?" inquired I.—He grew pale, and then cried, *"You lie—you lie infernally—there was none!"*—"I saw it," said I—"I saw Morvalden himself—long after midnight. He was clinging to the stern-cable, and said"—*"Ha, ha, ha—devils!—curses!"*—exclaimed Angerstoff—"Did you hear me dreaming?—I was mad last night—Come, come, come!—We shall tend the beacon together—Let us make friends, and don't be afraid, for you'll find me a good fellow in the end." He now forcibly shook hands with me, and then hurried down to the cabin.

In the afternoon, while sitting on deck, I discerned a boat far off, but I determined to conceal this from Angerstoff and Marietta, lest they should use some means to prevent its approach. I walked carelessly about, casting a glance upon the sea occasionally, and meditating how I could best take advantage of the means of deliverance which I had in prospect. After the lapse of an hour, the boat was not more than half a mile distant from us, but she suddenly changed her course, and bore away towards the shore. I immediately shouted, and waved a handkerchief over my head, as signals for her to return. Angerstoff rushed from the cabin, and seized my arm, threatening at the same time to push me overboard if I attempted to hail her again. I disengaged myself from his grasp, and dashed him violently from me. The noise brought Marietta upon deck, who immediately perceived the cause of the affray, and cried, *"Does the wretch mean to make his escape? For God's sake, prevent the possibility of that!"*—"Yes, yes," returned Angerstoff; *"he never shall leave the vessel—He had as well take care lest I do to him what I did to —"* "To Morvalden, I

suppose you mean," said I.—"Well, well, speak it out," replied ferociously; "there is no one here to listen to your damnable falsehoods, and I'll not be fool enough to give you an opportunity uttering them elsewhere. I'll strangle you the next time you these lies about—" "Come," interrupted Marietta, "don't uneasy—the boat will soon be far enough away—if he want give you the slip, he must leap overboard."

I was irritated and disappointed beyond measure at the failure of the plan of escape I had formed, but thought it most prudent to conceal my feelings. I now perceived the rashness and bad consequences of my bold assertions respecting the murder of Mordecai; for Angerstoff evidently thought that his personal safety, even his life, would be endangered, if I ever found an opportunity of accusing and giving evidence against him. All my motions were now watched with double vigilance. Marietta and her partner kept upon deck by turns during the whole day, and the lieutenant looked over the surrounding ocean, through a glass, at intervals to discover if any boat or vessel was approaching us. He often uttered threats as he walked past me, and, more than once, seemed waiting for an opportunity to push me overboard. Marietta and I frequently whispered together, and I always imagined I heard my name mentioned in the course of these conversations.

I now felt completely miserable, being satisfied that Angerstoff was bent upon my destruction. I wandered, in a state of fearful circumspection, from one part of the vessel to the other, not knowing how to secure myself from his designs. Every time he approached me, my heart palpitated dreadfully; and when he came on, I was agonized with terror, and could not remain in one spot, but hurried backwards and forwards between the cabin and the deck, looking wildly from side to side, and momentarily expecting to feel a cold knife entering my vitals. My forehead began to burn, and my eyes dazzled; I became acutely sensitive, and slightest murmur, or the faintest breath of wind, set my whole frame in a state of uncontrollable vibration. At first, I sometimes thought of throwing myself into the sea; but I soon acquired an intense feeling of existence, that the mere idea of death was horrible to me.

Shortly after midnight I lay down in my berth, almost exhausted by the harrowing emotions that had careened through my mind during the past day. I felt a strong desire to sleep, yet dared not indulge myself; soul and body seemed at war. Every noise excited my imagination, and scarcely a minute passed, in the course of which I did not start up, and look around. Angerstoff passed over the deck overhead, and when the sound of his footsteps accident-

ceased at any time, I grew deadly sick at heart, expecting that he was silently coming to murder me. At length I thought I heard some one near my bed—I sprang from it, and, having seized a bar of iron that lay on the floor, rushed into the cabin.—I found Angerstoff there, who started back when he saw me, and said, “What is the matter? Did you think that—I want you to watch the beacon, that I may have some rest.—Follow me upon deck, and I will give you directions about it.” I hesitated a moment, and then went up the gangway stairs behind him. We walked forward to the mast together, and he showed how I was to lower the lantern when any of the lamps happened to go out, and bidding me beware of sleep, returned to the cabin. Most of my fears forsook me the moment he disappeared. I felt nearly as happy as if I had been set at liberty, and, for a time, forgot that my situation had any thing painful or alarming connected with it. Angerstoff resumed his station in about three hours, and I again took refuge in my berth, where I enjoyed a short but undisturbed slumber.

Next day while I was walking the deck, and anxiously surveying the expanse of ocean around, Angerstoff requested me to come down to the cabin. I obeyed his summons, and found him there. He gave me a book, saying it was very entertaining and would serve to amuse me during my idle hours; and then went above, shutting the doors carefully behind him. I was struck with his behaviour, but felt no alarm, for Marietta sat at work near me, apparently unconscious of what had passed. I began to peruse the volume I held in my hand, and found it so interesting that I paid little attention to any thing else, till the dashing of oars struck my ear. I sprang from my chair, with the intention of hastening upon deck, but Marietta stopped me, saying, “It is of no use. The gangway doors are fastened.” Notwithstanding this information, I made an attempt to open them, but could not succeed. I was now convinced, by the percussion against the vessel, that a boat lay alongside, and I heard a strange voice addressing Angerstoff. Fired with the idea of deliverance, I leaped upon a table which stood in the middle of the cabin, and tried to push off the sky-light, but was suddenly stunned by a violent blow on the back of my head. I staggered back and looked round. Marietta stood close behind me, brandishing an axe, as if in the act of repeating the stroke. Her face was flushed with rage, and, having seized my arm, she cried, “Come down instantly, accursed villain! I know you want to betray us, but may we all go to the bottom if you find a chance of doing so.” I struggled to free myself from her grasp, but, being in a state of dizziness and confusion, I was unable to effect this, and she soon pulled me to the ground. At that

moment, Angerstoff hurriedly entered the cabin, exclaiming, "What noise is this? Oh, just as I expected! Has that devil—that spy—been trying to get above boards? Why haven't I the heart to despatch him at once? But there's no time now. The people are waiting—Marietta, come and lend a hand." They now forced me down upon the floor, and bound me to an iron ring that was fixed in it. This being done, Angerstoff directed his female accomplice to prevent me from speaking, and went upon deck again.

While in this state of bondage, I heard distinctly all that passed without. Some one asked Angerstoff how Morvalden did.—"Well, quite well," replied the former; "but he's below, and so sick that he can't see any person."—"Strange enough," said the first speaker, laughing. "Is he ill and in good health at the same time? he had as well be overboard as in that condition."—"Overboard!" repeated Angerstoff, "what!—how do you mean?—all false!—but listen to me.—Are there any news stirring ashore?"—"Why," said the stranger, "the chief talk there just now is about a curious thing that happened this morning. A dead man was found upon the beach, and they suspect, from the wounds on his body, that he hasn't got fair play. They are making a great noise about it, and government means to send out a boat, with an officer on board, who is to visit all the shipping round this, that he may ascertain if any of them has lost a man lately. 'Tis a dark business; but they'll get to the bottom of it, I warrant ye—Why, you look as pale as if you knew more about this matter than you choose to tell."—"No, no, no," returned Angerstoff; "I never heard of a murder, but I think of a friend of mine who—but I won't detain you, for the sea is getting up—We'll have a blowy night, I'm afraid."—"So you don't want any fish to-day?" cried the stranger. "Then I'll be off—Good morning, good morning. I suppose you'll have the government boat alongside by and bye." I now heard the sound of oars, and supposed, from the conversation having ceased, that the fishermen had departed. Angerstoff came down to the cabin soon after, and released me without speaking a word.

Marietta then approached him, and, taking hold of his arm, said, "Do you believe what that man has told you?"—"Yes, by the eternal hell!" cried he vehemently; "I suspect I will find the truth of it soon enough."—"My God!" exclaimed she, "what is to become of us?—How dreadful! We are chained here, and cannot escape."—"Escape what?" interrupted Angerstoff; "girl, you have lost your senses. Why should we fear the officers of justice? Keep a guard over your tongue."—"Oh," returned Marietta, "I talk without thinking, or understanding my own words; b

come upon deck, and let me speak with you there." They now went up the gangway stairs together, and continued in deep conversation for some time.

Angerstoff gradually became more agitated as the day advanced. He watched upon deck almost without intermission, and seemed irresolute what to do, sometimes sitting down composedly, and at other times hurrying backwards and forwards, with clenched hands and bloodless cheeks. The wind blew pretty fresh from the shore, and there was a heavy swell; and I supposed, from the anxious looks with which he contemplated the sky, that he hoped the threatening aspect of the weather would prevent the government boat from putting out to sea. He kept his glass constantly in his hand, and surveyed the ocean through it in all directions.

At length he suddenly dashed the instrument away, and exclaimed, "God help us! they are coming now!" Marietta, on hearing this, ran wildly towards him, and put her hands in his, but he pushed her to one side, and began to pace the deck, apparently in deep thought. After a little time, he started, and cried, "I have it now!—It's the only plan—I'll manage the business—yes, yes—I'll cut the cables, and off we'll go—that's settled!"—He then seized an axe, and first divided the hawser at the bows, and afterwards the one attached to the stern.

The vessel immediately began to drift away, and having no sails or helm to steady her, rolled with such violence, that I was dashed from side to side several times. She often swung over so much, that I thought she would not regain the upright position, and Angerstoff all the while unconsciously strengthened this belief, by exclaiming, "She will capsize, shift the ballast, or we must go to the bottom!" In the midst of this, I kept my station upon deck, intently watching the boat, which was still several miles distant. I waited in fearful expectation, thinking that every new wave against which we were impelled would burst upon our vessel, and overwhelm us, while our pursuers were too far off to afford any assistance. The idea of perishing when on the point of being saved, was inexpressibly agonizing.

As the day advanced, the hopes I had entertained of the boat making up with us gradually diminished. The wind blew violently, and we drifted along at a rapid rate, and the weather grew so hazy that our pursuers soon became quite undistinguishable. Marietta and Angerstoff appeared to be stupified with terror. They stood motionless, holding firmly by the bulwarks of the vessel; and though the waves frequently broke over the deck, and rushed down the gangway, they did not offer to shut the companion door, which would have remained open, had not I closed it. The

tempest, gloom, and danger, that thickened around us, n elicited from them any expressions of mutual regard, nor seen produce the slightest sympathetic emotion in their bosoms. gazed sternly at each other and at me, and every time the rolled, clung with convulsive eagerness to whatever lay within reach.

About sunset our attention was attracted by a dreadful ro which evidently did not proceed from the waves around us; b atmosphere being very hazy, we were unable to ascertain the of it, for a long time. At length we distinguished a range of cliffs, against which the sea beat with terrible fury. Whenever surge broke upon them, large jets of foam started up to a great h and flashed angrily over their black and rugged surfaces, whi wind moaned and whistled with fearful caprice among the pi ing points of rock. A dense mist covered the upper part c cliffs, and prevented us from seeing if there were any houses their summits, though this point appeared of little importanc we drifted towards the shore so fast that immediate death w inevitable.

We soon felt our vessel bound twice against the sand, and, little time after, a heavy sea carried her up the beach, whe remained imbedded and hard a-ground. During the ebb c waves there was not more than two feet of water round her. I immediately perceived this, and watching a favourable o tunity, swung myself down to the beach, by means of part c cable that projected through the hawse-hole. I began to ru wards the cliffs, the moment my feet touched the ground, and gerstoff attempted to follow me, that he might prevent my e but, while in the act of descending from the vessel, the sea f in with such violence, that he was obliged to spring on board to save himself from being overwhelmed by its waters.

I hurried on and began to climb up the rocks, which were steep and slippery; but I soon grew breathless from fatigue, and it necessary to stop. It was now almost dark, and when I l around, I neither saw any thing distinctly, nor could form the idea how far I had still to ascend before I reached the top c cliffs. I knew not which way to turn my steps, and remained solute, till the barking of a dog faintly struck my ear. I jo followed the sound, and, after an hour of perilous exertion covered a light at some distance, which I soon found to pr from the window of a small hut.

After I had knocked repeatedly, the door was opened by a man, with a lamp in his hand. He started back on seeing m my dress was wet and disordered, my face and hands had

wounded while scrambling among the rocks, and fatigue and terror had given me a wan and agitated look. I entered the house, the inmates of which were a woman and a boy, and having seated myself near the fire, related to my host all that had occurred on board the floating beacon, and then requested him to accompany me down to the beach, that we might search for Angerstoff and Marietta. "No, no," cried he, "that is impossible. Hear how the storm rages! Worlds would not induce me to have any communication with murderers. It would be impious to attempt it on such a night as this. The Almighty is surely punishing them now! Come here, and look out."

I followed him to the door, but the moment he opened it, the wind extinguished the lamp. Total darkness prevailed without, and a chaos of rushing, bursting, and moaning sounds swelled upon the ear with irregular loudness. The blast swept round the hut in violent eddyings, and we felt the chilly spray of the sea driving upon our faces at intervals. I shuddered, and the old man closed the door, and then resumed his seat near the fire.

My entertainer made a bed for me upon the floor, but the noise of the tempest, and the anxiety I felt about the fate of Angerstoff and Marietta, kept me awake the greater part of the night. Soon after dawn, my host accompanied me down to the beach. We found the wreck of the floating beacon, but were unable to discover any traces of the guilty pair whom I had left on board of it.

HEBREW MELODY.

Jeremiah x. 17.

FROM the Hall of our fathers in anguish we fled,
Nor again will its marble re-echo our tread,
For the breath of the syroc has blasted our name,
And the frown of Jehovah has crushed us in shame.

His robe was the whirlwind, His voice was the thunder,
And earth, at His footstep, was riven asunder;
The mantle of midnight had shrouded the sky,
But we knew where He stood by the flash of His eye.

Oh, Judah! how long must thy weary ones weep,
Far, far from the land where their forefathers sleep?
How long ere the glory that brightened the mountain,
Will welcome the exile to Siloa's fountain?

Mrs BROOKES.*

* *An American poetess, who generally assumes the name of "Norna."*

A SONG OF THE CUCKOO.

When spring with her girdle of roses comes forth,
 Like a fair blushing bride from the clime of the north,
 How man's heart bounds with gladness his gay bosom through,
 At her charms, and the song of her merry cuckoo ;
 Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo !

We have gazed on bright forms, such as angels above
 Might leave heaven, and come down on this dull earth to love ;
 But no face is like Nature's to man's longing view,
 When she laughs out in Spring with her joyous cuckoo ;
 Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo !

We have felt—who has not ?—as we clasp'd the fair hand,
 How the pulse bounds to bliss at the dear one's command ;
 But are those warm pulsations more thrilling or new
 Than sweet Spring when she dances, and warbles cuckoo ?
 Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo !

Though we've look'd in their eyes, until feeling arose,
 And the white of the cheek took the red of the rose,
 Who would say that those eyes were of tenderer blue
 Than Spring's heaven when she comes with her merry cuckoo ?
 Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo !

Who could swear—I would not—that their voices are clear
 As Nature's sweet speech at the spring of the year ?
 This we know, if far softer, their tongues are less true
 Than hers is when she speaks by her herald cuckoo ;
 Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo.

We have drank of the wine cup—who has not ?—in mirth,
 And believed nothing like it is found upon earth,
 But that draught would be bitter and dark, if ye knew
 The rich cup which she sends by her Hebe cuckoo ;
 Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo !

We have read the rare books of the wise ones of old,
 And perchance touch'd their wand that turns all things to gold ;
 But their tomes and their spells are as old things to new
 When fair Nature's are shown by her envoy cuckoo ;
 Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo !

Woman's love's not like hers ;—rosy wine makes us gay,
 But like beauty, it leads the pure bosom astray ;
 Fly them both—tear your volumes—your spells break in two,
 And woo Nature, and sing with her shouting cuckoo—
 Cuckoo, and cuckoo, and cuckoo !

THE CONTRAST.

SOME years ago I made a rambling tour through the interior of Perthshire, my native county. Among other places endeared by early associations that I visited, was a wild valley little known to strangers, called Glassy-howe Glen. It was the scene of many a boyish excursion, when holidays were days of fun as well as of danger; and every nook and secluded corner of the banks, every pool and cascade of the stream, every tree and bush were as familiar as the Georgics of Virgil—probably more so. Glassy-howe lies at a considerable distance from the village of M——, far removed from any public thoroughfare; and, indeed, the only human habitation at which, in those days, a traveller could rest, was a solitary shepherd's cottage which stood near the head of the glen, at the foot of a gently swelling eminence, that gradually rises and is lost amid the thousand undulations that ripple at the bottom of an enormous highland Alp. The glen itself is rather of a bare and monotonous aspect; and this dull, unvaried appearance is but little relieved by the scanty stream that brawls and hurries onwards to the small beautiful lake into which, after a course of nearly two miles, it discharges itself. Here and there, indeed, may be seen a stunted tree of larger proportions than the more modern shrubs, that gaily flourish by the banks of the rivulet, or affect majesty on some precipitous steep on the sides of the glen; and occasionally the stream assumes a bolder and more adventurous character, as it leaps from the rock that impedes, and threatens to stop its flow. But the principal feature of the huge and winding hollow is lonely and dreary seclusion; it wears an expression that never fails to inspire one with an inexplicable melancholy; and from which we turn away to other and fairer scenes, as if an oppressive load had been removed from the heart.

The cottage which has been mentioned as the only proof of man's presence in this desolate region, though now a roofless ruin, with the eastern gable alone entire, was tenanted in my youthful years by Matthew Lyel, and his family. Matthew was a shepherd; a plain good-natured man, whose only care was to tend his flocks, and to watch over the interests and happiness of a rising family, and, during the summer months, this moorland cottage was the place of his constant residence. Many a time and oft have I wandered over hill and dale with him, listening with a patient ear to his *homely stories*, or greedily devouring his wild legends of *ghosts and fairies*—for of these he possessed good store; and as often, and

as greedily, after a long day's march, have I partaken of his kind hospitality at a most unfashionable board ;—for the refinements of society had not reached the precincts of Glassy-howe Glen. His wife I never saw ; she had been dead many years before I became acquainted with him ; and to the same “ narrow house ” he had consigned the dust of two sons and a daughter, whom I well remember to have seen. Still the old man's temperament was cheerfulness, chastened and subdued, indeed, as was to have been expected in one whose light of happiness had been so often darkened and eclipsed by the visitations of affliction. After all his bereavements Matthew was more than resigned : elastic natural feelings, joined to Christian principle, rendered him happy within himself, and cheerful to all around. In all the district, you could not recognise a countenance more expressive of good humour and sagacity than Matthew Lyel's.

The only surviving pledge of this patriarchal shepherd's love, was a daughter—Euphemia, or, as she was commonly called, Phemie.—the youngest of the family ; and she, with an aged sister of his own, formed his household. Phemie, who had just passed the boundary that separates youth from womanhood, was the pride of her old father's heart ; in her all his withered affections revived and centered : and while he deeply felt the blessedness of receiving the gratitude and love of a favourite child, he could not be insensible to that elegance of form, and that loveliness of countenance, for which his daughter was so highly distinguished. Nature had indeed been lavish of her gifts ; nor had she denied to the mind graces corresponding to those so profusely awarded to the body. Phemie was rather beneath the middle size, but of most symmetrical proportions. Dark ringlets, clustered around a face on which the most wretched could not gaze without feeling a temporary cessation of his sorrow, and the most insensate must have experienced an unwonted emotion while beholding the witchery of eyes of the loveliest blue. She was one of those beings with whom we occasionally meet, the very picture of happiness and innocent gaiety, who seem destined never to taste of misery's cup—so light of heart—of such elasticity of spirit—so innocent—so happy. On the brow of such the shadow of despair never lowers, remorse or regret never stamp their dreadful marks ; or if these are observed, we wonder in awe, what business the fiend has with creatures so fair and pure. Phemie, the pride of the glen, was ever restless in her joy,—mirth sparkled in her eye, and dimpled in her cheek, and fluttered in her bosom : her heart seemed charged with happiness on which inactivity should have *lain as a heavy burden*. Nor was she, however, without her *moments of pensive thoughtfulness*, when solitude was her element,

and meditation her companion. In the following lines by Wordsworth she is as particularly described, as if she had sat, or rather run—or both—for the portrait:—

She shall be sportive as the Fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute inanimate things.

But it is impossible for words to give any correct idea either of her appearance or of her character: indeed, the nearer any description should approach to the reality, the farther it would appear, to the generality of mankind, to recede from the truth. Yet all may form the conception of a being as innocent and as light of heart as is consistent with our earthly lot; and such was Phemie Lyel, in those bright days when first I knew her, the good genius, the glory of Glassy-howe Glen.

About this time, I remember, some carpenters, painters, *et hoc genus omne*, who had come from Edinburgh to repair the mansion of Captain ———, resided at the village. They had the general reputation of dissipated, quarrelsome fellows, and very few chose to encourage their society. Betwixt the village where they resided and the principal scene of their operations, lay the residence of Phemie; and it is not to be expected that men of their character should have long remained ignorant of its inmate's reputation as the *beauty* of the place, or that they should have been undesirous of seeing her. In order, therefore, to have an opportunity of showing her something like modish gallantry, which they no doubt imagined a scarce commodity in the country; they were accustomed to deviate from the common path, and take that which immediately passed her cottage, to put their generous intentions into execution.

As chance would have it, an opportunity occurred sooner than they expected. One Saturday forenoon, as the mechanics returned from their labours (for the afternoons were devoted to idleness, or to something worse) they discovered Phemie resting on the grey fragment of a rock, with a pitcher beside her, which she was conveying homewards from the Gimmer Cup, as a picturesque well of living water was denominated. Unaccustomed to use any thing like delicate language to one in her station, they regarded her and addressed her as a person with whom any familiarities might be taken. She imagined at first that silence would be sufficient to free her of their presence, but she found herself mistaken; the unprin-

cipled ruffians were dead to the power of innocence, and just as she was about to rush past them, one of them proceeded to lay hold of her, and detained her in his rude grasp. At this moment the principal, or foreman of the mechanics, Thomas Henderson by name, came up, and in terms not of the most measured character, ordered the fellows to be gone; with which command, so unexpected and peremptory, they did not think proper to refuse compliance. Henderson, who had taken the same byepath with his associates, from a similar motive, had seen Phemie before; but this was the first opportunity he had ever enjoyed of conversing with her, and, as may be supposed, it was an opportunity not lost. In walking homewards with her, he expressed his extreme satisfaction at having had it in his power to do her the most trifling service, and left her with a promise, that he would soon call again, and have some conversation with her father. In a short time afterwards he was a regular visitor at old Matthew's cottage, and on terms of the most perfect intimacy with its angelic inmate.

Matthew Lyel, as has been said, was a man of simple, primitive habits; his information was confined within the boundaries of his own glen, and related almost exclusively to the immediate objects of daily pursuit. It may easily be conceived, then, how very acceptable the visits of Henderson would be, when we state, that, in addition to the favourable character assigned to him by common report, he was in the practice of exhibiting such amusing chemical tricks as his limited apparatus enabled him to perform, and to talk of the mysteries of science with a fluency that raised him in the shepherd's estimation, to the highest rank among philosophers. Matthew used to remark, "that it was his firm belief the lad had mair buik lear than the minister himsel', though he maybe was na just sae gleg at ceetin' chapter an' verse frae the tessimt; and as for his cantrips wi' the glasses, an' the eemages on the wa', it was liker magic than ony thing else. The only thing about him," he occasionally added, "was the vile trick he had o' winkin' wi' his tae e'e, which he thought was mair a token o' low cunnin' than ony affset to his face." But he always qualified his opinion by saying, "that tastes differ, an' we a' hae our failin's. May He teach us to see our ain!"—

But if Henderson felt gratification in finding himself established in the good graces of old Matthew, that gratification was trebled by the thought that he also possessed the heart of the lovely daughter. His conquest was apparent to all; and to none more apparent than to Allan M'Pherson, a neighbouring shepherd, who for *some years* had fondly dreamt that Phemie might yet be his own. *Allan* was heard to mutter threats of vengeance against his too for-

midable rival; and feeling his pride stung to the quick, he never afterwards sought the society of his early love. It was evident, too, that the old shepherd approved of Henderson as a proper person for a son-in-law; and rumour was already busy with the marriage, and fixing the day on which it was to be celebrated. Nor was rumour, for once, in the wrong. The day was fixed, and at no distant date, when Glassy-howe Glen was to be robbed of its enchantment, and Henderson was to carry off to the metropolis, the fairest maid that ever brushed dew-drops from the red heather bell.

The nuptial morn at length arrived. On the preceding night dreams of an alarming nature had banished sleep from the bride's eyelids, and she became at last so restless and perturbed, that she resolved to arise and breathe the fresh air, as the most likely means of cooling the distemperature of her mind. It was early in August, and the dawn had just begun to redden over the summits of the distant hills, when she wandered forth, pale and feverish, to visit her favourite haunt, the Gimmer Cup. The noise of the stream was still louder in the Glen than it commonly sounded through the day; silvery mists crept slow and silent down the valley, and high over head the palpitating notes of the lark were piercing and clear.

Phemie had scarcely descended half way down the steep that led to the fairy spring, when she was arrested on her path by a spectacle, which, to her imagination, seemed a human figure, standing motionless beside the well. Amid the grey mist that peacefully floated beneath her, she thought she plainly discerned a form wrapt in a white mantle, like the garments worn by the dead; and as she gazed, spell-bound in amazement at the sight, the shape left the spot, and, leisurely proceeding up the glen, passed within a few yards of the place where she stood. When directly opposite to her, and so near as to be distinctly visible, the phantom turned round, raised the shroud from its face, smiled with a sorrowful expression, and then mingled with the fleeting mist. Horrible sight! in the features of the phantom she recognised her own. Like one suddenly deprived of animation, she fell to the ground.

What might have been the consequences of this catastrophe, had she been left to herself, it is impossible to conjecture; but, fortunately, in a few minutes afterwards a robust highlander happened to pass the spot. He knew the apparently lifeless girl, and supposing her dead, took her in his arms, as if she had been an infant, and conveyed her in a few seconds to her father's cottage. Matthew was already plaided for the moors, that he might be able to return in due time for the various duties connected with a highland wedding.

A few words of explanation from the stranger-satisfied him in regard to his daughter's situation, and every means they could devise

were employed for her recovery. Signs of returning animation were soon discernible. She heaved two or three deep sighs; opened her eyes, and meeting those of the young highlander fixed on her with a look of the deepest emotion, she shrieked aloud, and again became ashy pale. It was Allan M'Pherson. He had determined to obtain a last look of her he loved, before her marriage; but little did he dream of such a meeting. He could not but perceive that his presence was the cause of her returning illness, and having left one kiss on her brow, he rushed out of the cottage.

It is unnecessary to enter into any minute detail of the festivities of the marriage day. Phemie concealed all knowledge of the ominous vision of the morning;—indeed it seemed all a dream, the wild and confused work of fancy; and though she felt the impossibility of banishing the apparition from her memory, she resolved not to mention the circumstance to any one that day. She was in consequence subjected to much uneasiness in replying to the numerous inquiries made respecting her health; for her pallid countenance but ill assorted with the gaiety of her wedding robes, and she was altogether unpractised in the arts of equivocation and evasion: truth sprang as naturally to her lips as music from the chord of the harp. The day was a day of rejoicing, the night was a night of revelry. Well pleased was the old man when he beheld the youthful pair mingling in the dance; and if the bridegroom was not the handsomest man there, none of the maidens could for an instant bear competition with the beautiful, the angelic bride. In two days they left Perth for Edinburgh amid the regrets and benedictions of all.

A blank now occurs in the history of fifteen years, which can but scantily be filled up. Having left that part of the country, I heard little or nothing of the fortunes of my old favourite. Only once, when walking to and fro on the quay of Perth, till the steam-boat in which I proposed to embark should arrive, it was my good fortune to encounter old Matthew Lyel himself. Age had bowed him down, and silvered his locks, but his intelligent, sagacious countenance could not be mistaken. In answer to my inquiries respecting his daughter and her husband, he informed me, that since their marriage, they had visited the glen, and that he, moreover, had been to see them in Edinburgh.

"I was weel acquaint," he said, "wi Embro' in the days o' auld, and kenn'd ilka hole an' bore aboot it, as weel's the best o' them; sae a' its grandeur an' bravery was nae new thing to me. But sin I mind, there was na a single house downbye yonder where Tammas an' Phemie live—Stockbrig they ca't—ye'll ken't, I'se war-rant, sir?"—

I replied that I did; and added, that it was a very respectable part of the town, and hoped his friends were happy.

"Ou, deed are they, for ony thing I saw," said Matthew, "an' weel to live. Tammas is in a gude way o' doin', an' has na forgotten his juggery pawkery tricks yet wi' the magic lantern, as he ca's't. He gangs i' the e'enin's to some grand college—the *schule o' airts*, I think, where he gets a power o' insight, an' he says, the day may come when he'll be as grand as the walthiest professor amang them. It may sae happen—I'm sure I could na say. But here comes the boat, an' I expect a parcel frae him wi' her; sae we had better muve down a bit farther."

Whether Matthew received his parcel I know not—we parted like old friends, and I stept into the boat.

A few years afterwards I visited Edinburgh, with the intention of spending a few days with an old friend attached to the law. As I could only enjoy my friend's society in the evenings, time occasionally hung heavy on my hands. During one of my morning attacks of ennui I formed the resolution of visiting my old acquaintance Phemie, though where to find her I knew not. In a state of unusual excitement I sallied forth, and soon found myself at Stockbridge; but all my inquiries at grocers' and bakers' shops, those most likely sources of information, was unavailing, and I was compelled to abandon the pursuit in despair; and again became the victim of idleness.

My friend perceived my uneasiness, and endeavoured to relieve it. He informed me in the morning that succeeded my goose-chase, that he was about to take a precognition of an important witness in a case of illegal marriage; and that, if I chose, I might accompany him. I willingly assented, for the thing was new to me, and promised amusement, if nothing better. This witness resided in the Canongate, and was by profession a spirit dealer.

Nothing remarkable occurred by the way; if seeing a poor wretch in the Calton Police Office, who had thrown himself that morning over the North Bridge, he excepted. He was fearfully mangled, and lay there for general inspection, till he should be recognised by his friends, and carried away for interment. We at last arrived at the house specified in the address. It bore no resemblance to a shop, nor could we perceive any indications outside that it was inhabited. My friend, however, had no hesitation in entering, as he was certain it answered to the direction with which he had been furnished.

Such an appearance of wretchedness as the interior presented I never beheld. The hovel was dingy and squalid; furniture there was none, and we saw no inmate save one little girl, of perh

thirteen or fourteen years of age, who sat cowering over the embers of a dying fire. On being asked if her father was at home, the young partner of misery answered "No" in a voice that seemed to shake with dread, and with a sudden glance at the interrogator as if she suspected no good from the visit.

"Then can you not tell us, my good girl, where he is?"

The child was silent; but an answer from another person issued from a dark recess which we had scarcely observed: "there's naebody here can tell whare he is; but I dread he's nae gude gate." From her mode of utterance it seemed too evident that the speaker was in a state of intoxication; and this was confirmed by the manner in which she immediately afterwards scolded and punished an infant that shared her straw couch for uttering some feeble cries and moans.

My friend endeavoured to explain to her the occasion and object of his visit, but he was interrupted. "If he signed ony sic a paper he was an idiot to do sae: I never saw ony gude come o' his meddlin' wi' things he had naething to do wi' yet. It's been the cause o' a' my sorrow, the ruin o' himsel' an' his family. Little thought I when I first saw him, an' heard him speak aboot his learning, that it was to come to *this*. But I've been strugglin' wi' death for a week, an' it 'll sune be ower noo, an' I'll cease to lamer that for the grandeur o' Edinbro' I left the happy, happy house my auld father in Glassy-howe Glen."

The words thrilled through me like electricity—"Phemie Lyel I involuntarily exclaimed, "can this be Phemie Lyel? And why did I not at once in that child's face recognise the image of mother in those days when"—but as I was surveying the countenance of the astonished girl, scarcely aware of what I was doing, sobs and hysterical bursts were heard from the straw pallet. Phemie—for I cannot alter her name—had recognised me; and all tender recollections of the Glen had come over her brain, mastered her senses.

In this state of insensibility she remained for a considerable time, and our fears that her exhausted frame would not recover from shock so suddenly given were at last put to flight by her opening her languid eyes, and gazing upon us with an unmeaning Oh! how changed she was from that happy, sylph-like, being filled her native glen with joy! Poor creature! she was all unconscious of the dreadful situation she was in, and seemed unable to comprehend the meaning of the soothing words of *which* were addressed to her. If reason had not indeed *left her*, it was plain her memory groped amid dim and *ideas* on which it could not for a moment rest. At length

settled upon me, and apparently with an effort, she kept it fixed on my countenance. I spoke to her—and she called me by my name, and muttered some words in a tone so low that they were quite unintelligible. It was evident from her altered manner that sense was returning; for her eye gradually assumed an expression of greater intelligence, and tears began to fall over her pale and wasted cheeks. She was now able to return brief answers to any inquiries we made, though conversation, from the state of complete exhaustion in which the miserable being lay, was obviously a burden. Perceiving this, we determined to commit her to the care of a surgeon, and leave her to enjoy repose.

When about to leave the hovel in order to put our purpose into execution, we were interrupted by a body of men bearing a load which bore a greater resemblance to a bier than any thing else. They were accompanied by two constables and a number of boys who seemed to have been attracted by curiosity. They immediately entered the room where we were standing, and straightway proceeded in silence to deposit their burden on the floor. One of the party, who wore the garb of a common chairman, in a low and respectful tone, expressed his hope that Mrs Henderson had been apprised of the melancholy accident, and prepared for the present scene. On my replying in the negative, the poor fellow, who had all along kept as much out of sight as possible, seemed struck to the heart with astonishment and grief. He lost no time, however, in remedying his error, for he whispered, "It is her husband—but who will inform her *now*?"

By this time Phemie had wonderfully recovered, and her attention was arrested by the strangers who now filled the apartment. After having quietly surveyed them, she said in a feeble, melancholy tone,—“It’s oure late—ye can get naething now—a jail is nae new thing an’ nae frichtsomeness to me, but I’ll ne’er enter ane again. Oh! take care o’ my bairns,—be gude to *them*—but if the God o’ heaven does na protect them when father an’ mither leave them, what can I expect frae *man*?”—Then extending her hand to me, she said, “But I’ll no wrang you by sayin’ sae—ye mind o’ me when I was young an’ happy—ye see me now—ye hae the power, an’ I’m sure ye dinna want the heart—oh! save my poor bairns frae an early grave!”

I promised faithfully to attend to her injunctions, and the light of happiness gleamed for a moment over her corpse-like features. “Then I’ll die in peace,” she said—“I forgive all—I forgive *him*—oh, my ruined husband!”—and again she burst into a flood of tears.

When the paroxysm of grief had passed away, she slightly raised

herself on her arm, as if she wished to communicate something farther to me; when unfortunately she caught a glimpse of the covered burden on the floor. The truth seemed to darken over her mind like a shadow; new life animated her frame; she suddenly arose from her pallet, like a spectral shape from the grave; she advanced to the bier—tore the covering from the dead man's face—instantly recognised it to be her husband's, and, with a loud and piercing shriek, fell upon his mangled corpse, and expired!

It may easily be conjectured that all present were deeply affected by a scene so horrible. After some consultation, my friend and I pledged ourselves to those present, to see that proper steps were taken for the decent interment of the ill-fated pair, and also for the maintenance of the orphan children, in the meantime—a pledge fully and strictly redeemed.

As we were quitting the house, the chairman who had spoken to me, took me aside, as if he had had somewhat of importance to disclose. His accent at once revealed him to be a highlander, and some dim idea crossed my mind that I had seen him before, though where or when I could not guess. He looked me full in the face, and, addressing me with an air of familiarity, which tended to puzzle me still more, said, "ye'll hae forgotten me noo, sir, deed wull ye. It's lang sin' we met."

I replied that certainly he was not a total stranger to me, but that he was right in his conjecture. "Do you no mind of me puttin' ye on the richt road, when ye tint your gate on the moors, seekin' Matthew Lyel? It's seventeen year sin' syne, come the time. An' do ye no mind o' the ploy we had killin' the ether that my dog kickit up sic a collieshangie wi' amang the heather?"

"I do—I remember well—you are Allan M'Gregor, that should have married——" but I saw that a jarring chord had been touched, and was silent.

"My name's Allan M'Pherson, sir, no M'Gregor, an' it was just about her that I was wussin to speak to you."

"Well, Allan, here is my address; call to-morrow forenoon, and tell me all."—Allan punctually obeyed, and from him I learned the following particulars.

For some time after Henderson's marriage, it appeared, he sustained his character of a sober, industrious mechanic, and Phemie enjoyed every comfort her heart could desire. Being possessed of strong natural talents, he made a very conspicuous appearance in the Edinburgh School of Arts, in which, as is well known, *mechanics* and others, for a small fee, are instructed in the elements of *mathematical* and *physical science*. This success flattered his *vanity*, of which he possessed a disproportionate share, and led

him to form and cherish ideas of advancement in society which rendered him thoroughly dissatisfied with his humble station in life, from which he madly hoped, at one mighty bound, to escape. As usually happens with such aspirants, he took the very worst means possible to attain his object. Instead of remaining steadily engaged in his professional labours (for which, at that period, there was ample remuneration) he chose to frequent the tavern, where, seated "the cock of the roost," among other would-be-philosophers, he declaimed on the inequality of rank, and the oppression of those in "pride and place." This gradually and insensibly tended to begot dissipated and idle habits, and these, in their turn, soured his mind more and more to the undignified calling he had embraced. His income, in consequence, was abridged; his family (only two out of seven were alive) was neglected; and he was forced by degrees to retreat from one abode to another, until, as a last resource, he commenced spirit-dealer himself, on a small scale, in the same hovel where I saw him for the last time. Poor Phemie's heart seemed breaking under such an accumulation of disasters and, miserable refuge! she at length was forced to drown her cares in the intoxicating cup: and who shall rashly condemn such conduct in the victims of poverty and sorrow?

When I mentioned the circumstance of Henderson's death, and asked Allan why he had so unadvisedly brought the body to the house, he informed me, that, from what could be gathered, Henderson had that night, when returning from the tavern with some of his acquaintances—all of them intoxicated—in a sudden fit of desperation, thrown himself over the North Bridge; and as he was being conveyed to the Office, was recognised by Allan. It was his intention to convey the mournful tidings himself to Phemie; but when he arrived at the door, and perceived me and my friend in the room, he hastily conjectured that tidings of the dismal event had been communicated to the minister of the parish, and that he was then engaged in fortifying the widow's mind with the consolations of religion. This mistake occasioned the heart-rending scene which has been briefly narrated.

I have only to add that the youngest child died in a few days after its mother; but that her namesake, Phemie, is still alive and happy in the Highlands among her friends. In consequence of the arrival of the grand-daughter, it was impossible longer to conceal from old Matthew the woeful history of his beloved Phemie; and though a "shock of corn fully ripe" (for he numbered four score and five years) it was evident to all that his departure was *thereby hastened to that land where "sorrow and sighing are forever fled away."*

D. A.

BYRON.

He started from sleep at the sound of his name ;
 One glance to the steep, and he spurned the shame.
 The highest he found he went haughtily by ;
 And no mortal around got the glance of his eye.
 Up the wild steep of life he went fearless and far,
 Now dark at his strife, and now bright as a star.
 Each mystical tree at his presence was bow'd ;
 And its leaves were let free in a blind streaming cloud.
 He caught them in flight, and wrote fast as they came ;
 And they flew through the night with his letters of flame.
 Each bore not the truth, but its brightness was law ;
 And after the youth follow'd wonder and awe.
 Ten thousand stood still his proud footsteps to mark,
 As they glow'd on the hill that wax'd silent and dark.
 The summit at last,—and the dark steep behind,—
 Ere his presence be past he must turn to his kind.
 One wave of his hand to his brothers below ;
 And each heart was at stand for his youth and his wo.
 Proud gestures of love to their cry of his name ;
 And the cloud-spots remove from his forehead of flame.
 Oh weep !—And all wept when his glory retired :—
 But the leaves never slept with his characters fired.
 In each bosom they fell burning sadness or mirth ;
 And their new glories well re-illumin'd the earth.

II.

Again in my dream, and the vision was new,
 With the terrible gleam of a mountain in view.
 A gold burst of heaven smote its summits of wonder,—
 All dinted and riven the gateways of thunder.
 But brighter each throne was o'er-fretted with fires—
 High spirits that shone on its difficult spires ;—
 High souls of the mighty, the bards of old name,
 How glad and how bright aye encircled with fame !
 In his circle each star and high converse they hold ;
 Or their spirits look far through the visions of old.
 A figure of flame ! the proud Byron again
 To the steep mountain came ; and its rocks were in vain.
 Through each tier—that bright climax—his footsteps aspire,
 Like the rock-beating ibex, still higher and higher.
 One throb in his lip told of peril and toil :
 But the smile lighted up, that no passion can spoil,—
 Through the tear in his eye of indignant appeal,
 That a pinion so high might his spirit reveal !
 He saw the bright portals of heaven outspread ;
 'Midst the highest immortals he sat, and was glad.
 To this world amain he bent awful regard—
 Till it cried, that no stain his deep beauty had marr'd.

For bright wax'd the sphere of the glorified youth,
 And his face shone severe, as a statue of truth.
 Now triumph and trance! for his bosom 'gan swell;
 And the visions advance to the might of his spell,—
 Abrupt, bold, and strange, with fierce energy wing'd :—
 Around him the range of bright circles was ring'd,—
 Thrill'd spirits that bow'd to the depth of that tone!
 Wild sympathies proud, thus to measure their own!
 He called his creations, and peopled the air ;—
 Bright things of all nations, and beings were there.
 The setting sun flush'd on old Greece like a crown;
 And the white temples blush'd on her hills of renown.
 Another sun blooded the seas of the West;
 And the palm-lands were flooded in the moons of the East.
 Came on the wild hordes, with their wandering looks,
 And the blue gleam of swords from the wilderness brooks.
 The Giaour hurried by, with his forehead so pale
 Proud Manfred look'd high; but his hell must prevail.—
 From the bow they stepp'd down, of the heavens when brightest;
 From the cataract's crown, where its spray is the lightest :—
 From the bubbles of storms, sun-tinted, their birth ;—
 Young feminine forms all light on our earth!
 But each young bosom breaking, with love, was o'er-drunk :—
 All clasp'd and shrieking, they came, and they sunk.—
 Show the foul blots of hell—let the visions increase—
 But he dash'd the wild spell with a cry for old Greece—
 How started each bard, of her ancient renown !—
 And each forehead was scarr'd for her tyrants—that frown!
 O'er their harps, then each look bow'd indignant in tears;
 And their locks fiercely shook—the dread vintage of years!
 And the tempest arose of old war-cries again,
 Insulting her foes at each break in the strain.
 And they hail'd the young bard in each pause of that flow,
 As the battle was heard in the valley below:
 As proudly he swell'd in his warrior form;
 The red spear he held waving away to the storm.
 And aye his black lyre in moments he took;
 And its fence-rows of fire with agony shook.
 Wild—thrilling—O Greece! thou lost star of our morn!
 That the long cloud may cease, and thy beauty return.
 How wish'd! since thy name can yet kindle such strains—
 From his dark harp they came like the bursting of chains!
 Thou soul of thine age! great warrior bard!
 For the free is thy page, and their pride thy reward!
 Long pause on thy story, ten thousand shall make;
 And from dreams of thy glory, what soul shall awake?

THOMAS AIRD.

THE ISLAND.*

"Oh had I some sweet little Isle of my own!"—MOORE.

IF the author of the Irish Melodies had ever had a little Isle so much his own as I have possessed, he might not have found it so sweet as the song anticipates. It has been my fortune, like Robinson Crusoe, and Alexander Selkirk, to be thrown on such a desolate spot, and I felt so lonely, though I had a follower, that I wish Moore had been there. I had the honour of being in that tremendous action off Finisterre, which proved an end of the earth to many a brave fellow. I was ordered with a boarding party to forcibly enter the Santissima Trinidad, but in the act of climbing into the quarter-gallery, which, however, gave no quarter, was rebutted by the butt-end of a marine's gun, who remained the quartermaster of the place. I fell senseless into the sea, and should no doubt have perished in the waters of oblivion, but for the kindness of John Monday, who picked me up to go adrift with him in one of the ship's boats. All our oars were carried away, that is to say, we did not carry away any oars, and while shot was raining, our feeble hailing was unheeded. In short, as Shakspeare says, we were drifted off by "the current of a heady fight." As may be supposed, our boat was anything but the jolly-boat, for we had no provisions to spare in the middle of an immense waste. We were, in fact, adrift in the cutter, with nothing to cut. We had not even junk for junketing, and nothing but salt-water, even if the wind should blow fresh. Famine indeed seemed to stare each of us in the face; that is, we stared at one another, but if men turn cannibals, a great allowance must be made for a short ditto. We were truly in a very disagreeable pickle, with oceans of brine and no beef, and, like Shylock, I fancy we would have exchanged a pound of gold for a pound of flesh. The more we drifted Nore, the more sharply we inclined to gnaw,—but when we drifted Sow, we found nothing like pork. No bread rose in the east, and in the opposite point we were equally disappointed. We could not compass a meal anyhow, but got mealy mouthed notwithstanding. We could see the Sea mews to the eastward, flying over what Byron calls the Gardens of Gull. We saw plenty of Grampus, but they were useless to all intents and porpusses, and we had no bait for catching a bottle-nose.

Time hung heavily on our hands, for our fast days seemed to pass very slowly, and our strength was rapidly sinking from being

* From 'The Comic Annual. By Thomas Hood.' 1832.

so much afloat. Still we nourished Hope, though we had nothing to give her. But at last we lost all prospect of land, if one may so say when no land was in sight. The weather got thicker as we were getting thinner; and though we kept a sharp watch, it was a very bad look-out. We could see nothing before us but nothing to eat and drink. At last the fog cleared off, and we saw something like land right a-head, but alas the wind was in our teeth as well as in our stomachs. We could do no nothing but keep her near, and as we could not keep ourselves full, we luckily suited the course of the boat; so that after a tedious beating about—for the wind not only gives blows but takes a great deal of beating—we came incontinently to an island. Here we landed, and our first impulse on coming to dry land was to drink. There was a little brook at hand to which we applied ourselves till it seem'd actually to murmur at our inordinate thirst. Our next care was to look for some food, for though our hearts were full at our escape, the neighbouring region was dreadfully empty. We succeeded in getting some natives out of their bed, and ate them, poor things, as fast as they got up, but with some difficulty in getting them open; a common oyster knife would have been worth the price of a sceptre. Our next concern was to look out for a lodging, and at last we discovered an empty cave, reminding me of an old inscription at Portsmouth, "The hole of this place to let." We took the precaution of rolling some great stones to the entrance, for fear of last lodgers,—that some bear might come home from business, or a tiger to tea. Here, under the rock, we slept without rocking, and when, through the night's failing, the day broke, we saw with the first instalment of light that we were upon a small desert isle, now for the first time an Isle of Man. Accordingly, the birds in this wild solitude were so little wild, that a number of boobies and noddies allowed themselves to be taken by hand, though the asses were not such asses as to be caught. There was an abundance of rabbits, which we chased unremittingly, as Hunt runs Warren; and when coats and trowsers fell short, we clothed our skins with theirs, till, as Monday said, we each represented a burrow. In this work Monday was the tailor, for, like the maker of shadowy rabbits and cocks upon the wall, he could turn his hand to anything. He became a potter, a carpenter, a butcher, and a baker—that is to say, a master butcher, and a master baker, for I became merely his journeyman. Reduced to a state of nature, Monday's favourite phrase for our condition, I found my being an officer fulfilled no office; to confess the truth, I made a very poor sort of savage, whereas Monday, I am persuaded, would have been made a chief by any tribe whatever. Our situations in life were completely reversed; he became the leader

and I the follower, or rather, to do justice to his attachment and ability, he became like a strong big brother to a helpless little one.

We remained in a state of nature five years, when at last a whaler of Hull—though the hull was not visible—showed her masts on the horizon, an event which was telegraphed by Monday, who began saying his prayers and dancing the College Hornpipe at the same time with equal fervour. We contrived by lighting a fire, literally a *feu-de-joie*, to make a sign of distress, and a boat came to our signal deliverance. We had a prosperous passage home, where the reader may anticipate the happiness that awaited us; but not the trouble that was in store for me and Monday. Our parting was out of the question; we would both rather have parted from our sheet anchor. We attempted to return to our relative rank, but we had lived so long in a kind of liberty and equality, that we could never resume our grades. The state of nature remained uppermost with us both, and Monday still watched over and tended me like Dominie Sampson with the boy Harry Bertram; go where I would, he followed with the dogged pertinacity of Tom Pipes; and do what I might, he interfered with the resolute vigour of John Dory in Wild Oats. This disposition involved us daily, nay, hourly, in the most embarrassing circumstances; and how the connexion might have terminated I know not, if it had not been speedily dissolved in a very unexpected manner. One morning poor Monday was found on his bed in a sort of convulsion, which barely enabled him to grasp my hand, and to falter out, "Good-bye, I am go—going—back—to a state of nature."

FANCY IN NUBIBUS,

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

O! 't is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
 Or let the easily persuaded eyes
 Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
 Of a friend's fancy; or with head bent low
 And cheek astant, see rivers flow of gold
 'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
 From mount to mount through CLOUDLAND, gorgeous land!
 Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight,
 Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
 By those deep sounds possess'd, with inward light
 Beheld the ILIAD and the ODYSSEY
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

COLERAY

THE ARTIST.

day walking through Finsbury-square. There sat a woman, meekly and sorrowfully bending her eyes to the child slept in her arms, upon whose thin pallid features traces of as much misery as can fall to the lot of sinners. I had been reading that very morning chap. v. b. of Paley's "Moral and Political Philosophy," and all feelings of my nature had responded to every argument for enforcing the duty of alms-giving. But I rather than have been a grand field-day with the beggars; that all turned out upon some special occasion; for I met there, four widows with five fatherless children a-piece, young industrious mechanics, in clean white aprons, and a sailor, who had lost his "precious sight" by lightning, of Biscay, between St Paul's and the Old Jewry. It is supposed, that soured the milk of human kindness within me, as I passed, with an unpitied heart, the simple, touching of the poor creature I have described, on whose lap lay a paper with these words only; "*Have compassion on us; take it!*" She asked no charity, either by word or look; folded arms round her baby, and her head drooping over it all to the tale which this little scroll told of her condition. I passed on!

While I write this confession of cold, miserable selfishness, even for a moment, stifle the yearnings of the sense of humanity, upon the paltry plea, that perhaps I had not known I had) given my mite already to the unworthy. How conscience keeps tugging at a man to hold him where he is going in a wrong path. Every step I took towards the road, leaving that poor silent suppliant behind unrelieved, walking under the constantly increasing burden of a guilty spirit—a consciousness that I had left something undone. It was necessary, for my own comfort, I should return and obeyed my monitor. I returned; and, as if to show myself in my true colours, I saw a Greenwich pensioner, as hard as a cannon-ball, and a look as crabbed as if he had been fined a day's allowance of grog, drop even his mite into the man's lap. The rewarding look with which her eyes met the maimed veteran, as he hobbled away on his wooden leg.

So a piece of tedious egotism to relate the conversation

I held with this distressed creature, after I had dispensed my bounty to her. But the scene to which it led I will describe.

It was with some difficulty I prevailed upon her to disclose her abode, or rather, to consent that she should conduct me to it; and, notwithstanding the sharp rebuke I had already received, in proportion to her reluctance the feeling grew strong within me that I was still the dupe of imposture. At length she yielded, but with a mournful shake of the head, which might be interpreted, I thought, two ways; either that she was conscious she could not escape detection, or satisfied that I should find her tale of misery too true. She arose, and I followed her slow feeble steps till we arrived at — street, leading into the New Road, near Pentonville.

She stopped at No. — in that street; and, looking at me as she knocked at the door, said faintly, “We live here, sir.”

I had hardly time to notice the apparent comfort and respectability of the outward appearance of the house, before the door was opened by a fine-looking lad about thirteen, whose dress denoted that species of poverty which is the wreck of former competence. He was old enough to know what misery means beyond the mere endurance of its sufferings and privations; and his countenance, therefore, wore that melancholy expression which is stamped by the habitual presence of sad thoughts. Yet there was a sparkling gladness in his eye to welcome back his mother, mingled with a timid inquiring glance at the stranger who accompanied her.

No words passed between them, and I followed my conductress silently into the parlour. Here was my first evidence of the destitution which the paper she had displayed proclaimed. There was nothing but the bare walls; literally nothing else: not an article of furniture of any description.

“Take your sister, George,” said the miserable mother, “and lay her—” tears choked her utterance. She might have added, “on the ground!” for, as I afterwards learned, bed there was none, nor chair, nor table, nor aught, save the floor, for its resting-place. The poor fellow took the infant, yet asleep, and while his own tears started at those of his mother, left the room.

I heard a heavy tread above, as of one pacing up and down with a hurried, impetuous step.

“It is my husband,” said she, anticipating the question which my look, I suppose, betrayed was upon my lips.

“Your husband! What is he?”

“An artist.”

“An artist!” I repeated, in a tone which I dare say expressed *what I felt*; for, judging from all that had occurred, I expected to

find the lowest branch of the art of colouring, dignified with a name which it has grown into a fashion to apply to the most consummate masters of the pencil.

"Yes, Sir," she replied, with something of offended pride, "an artist; and such an enthusiast of his art, that it has turned his brain. But I will go to him, and see if he will admit you."

She quitted the apartment, and the next moment I heard a loud laughing, clapping of hands, and vehement talking. I could not distinguish what was said; and before I had time to consider how I should act in the presence of a mad painter, quick steps descending the stairs apprised me of a visit for which I was wholly unprepared. The door flew open, and in rushed the husband followed by his wife entreating him to be calm, and assuring him that he was mistaken.

He made a sudden halt when he saw me, and with a wild, scrutinizing glare, surveyed me from head to foot. I was at once convinced of the disordered state of his mind, and wished our relative positions changed; I between him and the door, instead of his being between me and the only means of an escape, if it should be necessary, which the room presented, unless I made a precipitate retreat from the window into the area. He was tall, thin, pale, and haggard in appearance, with a beard that had not been shaved for a month; and had on a faded green great coat, one sleeve of which was half torn away, and the other hanging in tatters. In his left hand he held an ivory palette; his right grasped—not his pencil—but a large iron poker!

It does not require the experience of a lunatic asylum to know that insane persons are best managed by gentleness; and with a sort of instinctive consciousness of this, I saluted him very courteously, taking off my hat to render the homage which was due to the master of the house from a stranger. The effect of my politeness answered my most sanguine expectations. He returned my bow with a great deal of exuberant dignity; dropped his poker, which hitherto he had held as if prepared either to repel or commit an aggression, and used it as a walking-stick, while with a stately measured step he approached the farther corner of the room where I had planted myself, and where, at that moment, I should have been well pleased to find the wall opening behind me, for the convenience of retreating two steps to each one of his in advance.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, when he was so close to me, that if I had not held my head as erect as a grenadier of the Guards, the whiskers of his month's beard would have entered my own chin.

"Ha! ha! do you think I would let them touch the Last Judge—

ment?" and he brandished his poker over his head: "No! the rascals! They took every thing else; and I stood by and laughed to see what trouble they were at for my convenience. What cared I for tables, chairs, beds? They were in my way. But when they would have laid hands upon the *Last Judgment*! Martha," he continued, turning to his wife, who stood trembling and dejected at his side; "What did I say to the fellow who looked like Michael Angelo, when he came into the room for the *Last Judgment*? I knocked him down, Sir," addressing me again, and elevating his poker—"A judgment upon him, ha! ha! but not the last; for then I took him thus," seizing me by the collar, "and thrust him into the street, ha! ha! ha!"

"You did perfectly right," said I, with as much composure as I could possibly assume in my very awkward situation, and devoutly hoping he would not mistake me for Michael Angelo coming for his *Last Judgment*.

"Right!" he exclaimed. "Had he been an R. A. or the President of the R. A. himself, I would have felled him to the ground like an ox, or any man who dared to remove that canvass from the easel, till I had painted in the nose of Alexander: he is the principal figure in the fore-ground. If you are an artist, I need not tell you that to paint the end of a nose well—true to nature—is the climax of perfection in a portrait. Sir Joshua could never do it; West failed in all his noses; Sir Thomas is the only man in England, except myself, who can really paint a nose. Look even at the noses of the Prophets and Sibyls of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel—they are lumps of putty, Sir, stuck on by a glazier. Yours would be a very difficult nose to paint!" he added, fixing his eyes upon my nose with an earnest gaze of so equivocal a meaning, that I wished at the moment Nature had defrauded me of that prominent feature.

All this time he had never once shifted his position; neither could I mine. His wife continued to stand close to us, looking at me every now and then with an expression of countenance which silently, but intelligibly, conjured me not to cross him; while the son, with his infant sister in his arms, appeared at the door, surveying the scene in an attitude of intense curiosity, and deep affliction for the state of his wretched parent.

At length he yielded to the persuasions of his wife, and consented that I should go up stairs and see the *Last Judgment*, after making me promise I would not approach nearer to it than he should point out. He led the way, shouldering his poker like a musket: the wife followed next, and I brought up the rear. When I entered the room I was amazed! It was stripped of every article of furni-

at in the centre, stretched upon the easel, stood a magnificent unfinished, as I saw at the first glance, (and in more than the nose of Alexander,) of the *Last Judgment*. The expression, united with grandeur of form, in the principal figures; the variety of the subordinate parts; the effective grouping; the rich yet complete harmony of colour; and in some places, the appalling passions that were portrayed, constituted either as fine a specimen of modern art as I had ever looked

at. A burst of admiration which escaped from me was so sincere, so intense, that it fell like an electrical shock upon the shattered and overwrought brain of the unhappy artist. He burst forth. With passionate sobs, with shrieks of alternate delight and sorrow, he uttered a thousand wild exclamations, half ludicrous, half heart-rending, as he now gloried in his work, now execrated the age in which he lived, insensible as it was to his merits, and deplored that all his genius had not been able to feed his soul!

"Ha! Sir," he cried, (throwing away his poker, rubbing his eyes, and springing like a tiger from me to the picture, and then turning the picture back again to me, as he spoke.)—"Ha! ha! Sir! Look at your Titians, your Caraccis, your Raffaels, even the Florentine himself, Michael Angelo! Oh, God! Had they not bread the while, for me and mine, I would have shed a ray of light on my country brighter than that which now blazes over Italy. *Io sono pittore!* Look here! observe this sweeping outline here, what anatomy! how finely that muscle is displayed! I laboured to produce that! I have worked while the sun set, and worshipped my art in the stillness of those hours when a fainting soul languished for repose! Ay, Sir,—Martha, my friend—you—I lived but at my easel. Do you see the ghastly expression of that face? how beautifully it contrasts with the serene, spiritual joy, that beams from the features of that lovely youth!"

This head conceived, this hand executed it all—and yet I am mad! I am mad—mad—mad!" pressing his clenched fist violently to his forehead: "for I have been left to dream of what are gone, and to feed upon myself, till now I sometimes see my own heart's blood covering that canvass instead of colours I laid on!"

He came more composed, after this ebullition of his feelings, and threw himself into an attitude of earnest contemplation of the picture. I was myself gazing at it with increasing admiration, when suddenly he burst into a loud laugh.

"Ha! ha! What would Michael Angelo say, if he saw

that? By Jupiter! that old man on the right, whom I mean for a Cardinal, has too much of the sly, demure look of a Quaker. There, there, go, go! I must not be interrupted any longer; we want money; and if they would empty before me the coffers of the Bank of England, they should not have it till I have bestowed my last touches upon the nose of Alexander, and painted up the Cardinal's face to the true piety of a well-paid churchman. There, go, go!"

I obeyed, and leaving the maniac to his moody fancies, returned with his wife to the parlour, where I received from her all the particulars of her husband's calamitous history.

His name was ———, and he had not yet attained his five-and-thirtieth year. He was what is called a self-taught artist; that is, one who embodied the conceptions of genius, (which are from Heaven,) in the same way as those men did who had no masters to study, being themselves the great originals in their art, and the models, by universal consent, for those who came after them. Such men were *self-taught*, for where were they to find teachers? And *such* self-tuition, which is but another word for inspiration, is the only school wherein the rarer works of Nature can study. In this sense Demosthenes was a self-taught orator among the Greeks, and Cicero among the Romans; Homer was a self-taught poet; and Shakspeare, and Cervantes, Milton, and Moliere, were self-taught; if by the phrase we are to understand that which, if it be not self-taught, is incommunicable. But to return from this digression to my crazed, self-taught, artist.

His father was a wealthy merchant; and designing his only son for the church, his education had been completed at Cambridge. But he was born a painter; and renouncing, with the recklessness and impetuosity of a youthful mind, goaded onwards by the fiery impulses of one predominant, one devouring passion, he renounced every thing for it. This was an offence not at first to be forgiven by a father who had as strong a passion of another kind; who would rather have seen his son's name enrolled among the Tillotsons, Sherlocks, Taylors, and Barrows, of the English hierarchy, than heard him hailed by the general voice as the Raffael or Titian of his country. But there was doubtless a pardon that might have been slowly won from the parental heart, had not every hold upon it been dis severed by a second offence, that of marrying a beautiful, virtuous, and amiable girl, who was as poor as poverty herself in all things else. Pride discarded him from his home, and pride kept him voluntarily a stranger to it ever after.

He had now to struggle with adversity under all its most trying afflictions. He could not stoop to make the noble art to which he

ed himself a trading commodity among the shopkeepers stropolis. He disdained to colour canvass for wages that only suffice to maintain him. He chose rather, (when the d was exhausted which his father placed at his disposal cing him, and which had been husbanded most thriftily,) l for precarious subsistence upon slender loans solicited aer friends, or acquaintance, while finishing his first set in historical composition. The subject was a fine one Cromwell surveying the dead body of Charles I. the night execution.* It was exhibited. The best judges were struck randeur and poetical conception as a whole, and with the power displayed in many of its details. It soon found a at the modest price demanded by the artist, who was thus o discharge his obligations to his friends, and provide for e wants.

way he continued to wrestle with his fate for several ernately a borrower and a payer, as his various pieces ght. He buried himself meanwhile in solitude; for no a man live so solitary as in a crowded city, especially if r. It is there only he may be one of thousands, without ; thousands amid whom he moves knowing enough of him n by his name. His ambition was of the true quality; o repose or satisfaction; discontented with all that it ; eager for all that its restless aspirings aimed at, and con- t all was within its reach. He denied himself rest, almost quently sat at his easel eighteen or twenty hours together ; ig that time contented himself with a few biscuits, or a t, to rally his sinking energies. Then, fevered and ex- ie would throw himself on his bed; not to sleep, but to d talk of the visions of his waking thoughts.

aseless labour, this intense musing upon bright images of at were incessantly streaming into his mind, uniting with ction caused by pecuniary embarrassments, first shattered , and finally unsettled his reason! His wife imagined she occasional symptoms of a disturbed intellect long before ummoned to witness an alarming evidence of it.

y she heard him shouting and dancing furiously in his

le the assassins that crept up and down afraid of every man pointed at as monsters in nature, finished not their treason when ned his martyrdom, one (O. C.) to feed his eyes with cruelty, his solicitous ambition, curiously surveyed the murdered carcass, as brought in a coffin to Whitehall, and to assure himself the uite dead, with his fingers searched the wound whether the head vered from the body or no."—*Lloyd's Memoirs.*

room. She hastened to him. What was her dismay, when she saw him with a large carving knife in his hand, and the floor strewn with the shreds of three pictures for which he was to be paid a considerable sum when finished; but which, with the habitual improvidence of his character, he had suffered to remain unfinished for months, (he and his family all but starving meanwhile,) because he had begun, and was concentrating his whole soul upon the execution of, the *Last Judgment*! He had slashed them into ribands, and was exulting over his achievement with the boisterous rejoicing of a man who had vanquished some tormenting evil that had been pursuing him at every turn. When he perceived his wife, he pointed to the bits of painted canvass, exclaiming with a strange mixture of ludicrous solemnity, and the fierce flashing of satiated vengeance, "Now, my dear Martha, I am free! I have triumphed over these fiends, these insulting fiends, who stood grinning at me with looks of gaunt defiance, as if they were the personifications of famine, and daring me to worship my idol there while they were neglected. But I have cut them down at last,—and now for a glorious strife with Michael Angelo!"

His infirmity did not assume the character of confirmed aberration of mind in the beginning; for he would talk rationally and temperately upon many subjects; and in moments of serene discourse with his wife, condemn (but ever more in mirth than in sorrow) the rash execution he had done upon the three unfortunate and unoffending pictures. Still he became more and more incapable of connecting in his thoughts the labours of his hand with the sustenance of his family. "Henceforth I will paint for immortality," he would say; "I will live no longer for the present, but for all time: and my delighted spirit shall glow with conscious rapture as it beholds the imperishable garland which posterity will weave for my name." The necessary consequence of this deplorable delusion was, that his domestic affairs became irretrievably embarrassed, and his family were reduced to privations whose bitterness and severity were felt by himself only in the momentary sense of their existence. His wife bore her share of these trying calamities with an enduring fortitude and patience, which her devoted love for her husband alone could have inspired, and which the hope, that never forsook her, of his restoration to reason, could alone have sustained. Whatever could be converted into money, was unhesitatingly devoted to that use; and when scarcely any thing remained but the more bulky furniture of the house, she exercised her ingenuity in various fanciful articles of needle-work, which she parted with for any price they would obtain. It need hardly be told how many hours of sedentary toil at an occupation

like this it required to produce a few shillings; nor how many heart-sickening disappointments, how many galling humiliations, were to be encountered before a purchaser could be found. Her close application, her mental anxiety, both on account of her husband and her children, added to poor and insufficient diet, reduced her to a state of such pitiable weakness, that she was at length unable to continue her labour.

Then was her situation dreadful indeed! Famine at the door, and the hand that should drive it hence, powerless, alas! from a malady which showed no signs of abatement! She would have sought her husband's father in her extremity, and implored his aid—not for herself, if her participation in it would have turned it aside—but for a son; and for that son's children, innocent of the crimes which had banished *their* father from the affections of his *own*. But she revered too deeply her husband's honour. She had heard him too often express what were *his* feelings at the conduct of *his* father; had heard him too often repeat his stern determination, rather to perish with hunger than owe the meal which saved him to one who had trampled upon his young heart's first ambition and its most cherished affections—these recollections were too vividly present to her mind, and she herself shared in all the feelings with which they were associated too entirely, to do that *for* her husband, in his benighted state, at which he himself would have spurned, and which would be unblessed by his sanction, when it should be Heaven's will to restore to him the light of reason.

At length came the heaviest blow of all. A churlish creditor, one of those sordid reptiles of the earth, whose sole perception of what is right consists in knowing that he who has money owing to him has a right to be paid, no matter though he tears his debt from the convulsive grasp of an agonised father standing half-frenzied by the side of his famishing wife and children—a creature of this stamp, and the world swarms with such—put an execution into the house, and swept away by the ruthless hand of the law, (wrested to appease a demon not raised to distribute justice,) every remaining vestige of property. The savage scene had been acted only the day before it was my chance to pass the miserable wife as she sat for charity from way-farers. To this last resource of the destitute she had resorted in utter despair. They could not pass another four-and-twenty hours as they had passed the preceding. They could not literally sit down and die for very want in their desolate habitation. A single shilling, (if the charity which walks the streets should bestow so much, and no more,) would at least suffice to satisfy the most *important* of the *cravings* of nature; and that *must* be done. There *would then be time to think of what could be done*. With the feeling

of this necessity strong upon her, she quitted the house with her infant in her arms.

Let me not forget to mention two circumstances. The one is, (as I had reason subsequently to know,) that the step of the door on which she sat, with her touching appeal—"Have pity on us, we are destitute!" belonged to the house in which her husband's father lived, and that he, in coming out that morning, had passed her. But they were mutually unacquainted with each other; while she was totally ignorant of the place where she had seated herself. Surely, were there such things in Nature as we sometimes read of—strange, mysterious, and occult sympathies, by which kindred bloods wonderfully respond to unknown ties—this man could not have been so near his own, under such circumstances, and have looked upon the mother and her child, only as he would have looked upon a common street mendicant!

The other circumstance is this. When the sheriff's officers entered the house to levy the execution, her husband surveyed the process, not only with indifference, but with a sort of wild mirth, to see how the chairs, and tables, and beds were pulled about, and carried from room to room. His wife's dismay, his son's tears, moved him not. They were unheeded. He laughed, even, as they thrust him from the chair on which he was sitting, to remove it into the cart at the door. But, when two of the men were about to lay their hands on the picture by which he stood—on his *Last Judgment*—at which he still worked every day, and which doubtless owed some of the extraordinary effect I have described to the very frenzy of his thoughts, he sprang upon them like a chafed leopard, threw them to the ground, and, in a frightful struggle, while he literally howled with rage, would have strangled them, had they not been powerful enough to escape from his grasp. Terror-struck, they fled—he followed—and, snatching up a poker that lay in his way, when he had driven them into the street, he retreated to his room again, vociferating horrid maledictions against his antagonists, who were too prudent to renew their claims. It was this circumstance dwelling freshly upon his mind, which made him arm himself with his weapon when he came down to me; believing, as I afterwards learned, that I might be one of the officers returned to take away his picture. Nor was it till the admiration I expressed, roused his latent feelings of pride and joy, while it destroyed his suspicions, that he cast it away.

I have little else to add. That picture is now in my possession. I became the purchaser of it at my own price—a price which did more than merely pay its value. It brought back comfort to a *house of mourning*. It placed the artist under such medical care

ultimately restored him to reason. It authorized me to become an intercessor with his father, and to close the wounds that had so long and so unjustly rankled in his bosom.

New Monthly Mag.

LINES.

THERE may be others, in whose dream
Those blessed features dwell,
That haunt me in their gladness—no !
They cannot love so well.

THEY have not heart to give thee, but
A feeble, earthly thing,
Where feeling dwells not, and their griefs
Are all its offering.

THOU would'st not smile on them ; they hold
No virtue in their vows,
THEY glance no honour from their own
Undecorated brows.

TIME wears away the gleaming show
Of their pretended truth,
And their cold devotion passes, with
The witchery of youth.

BUT mine ! forgive the fondness of
A heart that lives to thee,
FORgetting all it suffers of
Thy voiceless mockery !

FORgive the hope, that lingers in
The true and trembling breast
OF one that kneels to thee—the bright
—The very loveliest !

I cannot change to impulse of
The distant, darkening hour ;
IT withers no enchantment from
Thy consecrated power.

'TWILL show thee how I've loved, how long,
How wistfully, until
THE mournful heart-strings falter out
Their unresponded thrill.

AND all the torn affections, all
The feelings, all the trust
OF faded hopes find shelter in
THEIR destiny of dust !

T. T. S.

THE HAUNTED HOGSHEAD.

A YANKEE LEGEND.*

"Oh, wonderful! wonderful! and most wonderful, wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping!"

SHAKESPEARE.

You don't live to Boston, then, do you? No; I calculate you are from the old country, though you speak English almost as well as I do. Now, I'm a Kentucky man, and my father was to Big-bone Creek, in old Kentuck, where he could lather every man in the state, but I could lick my father. Well! when I first came to Boston, I guess, I was a spry, active young fellow, and cruel tall for my age; for it's a pretty considerable long time ago, I calculate. So first I goes to look out for Uncle Ben—you've heard of him and his brown *mar*, I reckon—and I finds Uncle Ben at Major Hickory's Universal Transatlantic Hotel, by Charles Bay, in East Boston, taking a grain of mighty fine elegant sangaree, with Judge Dodge and President Pinkney the Rowdey, that built the powerful large log mansion-house in Dog's Misery, in the salt-marshes out beyond Corlear's Hook, in New York. I was always a *leetle* bit of a favourite with Uncle Ben, and so he says to me,—

"Jonathan W.," says he, for he calls me Jonathan W. for short; "I'll tell you what it is," says Uncle Ben, "you come out mighty bright this morning, I motion that you take a drop of whisky-toddy or so."

"Oh yes, Uncle Ben," says I; "I should admire to have a grain, if it's *handsom*."

"Considerably superb," says he; "it's of the first grade, I guess, for Major Hickory keeps wonderfully lovely liquors; and I can tell you a *genuine* good story about them, such as, I guess, you never heard before, since you was raised."

And then he up and told such a tale, that the helps all crowded round him to hear it, and swore it was better than a sermon, so it was. And as you're a *stranner* from the old country, and seem a right slick-away sort of a chap, without a bit of the gentleman about you, and are so mighty inquisitive after odd stories, why I don't mind telling it to the 'Squire myself; and you may depend upon it that it's as true and *genuine* as if you had heard it from Uncle Ben himself, or July White, his old woolly-headed nigger.

You must know, then, that the Universal Transatlantic Hotel was built an awful long time before I was raised; though my

* By Richard Thomson, Esq. author of "Tales of an Antiquary," etc.

Uncle Ben remembered a powerful grand wood house that stood there before it, which was called the Independent Star of Colombia, kept by Jacobus Van Soak, who came to Boston from the old, ancient, veteran Dutch settlers of New York. It was some time after fall in the year 77, that a mighty fierce squall of wind blew down some of the wall of the house where the cellar was, quite to the very foundation. I reckon that the old host was a *leetle* bit maddened at this, he was; though he bit in his breath, and thought to drive in some new stakes, put up fresh clap-boards, and soon have it all alick and grand again; but, in so doing, as he was taking out the piles underneath the house, what does he find but an awful great big barrel, and a cruel heavy one it was, and smelled like as if it was a hogshead of astonishingly mighty fine old ancient rum. I'll lay you'll never guess how they got it out of the cellar, where they found it, because they never moved it at all, I calculate; though some of the helps and neighbours pulled and tugged at it like *natur*! But the more they worked, the more the barrel wouldn't move; and my Uncle Ben said that mighty *strange* sounds came out of it, just as if it didn't like to be disturbed and brought into the light; and that it swore at the helps and niggers in English and Spanish, Low German and High Dutch. At last, old Van Soak began to be a *leetle* bit *afeard*, and was for covering it up again where he found it, till my Uncle Ben vowed it shouldn't be buried without his having a drop out of it, for he was a bold active man, that cared for nothing, and loved a grain of rum, or sangaree, or whisky-toddy, or crank, or any other *fogmatic*, to his heart, he did. So down in the cellar he sets himself, drives a spigot into the barrel, and draws him a glass of such mighty fine elegant rum, as was never seen before in all Boston.

"Handsom! considerably handsom! mighty smart rum, I guess," says my Uncle Ben, as he turned it down; "mild as mother's milk, and bright as a flash of lightning! By the pipe of St Nicholas, I must have another grain!" So he filled him another glass, and then Jacobus plucked up heart, and he took a grain or two, and the helps and bystanders did the same, and they all swore it was superbly astonishing rum, and as old as the Kaatskill mountains, or the days of Wouter Van Twiller, the first Dutch Governor of New York. Well! I calculate that they might at last be a *leetle* bit staggered, for the rum ran down like water, and they drank about, thinking, you see, that all the strength was gone; and as they were in the dark cellar, they never knew that the day was progressing powerfully fast towards night; for now the barrel was quiet again, and they began to be mighty merry together. But the night came on cruel smart and dark, I reckon, with a

pretty terrible loud storm; and so they all thought it best to keep under shelter, and especially where such good stuff was to be had free, gratis, for nothing, into the bargain.

Nobody knows now what time it was, when they heard a mighty fierce knocking on the top of the barrel, and presently a hoarse voice from the inside cried out, "Yo ho, there, brothers! open the hatchway and let me out!" which made them all start, I calculate, and sent Van Soak reeling into a dark corner of the cellar, considerably out of his wits with fright and stout old rum.

"Don't open the hogshead," cried the helps and neighbours, in mighty great fear; "it's the Devil!"

"Potstausend!" says my Uncle Ben;—for you must know that he's a roistering High-German:—"You're a cowardly crew," says he, "that good liquor's thrown away upon."

"Thunder and storm!" called out the voice again from the barrel, "why the Henker don't you unship the hatches? Am I to stay here these hundred years?"

"Stille! mein Herr!" says my Uncle Ben, says he, without being in the least bit *afraid*, only a *little* maddened and wondered he was; "behave yourself handsom, and don't be in such a pretty particular considerable hurry. I'll tell you what it is; before you come out I should like to make an *enquiry* of you:—Who are you? where were you raised? how have you got along in the world? and when did you come here? Tell me all this *speedily*, or I shall decline off letting you out, I calculate."

"Open the hogshead, brother!" said the man in the tub, says he, "and you shall know all, and a pretty considerable sight more; and I'll take mighty good care of you for ever, because you're an awful smart, right-slick-away sort of a fellow, and not like the cowardly land-lubbers that have been sucking away my rum with you."

"Hole mich der Teufel!" said my Uncle Ben, "but this is a real rig'lar Yankee spark, a tarnation stout blade, who knows what a bold man should be; and so, by the Henker's horns, I'll let him out at once."

So, do you see, Uncle Ben made no more ado but broke in the head of the barrel; and what with the storm out of doors, and the laughing and swearing in the cask, a mighty elegant noise there was while he did it, I promise you: but at last there came up out of the hogshead a short, thick-set, truculent, sailor-looking fellow, dressed in the old ancient way, with dirty slops, tarnished gold-laced hat, and blue, stiff-skirted coat, fastened up to his throat with a *mighty sight* of brass buttons, Spanish steel pistols in a buffalo belt, and a *swingeing* cutlass by his side. He looked one of

genuine privateer, bull-dog breed, and his broad swelled face, where it was not red with rage, or the good rum, was black or purple; marked, I reckon, with a pretty considerable many scars, and his eyes were almost starting out of his head.

If the helps and neighbours were *afraid* before, they were now astounded outright, I calculate; and 'specially so when the *strange* Sailor got out of his hogshead, and began to lay about him with a fist as hard and as big as a twelve-pounder cannon-shot, crying like a bull-frog in a swamp,—“ Now I shall clear out! A plague upon ye all for a crew of cowardly, canting, lubberly knaves! I might have been sucked dry, and staid in the barrel for ever, if your comrade had borne no stouter a heart than you did.”

Well, I guess, that by knocking down the helps and the neighbours he soon made a clear ship; and then, striding up to my Uncle Ben, who warn't not at all *afraid*, but was laughing at the fun, he says to him, says he, “ As for you, brother, you're a man after my own kidney, so give us your fin, and we'll soon be sworn friends, I warrant me.” But as soon as he held out his hand, Uncle Ben thought he saw in it the mark of a red horse-shoe, like a brand upon a nigger, which some do say was the very stamp that the Devil put upon Captain Kidd, when they shook hands after burying his treasure at Boston, before he was hanged.

“ Hagel!” says my Uncle Ben, says he, “ what's that in your right hand, my friend?”

“ What's that to you?” said the old Sailor. “ We mariners get many a broad and deep red scar, without talking about, or marking them; but then we get the heavy red gold, and broad pieces along with them, and that's a tarnation smart plaster, I calculate.”

“ Then,” says my Uncle Ben again, says he, “ may I make an *enquiry* of you? Where were you *raised*? and who's your *Boss*?”

“ Oh!” says the Sailor, “ I was born at Nantucket, and Cape Cod, and all along shore there, as the nigger said; and for the Captain I belong to, why, he's the chief of all the fierce and daring hearts which have been in the world ever since time began.”

“ And, pray, where's your *plunder*?” says my Uncle Ben to the *strange* Sailor; “ and how long have you been in that hogshead?”

“ Over long, I can tell you, brother; I thought I was never going to come out, I calculate. As for my plunder, I reckon I don't show every body my locker; but you're a bold fellow enough, and only give me your paw to close the bargain, and I'll fill your pouch with dollars for life. I've a stout ship and comrades ready for sea, and there's plunder everywhere for lads of the knife and pistol, I reckon; though the squeamish Lord Bellamont does watch them so closely.”

"Lord who?" says Uncle Ben, a *leetle* bit madded and wondered.

"Why, Lord Ballamont, to be sure," answered the *strange* sailor, "the English Governor of New England, and Admiral of the seas about it, under King William the Third."

"Governor and Admiral in your teeth!" says my Uncle Ben again; for now his pluck was up, and there warn't no daunting him then; "what have we to do with the old country, your kings, or your governors? this is the Free City of Boston, in the Independent United States of America, and the second Year of Liberty, Seventy-seven, I reckon. And as for your William the Third, I guess he was dead long before I was raised, and I'm no cockerell. I'll tell you what it is, now, my smart fellow, you've got pretty considerably drunk in that rum cask, if you've been there ever since them old ancient days; and, to speak my mind plain, you're either the Devil or Captain Kidd. But I'd have you to know, I'm not to be scared by a face of clay, if you were both; for I'm an old Kentucky Rowdey, of Townfork by the Elkhorn; my breed's half a horse and half an alligator, with a cross of the earthquake! You can't poke your fun at me, I calculate; and so, here goes upon you for a villain, any way!"

My Uncle Ben's pluck was now all up; for pretty considerably madded he was, and could bite in his breath no longer; so he flew upon the *strange* Sailor, and walked into him like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry-bush, like a mighty, smart, active man as he was. Hold of his collar laid my Uncle Ben, and I reckon they did stoutly struggle together for a *turnation* long time, till at last the mariner's coat gave way, and showed that about his neck there was a halter, as if he had been only fresh cut down from the gibbet!—Then my Uncle Ben *did* start back a pace or two, when the other let fly at him with a pretty considerable hard blow, and so laid him right slick sprawling along upon the ground.

Uncle Ben said he never could guess how long they all laid there; but when they came to, they found themselves all stretched out like dead men by the niggers of the house, with a staved rum cask standing beside them. But, now—mark you this well—on one of the head-boards of the barrel was wrote, "W. K. The Vulture. 1701," which was agreed by all to stand for William Kidd, the Pirate. And July White, Uncle Ben's woolly-headed old nigger, said that he was once a loblolly-boy on board that very ship, when she was a sort of pickarooning privateer. Her crew told him that she sailed from the old country the very same year marked on the cask, when Kidd was hanged at Execution-Dock, *and that they brought his body over to be near the treasure that he buried; and as every one knows that Kidd was tied up twice, wi*

perhaps, he never died at all, but was kept alive in that mighty elegant rum cask, till my Uncle Ben let him out again, to walk about New-York and Boston, round Charles Bay and Cape Cod, the Old Sow and Pigs, Hellegat, and the Hen and Chickens. There was a fat little Dutch Parson, who used to think that this story was only a mighty smart fable, because nobody could remember seeing the Pirate besides Uncle Ben; and he would sometimes say, too, that they were all knocked down by the rum, and not by the Captain, though he never told Uncle Ben so, I calculate; for he always stuck to it handsomely, and wouldn't 'bate a word of it for nobody.

When Uncle Ben had finished, he says, "Jonathan W." says he, "I'll tell you what it is: I'll take it as a *genuine* favour if you'll pay Major Hickory for the sangaree and the toddy, and we'll be quits another day." And so I paid for it every cent; but would you believe it? though I've asked him for it a matter of twenty times, and more than that, Uncle Ben never gave me back the trifle that he borrowed of me from that day to this!

 INVITATION.

COME ye, come ye, to the green, green wood;
 Loudly the blackbird is singing,
 The squirrel is feasting on blossom and bud,
 And the curled fern is springing;
 Here ye may sleep
 In the moss so deep,
 While the moon is so warm and so weary,
 And sweetly awake
 As the sun through the brake
 Bids the fauvette and white-throat sing cheery.

The quicken is tufted with blossom of snow,
 And is throwing its perfume around it;
 The wryneck replies to the cuckoo's halloo,
 For joy that again she has found it;
 The jay's red breast
 Peeps over her nest,
 In the midst of the crab-blossoms blushing;
 And the call of the pheasant
 Is frequent and pleasant,
 When all other calls are hushing.

HOWITT.

LITERARY MISERIES.

“ — I'll print it,
And shame the rogues.”—Pope.

My friend Fosbrook,—Dick Fosbrook,—for the abbreviation which his good-fellowship had won for him at Westminster and Cambridge did not desert him upon his entrance into the real man and woman world of society,—was a very excellent personage. He was something more substantial than a mere “good fellow;” he was a well-informed, sensible man, with more originality of talent than a reserved disposition permitted to rise to the surface. His shyness at length took refuge behind a title-page; that which he found no courage to say, he resolved to write. “Some sin, his parents’ or his own,” indeed, had dipped him in ink very early in life; his infant elegy upon his mother’s favourite tabby had been wept over by every maiden aunt of the house of Fosbrook: his translations had been applauded by Busby; his prize-poems had been printed at Cambridge; he had lodged in the same house with Lord Byron; his grandmother was a Hayley; his bankers, Rogers, Towgood, and Co. Such a concatenation of impulses was irresistible, and Dick Fosbrook became an author! One fatal and highly unpoetical stumble befell him upon the very brink of Helicon. He married!—neither a muse, nor a Madame Dacier; but a very pretty girl,—reasonably rich, and unreasonably silly;—a professional alliance, however, for she was the daughter of a master in Chancery, and was already at the bar.

The duties of his legal vocation did not at present interfere with his homage to the Nine; or, as his wife persisted in calling them, the foolish virgins. He wrote, he published, and wrote and published again; and if “the learned world said nothing to his paradoxes,” he was equally taciturn as to the amount of the printer’s bill, which he annually pocketed with a genuine Christmas groan! He flattered himself he wrote for immortality; that post-obit bond, the dishonouring of which falls so lightly on our feelings!—and his wife and her relations, who regarded authorship as a lawless and cabalistic calling, inimical to the interests of church and state, and an increasing family, exulted in the premature deaths which unfailingly awaited his literary progeny. I dined with him once or twice at this period of his domestic felicity and public misfortunes, and I never beheld a happier or more contented man; he *laughed* at my bad jokes upon withered laurels, and Lethe, and *the stream of Time*; he told me that the indulgent public was

dunce, "sans ears, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing;" while his wife, half aside, whispered to me that the ingratitude of this senseless dunce had nearly alienated his mind from his former unprofitable studies.

"Sur ces entrefaites," my own equally profitless pursuits led me to the Continent; and in the course of the three years I was vagabondizing through Italy, an incidental paragraph in Galignani's Journal bore honourable mention of "Mr Fosbrook, the popular author!" "Poor Dick!" said I, involuntarily, "no relation of thine, I fear!"

Yet 'twas the same,—the very Dick I knew! One of his least meritorious works had made what is called a hit; he was now the "darling of the Muses;" and what is better still, of the booksellers; one of the literary ephemera, basking in the transient sunshine of modern fame.

Soon afterwards I landed at Dover, and after the due proportion of wrangling at the Custom-house, and grumbling at the divers instalments of tough beef-steaks and muddy wine, wherewith Messrs Wright defy the patience of the returning exile, I arrived in town, —heard the muffin-bell once more—that

"Squilla di lontano
Che paja 'l giorno planger che si muore!"

and deposited myself and my yellow valet, Gioacchino, in an hotel in Brook-street. The next day I wandered to my old club, which was grown as fine and uncomfortable as "Ninette a la cour;" heard my contemporaries observe, as they glanced towards a mirror, that I was miserably altered; lost my way in a wilderness of new streets, and my footing in a plunge through the puddles of a Macadamized square; and just as I was recovering my equilibrium of body, if not of temper, I perceived a lank, rueful visage, gazing sympathizingly upon my mischance. 'Twas a strangely familiar face,—'twas Fosbrook's; not Dick's, but the "popular author's!"

His dolorous physiognomy expanded into smiles on this unexpected recognition. He took my arm, and my way onwards, and we turned literally and figuratively to the passages of our youth, till he almost became Dick again by the force of reminiscence. Nay! had it not been for the deferential salutation of two wise men, two very learned pundits, and the raised hats of a bustling Westminster-ward Member or two, whom we met scuffling down Regent-street, his popularity and his authorship would have been forgotten between us. "Dine with me to-morrow," said he at parting, "*we shall be alone, and can gossip over our Trinity days.*" "With all my heart," I answered. "At five,—in Gower-street?"

"No, no! at seven, in Curzon-street;" but the words came not trippingly from his tongue.

The morrow came, and I was delighted to find that, among the various removes of the day, dear Old Bond-street had not changed its town residence, although "almost ashamed to know itself;" and as I re-paraded my daily walks and ancient neighbourhood, I was startled by the sight of poor Fosbrook's face frowning in all the panes of the print-shops. There, at least, he was no Dick of mine; for his worthy countenance was distorted into a most cynical sneer, and he looked as blue and yellow as an Edinburgh review. Rain came on, and I was driven to the cruel refuge of a morning-visit; when, having excused myself from an impromptu dinner invitation, through my "pre-engagement to my friend Mr Fosbrook,"—"The popular author?"—I was amused to find that even to be his friend was a rising point in the thermometer of fashion; and my intervention was humbly prayed to render him my friend's friend too. Poor Fosbrook! I remember the time when I scarcely contrived to procure a third man to make up dummy whist with him; he was considered a chartered bore, by right divine, and according to the most approved authorities!

It was, however, with a feeling nearly amounting to respect for his new honours, that I trod lightly upon the creaking step of my hackney-coach at the door of his new mansion, and was ushered by a sulky butler into a very literary-looking drawing-room. Over the marble sphinxed chimney-piece hung a fine portrait of its master, in oils, and by Lawrence! and over a buhl secretaire, a spirited sketch by Hayter—being the original of the authorial print of the Bond-street windows. Poor Fosbrook! I remember the time when a paltry profile was the only copy of his countenance! Several proofs of splendid new engravings were "ordered to lie on the table," beside a few presentation copies of the latest works of the day. "Are they good for any thing?" said I to Dick, who found me with a volume in my hands.

"I really cannot take upon me to say," he replied gravely, and with the air of a man who is afraid of committing himself. "One of the worst consequences of scribbling ourselves is, that we have no leisure to look over these light productions, which are sometimes far from unamusing."

"*We!*"—thinks I to myself, editorial; while Richard (I will never Dick him any more) turned to the final page of the several works, and determined their length as the standard of their merits.

A very light production now entered the room—Mrs Fosbrook; looking as dressy as the frontispiece of "*La Belle Assemblée*." *But if her gown were couleur de rose, her brow was black as Eve.*

bus; the honours which had made him sad, had made her cross. I did not care; I had never abbreviated *her* name; so as it was the May of a London summer, I turned for consolation towards a fire bright enough to roast St Lawrence. This movement necessitated a glance towards the card-rack, and I observed that its prominent features were "At Homes" from L. House and D. House, and a "requests the honour" from the Dowager Lady C. "Ah! ah!" said I to myself, "your popular author is ever a diner out."

I trust my friend Fosbrook was an habitual one; or at least, that he did not affect to be "*L'Amphitryon ou l'on dine.*" The solid joint and solid pudding of St Pancras had been ill-exchanged, in his *menu*, for the unapproachable *filets* and *fricandeaux* of St George's; and hot *sauterne* and iced *Lafitte* were abominable substitutes for the old Madeira and old port of old times. By the time the cloth and the lady were withdrawn, I was as much out of humour as Mrs Fosbrook with popular authorship. To judge by the lowering brow of my host, his feelings were tuned to as doleful a key as my own. As we were *tele-a-tele*, I ventured an apostrophe to the memory of the Gower-street port; it was a fortunate digression; the butler was summoned; the cork squeaked beneath the screw, and Richard was himself again!

"You have an excellent house here, Fosbrook!"

"Why, yes;—the situation is good, and the distribution better; yet somehow or other, even in my perfection of a 'gentleman's room,' I always regret my Crusoe's cave in Gower-street. There I was never interrupted by importunate idlers; my books ungilt and unprisoned behind the glittering wires of a library, came at my call; in short, I was able to read, and think, and write, as I liked."

"And as others liked," said I, courteously. "My return to England has discovered to me an old friend in the most popular author of the day."

Fosbrook literally shuddered at the word. "No more of that, an thou lovest me!" exclaimed he, in a tone of acute sensibility. "Keep the name for the first dog you wish to see hanged."

"Pho! pho!" said I, "the mere cant of affected modesty! You have won your laurels bravely; do not wear them like a coward. They were long, it is true, in putting forth their verdant honours; but now it would seem as 'Birnham wood were come to Dunsinane.'"

Fosbrook shook his head despondingly; and his whole air was so completely that of Matthews's admirable hypochondriac, that, spite of myself, I burst into a hearty fit of laughter. By good luck it proved contagious, and having roared and shouted "a qui

mieux mieux," a happy tone of confidence was immediately established between us.

"The fact is, my dear fellow," resumed Fosbrook, lowering his voice, "that I have led the life of a galley slave since I came to my title—"

"Title?"

"Of popular author! a title good for nothing but to expose one without redress to the insolence of every scribbler whose pen is the channel of his venom. No one presumes to insult a gentleman, or to tell a man that he is a fool; but a popular author is the property of the public,—its goods, its chattels, its ox, its ass, its every thing!—a culprit stuck up in the pillory of celebrity to be pelted by all the ragamuffins of the times."

"And yet I can remember your eyes being upturned towards the Temple of Fame, as a devotee gazes upon the sanctuary."

"Ay, ay; I looked at it through a telescope:

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view!"

and the farther the better! I had not then assumed the 'foolscap uniform turned up with ink;' I had not donned the livery of the booksellers to 'fetch and carry sing song up and down!' I published, it is true,—but what then? The sin lay dormant between you and me and the press! I lived secure from criticism: not a reptile of a magazine deigned to tickle me with its puny antennæ. My wife, however angry, borrowed no sarcasms from the leading reviews—'I found not Jeffrey's satire on her lips,—I slept the next night well—was free—was happy.' On the strength of my uncut pages, I passed for a literary man, in my own select circle; my family took me for a genius, and my servants for a conjuror;—but now—my pages and myself are cut together."

"My dear Dick!" said I soothingly, for he had really talked himself into a fit of irritation, "remember how often and how philosophically you have declared yourself indifferent to the award of criticism."

"There you have me on the hip. My wife's family, and all the generation of bores at that, my former end of the town, are constantly reminding me that it is idle to value public opinion, since I have often proved to them that the world is an overgrown booby; to which I can only reply, like Benedict, that 'When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married.' When I wrote the public down an ass, I little expected to become a popular author!"

"But after all," I observed, "these are mere trivial vexations.

ompared with the glories of the daily incense burnt upon your altars,—of the solid gains achieved by your exertions."

"I will show some of the daily incense," said Fosbrook, opening his pocket-book; "unfortunately it is made to be read first and burnt afterwards. It is a paragraph from a morning paper."

"*Lege, Dick, lege.*"

"We copy the following interesting intelligence from the Newcastle Mercury. 'Mr Fosbrook the popular author. We are happy to be the first to congratulate our townsmen upon the near and dear claim we can boast upon the parentage of this celebrated man. Richard Toppletoe, formerly a master tailor in North Lane, but at the period of his decease a much respected member of our corporation, proves to have been his maternal grandfather. Many still surviving among us retain a lively remembrance of the full-buckled flaxen wig and brocaded waistcoat of old Toppletoe; and there can be little doubt that from this eccentric knight of the shears, Mr Fosbrook derives much of his originality of mind, his baptismal name, and private fortune.'"

"Very provoking, certainly," said I, perceiving that some comment was unavoidable.

"Till I read that cursed paragraph," observed Fosbrook, "I had always believed and proclaimed myself to be of irreproachable descent, and the heir of an old Northumbrian family; had I never become a popular author, I should have remained in ignorance that I had a Toppletoe for my mother! But listen to another of these precious bulletins of the state of my reputation.

"Bow Street. Mr Fosbrook.—Another instance of the irregularities of genius came this morning before the attention of the bench. The above popular author, returning from a deep carouse with some brother wits,—some choice spirits, who appear to have been partial to proof spirits,—chancing to unite the rampart valour of Othello with the disastrous plight of Cassio, fell into an outrageous affray with the guardians of the night—('Guardians! I wish they would make her a ward in Chancery!' ejaculated Dick,) and was at length victoriously lodged in the watchhouse. Our worthy chief magistrate considerably gave this delicate case a hearing in his private room; and after a few pertinent (qy. *im*?) observations to the delinquent, upon the respect due to public decency, even from the *genus irritabile*, he fined him five shillings, and dismissed him with costs; judging, probably, that Mr Fosbrook had already received poetical justice in the shape of two black eyes."

"Very provoking," said I again. "And did you pass the night in the watchhouse?"

"Not I!—I appeared before Sir Richard as a witness of an Irish applewoman, whom I had caught the parish the act of maltreating, by virtue of some Street Bill. Naturally, I was recognised by some dirty reporter, who do morning's pay by compounding this scurrilous attack."

"But of course you remonstrated with the Editor?"

"I did; and my very forbearing letter produced a second graph, headed 'Mr Fosbrook. We are authorized by this man to state that he did not appear before Sir Richard with two black eyes.'"

"Well, well!" said I, "these idle slanders, if they fill you your good name, do not steal the trash from you. Think of the solid profits, my dear Dick."

"I do, and with regret; for they are all gone. Every lation (Toppletoes in particular), and every literary acquisition I had in the world, gave me the preference of their first edition for a loan, on the second edition of my last work; there exist a literary institution, or an establishment for encouragement of the Fine Arts, for which my guineas I been peremptorily claimed. Meanwhile, my law has left me in the lurch, and my father-in-law abhors me to play shorts. He has persuaded my wife to send the boys to school lest I should undermine their morals; for the old gentlemen that all modern authors are atheists."

"But what is become of your orthodox friend, the Dean?"

"We have not been on speaking terms these six months. He persuaded he can detect my hand in the anatomization Emancipation pamphlet in the new review."

"And Lorimer, our college chum?"

"Has basely deserted my cause; he goes about, 'with in his breeches' pocket, like a crocodile,' whispering that he has been puffed beyond my strength; that I have no stamina of war, and shall run away, à la Goderich, at the first. All my old friends affect to suppose that I have risen above and since I have been noticed by half a dozen rhyming Ladies, my wife's relations say I am grown fine, and have given over me; while Sophia, as if in retribution, will never visit half Russell-square,—the land of ancestors!—She is going to-night."

"Mrs Fosbrook gone out!" I exclaimed. "Then come me to the Opera; we shall be in time for Brocard."

"Willingly,—I have a silver ticket."

We rose from table; the butler was hastily summoned.

entered with a huge and portentous packet in either hand. Dick broke the seal of the largest, and read aloud—

“ Albemarle Street.

“ Dear Sir,—I beg to forward you the Number of the — Review, which appeared this day, and which contains some strictures on your new work. Permit me to say that I consider them highly illiberal, and that I have always thought the Editor an envious little man.

“ I have the honour to be,”

&c. &c. &c.

“ Don’t read the article, my dear Dick. Pray don’t. It will only make you bilious.”

“ I will not,” he replied, resolutely tossing it aside. “ Martin !—call a coach.”

“ I beg your pardon, Sir,” replied the man, presenting the other pistol—packet I would say,—“ Mr Colburn’s printer has been waiting impatiently these two hours. He says it is the 24th of the month.”

“ The devil !” exclaimed the unhappy Fosbrook in dismay. “ Well, my dear fellow, you must go and see Brocard without me ; it is not the first time my patience has been ‘ put to the proof.’ ”

I left him alone with his glory ; but sympathy forbade my attempting the Opera. I went home to bed ; where, thanks to Dick’s deplorable destiny, or deplorable claret, I had an excruciating nightmare ;—and the most appalling vision suggested by its influence, was, that I had attained to the honours of a popular author !

New Monthly Magazine.

HART-LEAP WELL.*

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor
With the slow motion of a summer’s cloud ;
He turned aside towards a vassal’s door,
And “ bring another horse !” he cried aloud.

* This poem was a great favourite with Mr Hazlitt.

" Another horse !"—That about the vassal heard,
And saddled his best steed, a comely gray ;
Sir Walter mounted him ; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes ;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair ;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar ;
But horse and man are vanished, one and all ;
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain :
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern ;
But breath and eyesight fail ; and, one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race ?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown ?
—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase ;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain side ;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died ;
But now the knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting then, he leaned against a thorn ;
He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy ;
He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat !
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned ;
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched :
His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetch'd,
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
 (Never had living man such joyful lot!)
 Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,
 And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least
 Nine roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found
 Three several hoof-marks which the hunted beast
 Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now
 Such sight was never seen by living eyes:
 Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,
 Down to the very fountain where he lies.

I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,
 And a small harbour, made for rural joy;
 'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,
 A place of love for damsels that are coy.

A cunning artist will I have to frame
 A basin for that fountain in the dell!
 And they who do make mention of the same,
 From this day forth, shall call it HART-LEAP WELL.

And, gallant stag! to make thy praises known,
 Another monument shall here be raised;
 Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,
 And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

And, in the summer-time when days are long,
 I will come hither with my paramour;
 And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
 We will make merry in that pleasant bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fail
 My mansion with its harbour shall endure;
 The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,
 And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone-dead.
 With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.
 —Soon did the knight perform what he had said,
 And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the moon into her port had steered,
 A cup of stone received the living well;
*Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,
 And built a house of pleasure in the dell.*

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall
 With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—
 Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,
 A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer-days were long,
 Sir Walter led his wondering paramour ;
 And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
 Made merriment within that pleasant bower.

The knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,
 And his bones lie in his paternal vale.—
 But there is matter for a second rhyme
 And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND.

THE moving accident is not my trade ;
 To freeze the blood I have no ready arts :
 'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
 To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
 It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
 Three aspens at three corners of a square ;
 And one, not four yards distant, near a well.

What this imported I could ill divine :
 And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,
 I saw three pillars standing in a line,
 The last stone pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor head ;
 Half-wasted the square mound of tawny green ;
 So that you just might say, as then I said,
 " Here in old time the hand of man hath been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near,
 More doleful place did never eye survey ;
 It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
 And nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
 When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,
 Came up the hollow :—Him did I accost,
 And what this place might be I then inquired.

The shepherd stopped, and that same story told
 Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
 " A jolly place," said he, " in times of old !
 But something ails it now ; the spot is curst.

You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower ; and here a mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms !

The arbour does its own condition tell ;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream ;
But as to the great lodge ! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood : but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy hart.

What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past !
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, sir, at this last—
—O master ! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race ;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death-bed near the Well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lulled by this fountain in the summer-tide ;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wandered from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the scented thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing ;
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade ;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone ;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone."

" Grey-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well ;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine :
This beast not unobserved by Nature fell ;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves.

The pleasure-house is dust :—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom ;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known ;
But, at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

WORDSWORTH.

MINISTER TAM.

If you pass along the main street of any of our villages, or through the outskirts of a large town or city, and if you should happen to be one of those unfortunate persons, who are continually musing and thinking wherever you go, your thoughts will be sure to be disturbed, and yourself plagued, and literally "put out of the way," by the rabble of bawling children who will not fail to keep racing about "amongst your feet," throwing you down, perhaps by driving their hoops between your legs, or making you jump, by whipping you instead of their tops ; so that your cogitations being thwarted out of their track, you may be very apt to ask yourself for what good, or for what sort of life all these noisy urchins are rearing, and what may possibly be the history of many of them twenty or thirty years hence ?

The question is, probably, not worth an answer, any more than would be the inquiry as to the history of the parents, who begot them, who dwell, or vegetate, in the long mean street through which you are passing.

In the populous manufacturing town of Paisley, in Scotland, you could hardly look down any of the long straggling suburban streets *but you might have pointed out to you one or more, at least, of the*

good folks in each, who were more or less observable persons; and out of the multitude of children which each year produced, and with which the place swarmed, you could not fail, if your talent lay that way, in tracing out several whose history or character came afterwards to exhibit those strange or painful realities, which make up the thinly-sprinkled romance of common life. The industrious poor people of the long Crosslets of Paisley were engaged from morning to night in their ingenious employments; yet amongst them was observable considerable variety of character, from "the philosophical weaver," who had studied Hume and Mirabeau, with his striped Kilmarnock night-cap on one side of his head, and his look of supercilious wisdom, down to "haverel Davie," with his stocking-sleeves and his green apron, who luxuriously smoked brown paper by the door-cheeks, because smoking was a necessary of life, and he could not afford to buy tobacco; and who, though *man muckle*, still played "Keep the Corbie off the Crow" with the boys, or danced Mary Mantanzy with the girls, before the doors in the summer evenings.

In this long street, which had only one side facing the pleasant road between Paisley and Glasgow, lived a man called Thomas Trail; and if you were to ask why Thomas was a remarked sort of man, and known to every one about, even to the very dogs and cats of the place; and why, if he passed in the presence of a stranger, he was likely to be pointed out, with "that is Thomas Trail;" and Thomas Trail and his wife do so and so—nobody could tell you! for though Thomas owned the thatched house in which he lived, and the little garden in its rear, that was nothing more than was the case with most of the respectable weavers and small manufacturers, his neighbours, some thirty years ago; and Thomas himself was nothing but an honest sort of short pudgy body, with sore eyes, and a brown wig, and his wife only a long, randy, Aberdeen-spoken woman, who, as the neighbouring wives said, "had little of either manners or sense, although she *was* a sma' landlady." But there might be a little envy in this; for Mrs Trail, although she had an outlandish twang in her talk, and could not aspire to the beautiful language spoken about Paisley, had her full share of Scotch sentimentality, as we shall soon have occasion to show.

Now this worthy couple had an only son, who had every right and title to be spoiled and undone; for, besides making his appearance after a long interval of wishful barrenness, he was the only one of the after family who lived over two months, and was, of course, to be laird of the one story house and the garden, and all the plenishing of the weaver's shop, and whatever else the old man *might gather before he died*; and was, in fact, the very centre and

hope of his parents. Young Tam Trail was soon well known over the neighbourhood, not that he was particularly clever and mischievous, but simply because that, being an only son, he was not required to work, and hardly to go to school; so that he had nothing to do: and therefore, although his mother's darling, he loved to hang about any other place than his father's house, and the honest woman was usually obliged to hunt him out of the neighbouring weavers' shops in a morning to get him home to his oaten meal porridge; saying, in her Aberdeen *twang*, as she thrust her head in at the doors, "Tammy, my maun, come hame to your parritch—they've been standing this hour on the kist head, an' the hens hae been through them and through them, to the very knees and bauck again!"

There never had appeared before, in the Crosslets of Paisley, such a world's wonder as young Tam Trail. Every thing he did and said was a perfect astonishment to his delighted parents. His reading was, from the beginning, perfectly wonderful; his writing was a greater wonder than that, because, being an idle boy, no one could tell how he acquired it; but his cleverness in making up sums, or as his parents said, *arithmatic*, was more wonderful still; and as for his talk, and his "style of language," it was perfectly beyond wondering at; besides, he grew up so fast for his years, that nothing in the place had ever yet appeared so wonderful; even the "calves of the stall," which we read of in the book of Habakkuk, were nothing to him. What was then to be done with such an extraordinary youth? That was the question; for that he was "beyond the common," was, to his parents, quite evident, and all the neighbours confirmed the fact, for there are few so low as not to find flatterers. "What do you mean to do wi' Tam?" was the constant inquiry—and, "Ye maun make him a man of lair, o' some sort," was as constantly the fulsome advice; and it was soon resolved that, like every other pet boy in Scotland, Tam Trail was to be sent to the great College of Glasgow, and there to be made a *minister*.

It was a proud day for Mrs Trail, that, when "her Tam," dressed in a shining new scarlet gown, "like ony gentleman," with a bulky bundle of second-hand books, and his pockets crammed with bread and cheese, set forth to become a student in the College of Glasgow. The neighbours were all out to witness his departure, as he set forward by the Glasgow coach—his father was quite stupefied with congratulations and the business of the morning, as well as with his son's great prospects; and his mother wept with joy at *parting with him*—she thought he already looked so like a minister.

What could the honest couple now be expected to talk about but

Tam, and of what their Tam was to be, whom they had now at the Glasgow College, "bringing him up to be a minister?" And when at length his first season was over, and all his fees paid, and his lodging money every farthing, and his books, and his pocket-money, and so forth, "a wearifu' sum," and he returned once more to the Crosslets of Paisley for the summer, with all his books and bundles, his stature lengthened out, and several new words on his tongue's end, and his very pronunciation and phraseology partaking of the classical tone of the University—his own mother was almost afraid to speak to him, from her instinctive awe of every thing that made the most distant approach to the shape of a *minister*.

After Mrs Trail had shown her uncommon son over all the neighbourhood, and exhausted her whole store of jams and jellies, in tea drinkings for this purpose, the house was next turned topsy turvy to accommodate Tam and his books. A little room under the roof, with a small window cut out of the thatch, and overlooking the garden and the behind of the cottage, was cleared out of all its heddles and treddles, and other loom gear, that it might be converted into a study for him; and here he sat himself down to labour at his Greek and Humanity for the summer. But Tam had no sooner begun to turn over his Lexicon, than he found himself horribly annoyed and disturbed by the shuttling of the weavers beneath him; and, beside the abominable noise of their looms, the insensible rascals sang songs, and whistled, and talked, and argued politics, amidst the din of their shuttling, without the smallest regard to the fact, that over their heads sat a minister, studying his Greek and Humanity. This misery was not to be borne, and the studies of the young minister were not to be discomposed by a shopful of hardhearted weavers; and, rather than submit to this, Thomas and his wife agreed to sleep in the little hole under the thatch, that their own bed-room at the other end of the house, might be converted into a comfortable study for Tam. Here then, by a new overturning of the house, was Tam at length established; and it was beautiful to observe how conveniently his books were arranged in the pleasant little attic, which, when he was fairly placed in it, with his face to the window, and his red gown hung up behind him, looked as if it had actually been built for the study of a minister.

But Tam's window looked now towards the pleasant Glasgow road; and it was found by experience, that, whether it was that there were too many children, who kept shouting and squabbling before the door, or whether there were too many coaches constantly passing, with every sort of odd-looking body on the tops of them, all which, with the *et ceteras* of the blowing of horns, and the

hurras of the boys, as each vehicle passed the house, would really have diverted the attention of a saint, or of Aristotle himself; or whether there was something in the very nature of Greek and Latin that was irksome and perplexing to a genius like Tam, certain it is, that here he was worse than with the singing and arguing of the weaver's shop; his mind wandered most lamentably, until the very sight of his books and his study became a weariness; he became shamefully idle, and his whole day came at length to be passed in lounging about the neighbours' houses, or in *daikering* about the fields with some one who could, like himself, afford to be idle, and who suffered his company because he was understood to be studying for a minister.

At length the second winter came on, and he departed again "for the classes" of the venerable College of Glasgow; and in this sort of way he got over five or six years, to the great expense and delight of his mother, whose astonishment every year increased at the rapid growth of her son's person and learning. A proud woman was she, when thinking of Tam, notwithstanding all his faults, as she sat on the Saturday afternoons at the upper window, with her spectacles on her nose, looking out for the weekly visit which her son at this time was pleased to make her, from the grand College of Glasgow. A beautiful youth was "Minister Tam" (as he then began to be called), in his mother's eyes, no doubt; but really, to speak indulgently, he was, at that time, as raw looking, overgrown, gawky a youth, as any mother's pet of a student, who lodged in a back attic and fed on oatmeal porridge, while "studying for a minister," in the old High Street of Glasgow. Indeed, some said of the "young ministers" of the time, as they then appeared, that the very porridge shone out of their faces, and stuck like batter about their mouths; at least, it was certainly seen very palpably clotting their long teeth, as they would laugh in your face as they told you they were "maist through the Hall," meaning the Divinity Hall, which was, of course, to make them all ministers.

But Tam Trail was a youth of spirit; and, although there were numbers of his fellows, the sons of weavers, and hucksters, and small shoemakers, and the like, at college, to be made great men like himself, he did not at all affect their company, but rather courted the acquaintance of minister lads, whose fathers were somewhat genteel in the world; so that Tam would actually deny the place of his birth and domicile, being quite ashamed of his own father; and once sharply reprov'd his uplifted mother, for recognizing "her Tam" one Saturday, as he swaggered slyly past his home, in company with a knot of his brother collegians. This,

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however, we must own, was the highest zenith of Tam's greatness; and while his sanguine parents only saw in all this, prospects too great and grand for them almost to think of, wise people, above their own state in life, shook their heads compassionately, and observed, that the silly good people were, in all likelihood, only laying up for themselves sorrows for the day of unveiled delusion and bitter disappointment.

At last Tam Trail passed the Hall, and was fairly, as far as the college could make him, "a minister;" and even passed his examinations, preached his trial sermons before the Presbytery with eclat, in the presence of his admiring parents, began to wear black, and was admitted by authority, and went forth to the world, a preacher of the Gospel. How tedious is often the interval between first hope and ultimate fruition! Home came the Rev. Thomas Trail, dismissed from the College of Glasgow, and quite ready to be a minister: but, even admitting that the Church of Scotland might be waiting for his ministrations, and although he might have the talents of an Apostle, he was still too young, and some time must be spent in tarrying probation. But how was he to employ himself in the meantime? for, being a scholar, he could condescend to do nothing but to make others scholars like himself; and when he got leisure to think, he found that the Church of Scotland was by no means waiting until he was old enough to step into a kirk, and that his talents did not obviously fit him for distinguishing himself over the heads of the crowd of probationers like himself, who were never destined to obtain the honours of the ministry. After wandering about his own neighbourhood until his presence became a plague, and his idleness a proverb, he essayed to "take up a school," the refuge and the condemnation of the learned poor. But here various disappointments occurred, which quite astonished him and his parents; for, knowing nothing of the world, every thing differing from their own sanguine notions, awakened them to perfect amazement. At first he would offer to teach nothing but Greek, Hebrew, Latin, and Logic, and other high matters; and actually might have taught them, if he could only have got pupils: but, after various disasters and disheartenments from within and without, he descended to the humble occupation of teaching common reading and writing, or any thing else you please, to the mischievous children of the industrious poor of his own neighbourhood.

But, in the awful character of the pedagogue, we cannot in strictness say, that he gained much of either credit or emolument: for, besides that a prophet has little honour among his neighbours' children, he felt himself degraded by such a, b, c, d-erian labour.

and such profitless confinement; particularly, as many of his mischievous pupils seemed to think him little better than a big boy of the neighbourhood, upon whom they might work all manner of disrespectful tricks, and laugh in his face when he offered to punish them. In short, as his observation extended, and his experience was increased, "a kirk," the great object of the student's ambition, seemed to recede farther from his hopes, and the poverty and patience of the confirmed teacher to stare him closer in the face. But even his humble occupation was unlikely to do any good longer; at least, in the place where he had been at the pains to establish it; for a grand schoolmaster from some distant place, who "khnoped English like a Londoner," and whose very frown was awful, set up a grand *Academy* near at hand, and away went all Tam's scholars, except two or three, to the new man; for nobody attempted to dispute, that a regular schoolmaster, who wore a wig, and walked with a cane, could teach much better than Minister Tam, "the lang, learned laddie, of the Crosslets of Paisley."

Still Tam's mother bid him keep up his heart, for the time would yet come, when he should "wag in a poopet (pulpit) like the best;" and the school being now given up, a great effort was forthwith to be made to effect that important object. But the old man found, to his astonishment, that although his son was perfectly finished and ready for the ministry, there were hundreds as ready, and many better fitted for it than he; and that if considerable popular talents were not as yet developed, it required interest and other advantages, such as he could not at all command, to get the youth even a hearing for any advantageous purpose, or get him, in the remotest manner, in the way of being a minister. Now came the period of reaping the fruits of his education, and all the honours of the Divinity Hall of Glasgow. The young man was anxious enough to make use of his expensive and tediously acquired knowledge, but found that, while he knew what he found little use for, he was perfectly ignorant of things known to the youngest in his own sphere of life. Mercantile men, to whom he offered himself, after asking him contemptuously what he was fit for, would have nothing to do with him, and disliked the very thoughts of Greek and logic; and artificers of all sorts rejected him in toto, because, as they said, he seemed to have learned nothing.

Employment, any sort of employment, but teaching children, became now to poor Trail the object of his most anxious desire; for his father had so cramped his little trade, in supporting him at college, &c. that the good old man was becoming pinched and reduced; and illness and repeated disappointment had begun to make sore havoc with our youth's hopes and his health; and he br

about the neighbourhood dispirited and wretched. Instead of being a pride and a support to his parents, now that he was a man, he was their greatest source of vexation and anxiety. At length his father, after many efforts, and after much personal humiliation to both, in dancing after their superiors, succeeded in getting him the place of tutor in the family of the Laird of Cauldlands, who lived in a dull house over the Paisley Braes, about six miles off; and here, the Laird being a man who was determined to give his children *a good education*, gave Tam an appointment to teach, not only English to his little son, but also Latin and Greek to his two grown up daughters; at least, as much of these *dead languages* as they could be got to "take in."

This was a great place for Tam, and great expectations were raised from it; in fact, his fortune, it was thought, was now made, for the Laird was a man who loved learning for learning's sake, and Tam was, through his patronage, to be a minister after all. But it turned out that the Laird and his daughters differed widely in opinion upon the subject of a lady's education, and while they affected to obey their father, they thought "Mr Trail" and his Latin and Greek equally a bore. They plagued him with questions, because he was a learned man, upon subjects of light literature, for the amusement which his ignorance afforded them; they had novels hid under the cushions of their chairs, and read them in place of their lessons; and when Trail tried to look serious and play the tutor, they threw off all obedience and laughed in his face. The very anxiety of poor Trail to acquaint himself, and his consequent seriousness were against him; for the Laird's son said he was a dull booby; the lady herself took a disgust at him, because his father was a weaver, and constantly warned her children to take care of learning from him vulgarity; and the young ladies at length treated him with such sauciness and scorn, that he almost feared to open his mouth in the family.

The unfortunate tutor soon perceived that he could not long hold out in the face of all this; for although he was admitted to be harmless and assiduous, he was perfectly despised by all but the Laird himself; and the very awe with which he looked upon his pupils and their parents; the conscious humility of his deportment, and the anxious dread which was constantly apparent, even in his face, of being dismissed and returned upon his parents, only increased and aggravated their ill-suppressed contempt. At length, an open conspiracy was formed against him by the ladies, because he had ventured to exert some of what he called conscientious authority, and to remonstrate against the idleness of the daughters; and this conspiracy was headed by mamma herself, who could

never be persuaded into a love for Greek and Latin, and had no favour whatever for "learned weavers:" so that, in short, the Laird was obliged to give poor Trail an unconditional dismissal, without promise or patronage, for fear of that domestic disturbance, which has ever been the terror of wilful husbands.

Behold Tam Trail again returned to the Crosslets of Paisley, hopeless and helpless, stamped with the confirmed and valueless character of "a sticked minister." Employment was again his aim, if it were only to obtain a scanty supply of pocket-money, now more than ever necessary, and to relieve the humbled anxiety of his mind. For two or three years he was driven about from post to pillar, in all the misery of uncertainty, and incurring all the vexations of tantalizing hope and repeated disappointment. Sometimes he taught a small school of his own; sometimes was assistant in some other; and he even had the honour of preaching three different times within the creditable kirks of Campsie, Camlachie, and Cross-my-loof respectively; but all these honourable ministrations led to no permanent results; for the circumstances of the case, or some other competitor, who had more patronage or more knowledge of the world, continually upset his plans, or pushed him out; sending him back to spiritless idleness, and the poor fireside of his reduced and disheartened parents. Sorrow now took fast hold upon him, as the hopes of youth gave place to serious gloom; and even want began to come upon him, as the prophet expresses it, "like an armed man." His features became changed by the progressive elevation of sorrow. No traces were left of the gaunt and gawky expression which his face bore while a growing youth; for manhood had now filled up his whole person; painful reflection had given almost a dignity to his look; and misfortune had paled his cheek, and softened the tones of his voice into a sad and manly humility.

His usefulness was now reduced into becoming the occasional arbiter of the petty disputes of the neighbourhood, especially when they happened to be upon subjects that required learning; and though, by a few, he was still jeeringly called "Minister Tam," his tall figure and rusty black coat, together with his plaintive look and sad manner, with the majority commanded every where a compassionate respect. But the little services he was able to render his neighbours being, in general, rewarded only by a treat at the public house, to which his fits of despondency began now too frequently to lead him, he saw with terror the prospect of tippling excitement, *perhaps, becoming his wretched refuge, and the horrible appellation of Drunken Minister being attached to his name. When* view of his situation struck him, he wandered abroad like a g

seeking relief from his own thoughts, until his despair increased, and his despondency deepened; and, with all these distresses on his mind, he fled at length to impart his sufferings to woman, the best consoler, and the bitterest aggravator, of the sorrows of life.

"What ails you the night, Mr Trail," said Jean Emerie, a serious black eyed maiden, the daughter of a small manufacturer, in whose house he often lingered out his evenings. "What can ail you the night? you seem so melancholy of late, Mr Trail, I'm amaist afraid to look at you."

"Naething, Miss Jean, naething."

"Naething, do you say—hech, Sirs! that's a strange speech."

"It's naething, Miss Jean, an' ye need na mind me. When do you expect your father home?"

"I canna really say. But, Mr Trail, ye need not tell me that it's naething that makes ye look sae wae; for I've watched you many a time, when you did not observe. Na, Thomas, ye need na be ashamed to tell me what oppresses your heart. I'm not come to this time of life without my ain trials. Man, I could greet to look at you."

"Could you, Jean?" said Trail, looking up at her, the big tears rolling down his wan cheeks. "I did na think ony body could greet for me, I'm such a —."

"Just let it out, Mr Trail. I ken it's a sair thing for a man to greet;" said Jean, hardly able herself to sob out so many words; "but I ken there's something oppressing you at the heart. Man, you're like to burst!"

"I did not think to have done this before you, Jeanie," said Trail, giving way to a burst of tears.

"There's muckle sorrow in this world when ane comes to know it," said Jean, in the half whisper of weeping; "but just tell me what distresses you, Mr Trail? indeed, I've often thought about you, and pitied you, when none was by; and I'll at least gie you a kind word."

"God bless you, Jean Emerie! for *that* kind word!" he said, wringing her hand: "and for thinking about the like of me; for, truly, I'm a broken hearted man, any body may see that."

"But ye'll get a kirk yet, Mr Trail; and, at ony rate, dinna repine at Providence,—the Lord's all sufficient."

It is not every day that a man in distress will meet with one of the species of God's comforters equal to Jean Emerie; for she was a woman whose nature was such, that she had almost a veneration for affliction, when it seemed to her to come by the dispensation of *Providence*. No wonder, then, that she should listen to the tale of *Thomas Trail*, or that he should feel a grateful regard for her who

loved him, almost for his very misfortunes. If by his frequent visits to Jean Emerie, Thomas was saved from the degrading resource of the bottle in his troubles, he fell into an intoxication seldom less dangerous to a poor man. And yet it is strange that none are so ready to fall in love as the poor, or those whose feelings have been sharpened by misfortune, and who are least able to afford such a luxury, as the song has it,

"O love will venture in
Where it dare na well be seen."

And thus it was with Thomas Trail, who had the presumption to fall in love in the height of his distress. Like many men similarly circumstanced, he, foolishly, imagined that a man could never so well bear his afflictions as when he had a woman to share them with him, instead of concluding, with Lord Bacon, that "a wife and children make misfortunes more bitter:" besides that, there was at least two made miserable in place of one. But Thomas only dared to love, and to wish for happiness, and determined to make one effort more, with the further hope and inducement of making Jean Emerie his wife. "This is the last trial," he said to himself as he finished an arrangement of business; "if it is successful, I shall be made happy; if it fails, again I shall do something that I dare not now think of."

For a time every thing promised fair, and many, many a happy night he spent with Jean in talking of days to come; but, ultimately, whether from his want of training, and business knowledge, or from over anxiety, or from mere misfortune, within a twelve-month the hopes that Trail had clung to with desperate eagerness entirely gave way, and he lost every thing except his honesty, which was doggedly upright to the last. The sternness of despair now sat upon his brow, for the short time after in which he was visible to his friends; for, without saying a word, or taking leave of father or mother, or Jean, or any one, he took to the last resource of disappointed youth, and enlisted for a soldier.

It was in vain after Thomas Trail took the king's bounty, which he sent home to his mother, that he tried to be jolly, and dissipated, and noisy, and not to think like his thoughtless companions. It was no easy matter for him who had preached in a pulpit, to go about the country recruiting with the scum of the earth, and a cockade in his hat, the companion of low Irishmen and young blackguards, and to submit to be drilled for a soldier, "in the bonnie green of Glasgow," in sight of that venerable college in whose silent cloisters he had studied to be a minister of the church and preacher of God's gospel, and while the drill sergeant shook his cane over him as he absently thought of former days, the well

known knell of the college bell struck to his heart a sound of deeper sadness and sorrow.

"Minister Tam is gone to be a sodger after a'," was the cry for a time throughout the Crosslets of Paisley; and that was the breaking of his parents' hearts, and the crowning of all they had suffered. He had been, as expressed in the fine ballad of the poet of Paisley, "listed, tested, sworn, and a'," before ever any thing of his resolution was known at home; and the next thing heard of him was, "that he was gone far beyond the sea," having embarked with his regiment to join Lord Wellington in Spain; and now all went wrong at home, and old Thomas Trail's house became desolate, and the poor man went about stupid, and began to take a drop of drink; and his wife would lie in bed for days together, though in perfect health, while every thing out and in went to wreck.

Some said that Trail made a good soldier, and was made a corporal in Spain; but of this no authentic accounts ever arrived. What his thoughts were, while on the march, "in a foreign land," or as he stood his watch as sentinel in the long cold nights, and pondered of Scotland and the Paisley Braes, and of his old mother and father at home, and of former happy sabbath nights, and of Jean Emerie who was never to see or weep with him again, we can only guess; for the last that was heard of Minister Tam in the Crosslets of Paisley, was, that he had fallen gloriously at the battle of Salamanca!

But there was little glorying in the news with some who heard it. I speak not of the grief of Jean Emerie, who might be seen in widow's weeds some time after, sitting lonely on a Sunday morning, in the cold Abbey Church of Paisley; for there is enough of that sort of grief in the world, and of women who weep in secret disappointment, after blasted hopes with the only man who was ever the choice of their hearts for a companion for life. It was old Thomas Trail and his wife, at least, who were truly to be pitied; and they used to sit together by the fire at night for hours without being able to speak.

But sabbath night was the hardest to get over in the house of the old people, with all its recollections and all its sanctity. You might see Mrs Trail sitting opposite her husband by the fire and without candle, looking into the embers with her hands wrung into each other, and weeping for hours over a mother's thoughts, for "she should never see her son more! who after all her hopes had been killed in a foreign land, and because that his very bones were huddled into clay without coffin, or a mother's tears, in some far away place—which they call Salamanca."

PICKER.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.

'TAKE ye the world! I give it ye for ever,'
 Said Jupiter to men; 'for now I mean ye
 To hold it as your heritage: so sever
 The earth like brothers, as ye please, between ye.'

All who had hands, took what they could: the needy,
 Both old and young, most busily employ'd 'em;
 The farmer had the fields; the lord, more greedy,
 Seized on the woods for chase, and he enjoy'd 'em.

To get his share, the merchant took all sly ways;
 The abbot had the vineyards in partition;
 The king kept all the bridges, and the high ways;
 And claim'd a tenth of all things in addition.

Long after the division was completed
 Came in the poet—absent, not at distance:
 Alas, 'twas over—not to be repeated—
 All given away, as if he'd no existence.

'Ah, woe is me! 'mid bounty so unbounded,
 Shall I, thy truest son, be thus neglected?'
 He cried aloud, and his complaint resounded,
 As he drew near Jove's throne quite unexpected.

'If in the Land of Visions you resided,'
 Said Jove, 'and anger feel, to me don't show it.
 Where were you when the world was first divided?'—
 'I was close by thee,' answer'd the poor poet.

'With glory of thy face mine eyes were aching,
 And music fill'd mine ears while gifts you squander'd:
 The earthly for the heavenly thus forsaking,
 Forgive my spirit that a while it wander'd.'

'What's to be done?' said Jove—'The world is given;
 Fields, chases, towns, circumference and centre.
 If you're content to dwell with me in heaven,
 'Tis open to you when you please to enter.'

[*The Tatler.*]

Was within the parish, whether gentle or simple, man or woman, boy or girl, did not know Ned M'Keown and his wife Nancy, joint proprietors of the tobacco-shop and public-house at the cross-roads of Kilrudden? Honest, blustering, good-humoured Ned was the indefatigable merchant of the village; ever engaged in some ten or twenty-pound speculation, the capital of which he was sure to extort, perhaps for the twelfth time, from the savings of Nancy's frugality, by the equivocal test of a month or six weeks' consecutive sobriety; and which said speculation he never failed to wind up by the total loss of the capital for Nancy, and the capital loss of a broken head for himself. Ned had eternally some bargain on his hands: at one time you might find him a yarn merchant, planted upon the upper step of Mr Birnie's hall-door, where the yarn-market was held, surrounded by a crowd of eager country-women, anxious to give Ned the preference—first, because he was a well-wisher; secondly, because he hadn't his heart in the penny; and thirdly, because he gave sixpence a spangle more than any other man in the market. There might Ned be found, with his twenty pounds of hard silver jingling in the bottom of a green bag, as a decoy to the customers, laughing loud as he piled the yarn in an ostentatious heap, which, in the pride of his commercial sagacity, he had purchased at a dead loss. Again you might see him at a horse-fair, cantering about on the back of some sleek, but broken-winded jade, with spavined legs, imposed on him as "a great bargain entirely," by the superior cunning of some rustic sharper;—or standing over a hogshead of damaged flaxseed, in the purchase of which he shrewdly suspected himself of having overreached the seller, by allowing him for it a greater price than the prime seed of the market would have cost him. In short, Ned was never out of a speculation, and whatever he undertook was sure to prove a complete failure. But he had one mode of consolation, which consisted in sitting down with the fag-end of Nancy's capital in his pocket, and drinking night and day with this neighbour and that, whilst a shilling remained; and when he found himself at the end of his tether, he was sure to fasten a quarrel on some friend or acquaintance, and to get his head broken for his pains. None of all this blustering, however, happened within the range of Nancy's jurisdiction. Ned, indeed, might drink and sing, and swagger and

* From "*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. Dublin. 1830," 2 vols. 12mo.

fight—and he contrived to do so; but notwithstanding all his apparent courage, there was *one* eye which made him quail, and before which he never put on the Hector;—there was *one*, in whose presence the loudness of his song would fall away into a very awkward and unmusical quaver, and his laughing face assume the visage of a man who is disposed to anything but mirth. The fact was this: Whenever Ned found that his speculation was *gone a shaughran*, as he termed it, he fixed himself in some favourite public-house, from whence he seldom stirred while his money lasted, except when dislodged by Nancy, who usually, upon learning where he had taken cover, paid him an unceremonious visit, to which Ned's indefensible delinquency gave the colour of legitimate authority. Upon these occasions, Nancy, accompanied by two sturdy servant-men, would sally forth to the next market-town, for the purpose of bringing home "graceless Ned," as she called him. And then you might see Ned between the two servants, a few paces in advance of Nancy, having very much the appearance of a man performing a pilgrimage to the gallows, or of a deserter guarded back to his barrack, in order to become a target for the musquets of his comrades. Ned's compulsory return always became a matter of some notoriety; for Nancy's excursion in quest of the "graceless" was not made without frequent denunciations of wrath against him, and many melancholy apologies to the neighbours for entering upon the task of personally securing him. By this means her enterprise was sure to get wind, and a mob of all the idle young men and barefooted urchins of the village, with Bob M'Cann, "*a three-quarther clift*," or mischievous fellow, half knave, half fool, was to be found a little below the village, upon an elevation of the road, that commanded a level stretch of half a mile or so, in anxious expectation of the procession. No sooner had this arrived at the point of observation, than the little squadron would fall rearward of the principal group, for the purpose of extracting from Nancy a full and particular account of the capture.

"Indeed, childher, id's no wondher for ye to enquire! Where did I get 'im, Dick?—musha, an' where wud I get 'im but in the ould place, a-hagur; wid the ould set: don't yees know that a dacent place or dacent company wudn't sarve Ned?—nobody bud Shane Martin, an' Jimmy Tague, an' the other blackguards."

"An' what will ye do wid 'm, Nancy?"

"Och! thin, Dick, avourneen, id's myself that's jist tired thinkin' iv that; at any rate, consumin' to the loose foot he'll get this blessed month to come, Dick, agra!"

"Troth, Nancy," another mischievous monkey would exclaim,

"if ye hadn't great patience entirely, ye cudn't put up wid such thratement, at all at all."

"Why thin, God knows, id's thrue for ye, Barney. D'ye hear that, 'graceless'—the very childher makin' a laughin'-stock an' a may-game iv ye?—bud wait till we get undher the roof, any how."

"Ned," a third would say, "isn't id a burnin' shame for ye to brake the poor crathur's heart, this a-way? Throth, but ye ought to hould down yer head, sure enough—a dacent woman! that only for her wudn't have a house over ye, so ye wudn't."

"An' throth an' id's goin', Tim," Nancy would exclaim, "an' whin id goes, let 'im see thin who'll do for 'm: let 'im thry if his blackguards 'ill stan' to 'im, whin he won't have poor foolish Nancy at his back."

During these conversations, Ned would walk on between his two guards, with a dogged-looking and condemned face, Nancy behind him, with his own cudgel, ready to administer the restorative of an occasional bang, whenever he attempted to slacken his pace, or hrow over his shoulder a growl of dissent or justification.

On getting near home, the neighbours would occasionally pop at their heads, with a smile of good-humoured satire on their ace, which Nancy was very capable of translating:

"Ay," she would say, "I've caught 'im—here he is to the fore. Indeed ye may well laugh, Katty Rafferty; not a wan iv myself blames ye for id.—Ah, ye mane crathur," turning to Ned, "iv ye had the blood iv a hen in ye, ye wudn't have the neighbours brakin' their hearts laughin' at ye in sich a way;—an' above all the people in the world, them Raffertys, that got the decree agin iz at the last sessions, although I offered to pay within fifteen shillins of the differ—the grubs!"

Having seen her hopeful charge safely deposited on the hob, Nancy would throw her cloak into this corner, and her bonnet into that, with the air of a woman absorbed by the consideration of some vexatious trial; she would then sit down, and, lighting her *doodsen*, exclaim,

"Wurrah, wurrah! id's me that's the heart-scalded crathur wid that man's four quarters! The Lord may help me, an' grant me patience wid him, any way!—to have my little, honest, hard-earned penny spint among a pack o' vagabonds, that dizn't care him an' me war both down the river, so they cud get their bellyful iv dhrink out iv 'im. No matther, agra! things can't long be this a-way;—but what diz Ned care?—give him dhrink an' fightin', an' his blackguards about 'im, an' that's his glory. There now's the lan'-lord comin' down upon us for the rint, an' 'cept he takes the cowa

out iv the byre, or the bed from anundher iz, what in the wide arth is there for 'im?"

The current of this lecture was never interrupted by a single observation from Ned, who usually employed himself in silently playing with "Bunty," a little black cur, without a tail, and a great favourite with Nancy; or, if he noticed any thing out of its place in the house, he would arrange it with great apparent care. In the mean time Nancy's wrath generally evaporated with the smoke of the pipe—a circumstance which Ned well knew;—for, after she had sucked it until it emitted a shrill-bubbling sound, like that from a reed, her brows, which wore at other times a habitual frown, would gradually relax into a more benevolent expression—the parenthetical curves on each side of her mouth, formed by the irascible pursing of her lips, would become less marked—the dog or cat, or whatever else came in her way, instead of being kicked aside, or pursued in an underfit of digressional peevishness, would be put out of her path with a gentler force—so that it was, in such circumstances, a matter of little difficulty to perceive that conciliation would soon be the order of the day. Ned's conduct on these critical occasions was very prudent and commendable; he still gave Nancy her own way, never "jawed back to her," but took shelter, as were, under his own patience, until the storm had passed, and the sun of her good-humour began to shine again. Nancy herself, now softened by the fumes of her own pigtail, usually made the first overtures to a compromise, but without departing from the practice and principles of higher negotiators—always in an indirect manner; as, "Judy, avourneen, may be that crathur ate nothing to-day; ye had betther, agra, get 'm the could bacon that's in the cubboard, and warm for 'im, upon the greeshaugh, them yellow-legs* that's in the colindher, though God he knows it's ill my common—bud no matther, a hagur, there's enough sed, I'm thinkin'—give 'em to 'im."

On Ned seating himself to his bacon and potatoes, Nancy would light another pipe, and plant herself on the opposite hob, putting some interrogatory to him, in the way of business—always concerning a third person, and still in a tone of dry ironical indifference; as,

"Did ye see Jimmy Connolly on yer thravels?"

"No."

"Humph! Can ye tell iz if Andy Morrow sowld his cowlt?"

"He did."

"Maybe, ye have gumption enough to know what he got for 'im?"

"Fifteen ginneys."

* A kind of potato.

"In troth, an' id's more nor a poor body would get; bud, any y, Andy Morrow desarnes to get a good price: he's a man that es care of his own bizness, an' minds nothin' else. I wish that ey of ours was dockt; ye ought to spake to Jim M'Quade about : id's time to make her up—ye know we'll want to sell her for rint."

This was an assertion by the way, which Ned knew to have every ng but truth in it.

"Never heed the filley," Ned would reply, "I'll get Charley wdher to dock her—bud id's not her I'm thinkin' iv: did ye ar the news about the tobacky?"

"No, but I hope we won't be long so."

"Well, any how, we war in look to buy in them three last rowls."

"Eh? in look! death-alive, how, Ned?"

"Sure there was three ships iv id lost last week, on their way m the kingdom of Swuzzerland, in the Aste Indians, where id ws: we can rise id thruppence a-pound now."

"No, Ned! you're not in arnest?"

"Faith, bud ye may say I am; an' as soon as Tom Loan comes me from Dublin, he'll tell iz all about id; an' for that matther, ybe, id may rise sixpence a-pound: faith, we'll gain a lob by id, n thinkin'."

"May I never stir! bud that's look: well, Ned, ye may thank for that, any way, or not a rowl we'd have in the four corners the house—an' ye wanted to persuade me agin buyin' thim; bud new betther—for the tobacky's always sure to get a bit iv a hitch his time a year."

"Bedad, you can do id, Nancy; I'll say that for ye—that's an' e ye yer own way."

"Eh! can't I, Ned?—an' what was betther, I bate down Pether Entee three-ha'pence a-pound affther I bought them."

"Ha! ha! ha! by my sannies, Nancy, as to market-makin', y may all throw their caps at ye; ye thief o' the world, ye can them nately."

"Ha! ha! ha! Stop, Ned, don't dhrink that wather—id's not m the rock well; but I'll jist mix a sup iv this last stuff we got m the mountains, till ye taste id: I think id's not worse nor the for Hughould hand at makin' id."

This was ne was now carried: but with pect to u. ne less that is said about that better for his veracity

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN AT SHERWOOD FOREST.

THE merry pranks he play'd would ask an age to tell,
 And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,
 When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
 How he hath cozen'd them, that him would have betrayed ;
 How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised,
 And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.
 In this our spacious isle I think there is not one
 But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John ;
 And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
 Of Scarlock, George-a-green, and Much the miller's son,
 Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
 In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
 An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood
 Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
 All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue.
 His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but knew,
 When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill,
 The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill :
 The bauldricks set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
 To which, under their arms, their sheafs were buckled fast ;
 A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span ;
 Who struck below the knee not counted then a man ;
 All made of Spanish yew, the bows were wondrous strong ;
 They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
 Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
 With broad arrow or but, or prick or roving shaft,
 At marks full forty score they used to prick and rove,
 Yet higher than the breast for comfort never strove ;
 Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win :
 At long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin :
 Their arrows finely paired, for timber and for feather,
 With birch and brazil pieced, to fly in any weather ;
 And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
 The loose gave such a twang as might be heard a mile.
 And of these archers brave there was not any one
 But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
 Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
 Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food,
 Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
 Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
 From wealthy Abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store
 What oftentimes he took he shared among the poor :
 No lordly Bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
 To him before he went, but for his pass must pay.
 The widow in distress he generously relieved,
 And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved :
 He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
 But to the mistress dear, his loved Maria,

Was ever constant known, which, where'er she came,
 Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game;
 Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
 With bow and quiver arm'd, she wandered here and there
 Amongst the forest wild; Diana never knew
 Such pleasures, nor such hurts as Mariana slew.

DRAYTON.

SKETCH OF A NIGHT AND DAY ON THE HOLY ISLAND.

It was late on an evening in August, when we left the island of Luig, on a fishing expedition to the Holy Island, one of the Hebrides, intending to wait there till day-break would enable us to commence operations. After some hours of hard rowing we came in sight of the island, which was already occupied by several parties, as we saw by the fires kindled along the shore. The alternate disclosure and concealment of the rocks and breakers, in the different states of light, gave a romantic dreariness to the scene, which was increased by the, to me, unintelligible voices which sounded through the whole. At length we landed, and made common cause with the first groupe we reached; some of those who composed it being luckily known to our boatmen. Here we met with some very strange characters, such as one does not expect to encounter beyond the precincts of a novel. There was "The Black King of the Islands." "The Pirate Surgeon." "The Stag-Hound," &c. &c. Unfortunately, the singularity of most of them ended, as far as I was concerned, where it had begun, in the name. There was *vox præterea nihil*. They either could not or would not speak English. From this objection, however, the surgeon was completely free, and his words, both in number and interest, were quite sufficient to atone for the silence of every one else. He seemed, from the attention which his sayings excited, to be a person of no small consideration in his line, and like one expected to talk, he seldom held his tongue. Before presenting the reader with one of the stories wherewith the doctor sought to beguile our night-watch, it may be proper to bring him, in some degree, acquainted with the corporeal appearance of that excellent person. When recording the prouder passages of his life, he had a frequent habit of springing from his too humble posture of recumbency at the fire-side, up to his full stature, which I had thus an opportunity of observing to be about five feet or thereby: his hair was black, and hung about his eyes, which seemed to reflect it, by the similarity of their hue: his nose resembled a small pyramid attached to the face, came far

down, and made the upper lip jut out, as we see it do in children, by pressure against a window-pane: the chin was all but omitted, being scarcely visible; this arose from the shortness of the under-jaw, a defect, according to a learned friend of ours, decisive of intellectual deficiency; and truly he is right in saying, that very many of our great men have the under-jaw long: his brow was small and knotty; and these details combined to produce an expression of callous assurance; his shoulders were broad and robust, being "built," as he said, "for a long voyage:" his body slender in proportion, and weather-dried: his legs inexpressively formed, neither decidedly good, nor very bad: his feet large and savage-looking: he wore a shallow broad-brimmed hat, and sea-blue clothes, whose appearance denoted exemption from menial labour; but to those who did not know the doctor's real profession, would, by their very cleanness, viewed in connection with his peculiar look, make him appear only the more a ruffian: he was between forty and fifty years old, by his own calculation. Now for his story; only I must premise, that being a landsman, I cannot pretend to employ sea-terms. Indeed the narrator affected to be too genteel to use many of them himself; I know not what may be thought of his substitutions.

"During the time," said the pirate doctor, "I was with old Zeb Brainer, there came a better thing than that. We was in the open Ocean off Madeira, to the south west, running before a neat breeze, when a sail was exclaimed from the mast-head; directly I heard the call, I runs for the bows, and squaring my arms over a barrel-head, I leans on the look-out, and smokes—so."—(The doctor leant over the fire and smoked.) "Well, she did show at last, and a short run and small trouble and she was our own; goods aboard—ship scuttled—crew sent a-drift with Teneriffe or the bottom before them. We kept the only two passengers, a young Spanish Don and his sweetheart, and Zeb did lead them a dog's life—that he did—but as it didn't shorten *my* purse, my duty kept me clear. One good joke I recollect:—The young lady was at her walks as usual on deck one evening; so she comes up to Zeb, and says in a sweet way, "How delightful the soft cool wind was." Now Zeb had a pipe in his cheek, and he draws a mouthful of smoke, and puffs it right into her eye, with a "Yes, Miss," at the same time, and a how for answer. Then she screamed, and ran off a bit, and looked up to the skies, while the tears came down her cheeks; and wasn't that a good'n? my word! wasn't it? ha! ha! ha!"—(Here the doctor *appealed* to all around—only one man laughed—I hope he had no *English*.) "The like of that at last touched her a bit, though, for *she* got bad in her health and sickened away, and died out of our

hands; so the captain, to make some amends, and also, for he was not quite right, made us run for a small island, much as this where we are—and we erected a tent—and Ben Dollar, the carpenter, set to and made a coffin for the young Spaniard. When the coffining came about, the captain he was grogged—and stands swinging upon his legs not well knowing what we were after;—so the body was raised to be put in—and the coffin was too short;—there was a puzzler! And how d'ye think we managed then? Why, I seized hold of an axe that was on the ground, and giving a wide swing to make way, I chipped the head clean off, like an onion, and told the lubbers to chuck it under her shoulder. The young Don grew turk by this, and was running at me, when Zeb, not knowing right what the matter was, because he had a glass in, seizes the axe from me, and smashes the young fellow's brains out.—That *was* an ugly job—and it was paid for; as we all saw when the shark took Zeb down, as he was a-bathing."

By the time the doctor had finished this last of many horrible stories, we saw some of the boats beginning to move out in the grey dawn; and we immediately got on board, having the advantage of being at the nearest point to the fishing station as it happened. One boat was a little in advance of us, making for a place where the sea-fowl were congregated—a sure sign of fish—and we followed it. † Superstition has connected the greatest ultimate success with the person or party catching the first fish; this fell to our lot, and we had excellent sport for many hours. It blew very hard at last, and we observed some of the boats putting about—one of these we followed, and as we were now far from land we had a difficult pull through the swell. On nearing the Holy Island I was surprised to see our guide-boat rowing directly, as it seemed, against the precipitous rocks of the shore. At length she vanished through an almost imperceptible opening; we followed, and found ourselves in a snug little harbour, where we were gradually joined by the rest of the petty fleet. It now rained heavily, and we were driven for shelter to the roofless ruins of the Holy Island, which, I might have before stated, has no inhabitants upon it. As night drew on, by means of juniper branches, pulled in our necessity from trees that appeared centuries old, we illuminated the grey walls and monuments of the Culdee Chapel, where we sat eating saltless fish till the proper state of the tide would enable us to pass the smaller Corryvreckan. Nothing remarkable occurred on the voyage home; and a confused multitude of dreams, in which figured monks, flambeaux, whirlpools, and the shocking *pirate doctor*, followed a night and a day on the Holy Island.

B.

THE DELUGE.

MORN come : but that broad light which hung so long
In heaven forsook the showering firmament.
The clouds went floating on their fatal way.
Rivers had grown to seas : the great sea, swollen
Too mighty for his bound, broke on the land,
Roaring and rushing, and each flat and plain
Devoured.—Upon the mountains now were seen
Gaunt men and women hungering with their babes,
Eyeing each other, or with marble looks,
Measuring the space beneath swift lessening.
At times a swimmer, from some distant rock,
Less high, came struggling with the waves, but sank
Back from the slippery soil. Pale mothers then
Wept without hope, and aged heads struck cold
By agues, trembled like autumnal leaves ;
And infants moaned, and young boys shrieked with fear.
Stout men grew white with famine. Beautiful girls,
Whom once the day languished to look on, lay
On the wet earth, and wrung their drenched hair ;
And fathers saw them there, dying, and stole
Their scanty fare, and while they perished, thrived.
Then Terror died, and Grief, and proud Despair,
Rage, and Remorse, infinite Agony,
Love in its thousand shapes, weak and sublime,
Birth-strangled ; and strong Passion perished.
The young, the old, weak, wise, the bad, the good .
Fell on their faces, struck,—whilst over them
Washed the wild waters in their clamorous march—
Still fall the flooding rains. Great Ossa stood
Lone, like a peering Alp, when vapours shroud
Its sides, unshaken in the restless waves :
But from the weltering deeps Pelion arose
And shook his piny forehead at the clouds,
Moaning ; and crowned Olympus all his snows
Lost from his hundred heads, and shrank aghast.
Day, Eve, Night, Morning came and passed away.
No sun was known to rise and none to set :
‘Steal of its glorious beams a sickly light
Paled the broad East what time the day is born :
At others a thick mass, vaporous and black,
And form like solid marble, roofed the sky,
Yet gave no shelter.—Still the ravenous wolf
Howled, and wild foxes, and the household dog,
Grown wild, upon the mountains fought and fed
Each on the other. The great eagle still
In his home brooded, inaccessible ;
Or, when the gloomy morning seemed to break,
Floated in silence o’er the shoreless seas.

Still the quick snake unclasp'd its glittering eyes,
 Or shivering hung about the roots of pines ;
 And still all round the vultures flew, and watched
 The tumbling waters thick with bird and beast ;
 Or dashing in the midst their ravenous beaks,
 Plundered the screaming billows of their dead.
 Beneath the headlong torrents, towns and towers
 Fell down, temples all stone, and brazen shrines :
 And piles of marble, palace, and pyramid
 (Kings' homes or towering graves) in a breath were swept
 Crumbling away. Masses of ground and trees
 Uptorn and floating, hollow rocks brute-crammed,
 Vast herds and bleating flocks, reptiles, and beasts
 Bellowing, and vainly with the choking waves
 Struggling, were hurried out,—but none returned :
 All on the altar of the giant Sea
 Offered, like twice ten thousand hecatombs.—
 Still fell the flooding rains. Still the Earth shrank ;
 And Ruin held his strait terrific way.
 Fierce lightnings burnt the sky, and the loud thunder
 (Beast of the fiery air) howled from his cloud,
 Exulting towards the storm-eclipsed moon.
 Below, the Ocean rose boiling and black,
 And flung its monstrous billows far and wide,
 Crumbling the mountain-joints and summit hills :
 Then its dark throat it bared, and rocky tusks,
 Where with enormous waves on their broad backs,
 The demons of the deep were raging loud :
 And the sea-lion and the whale were swung
 Like atoms round and round.—Mankind was dead :
 And birds whose active wings once cut the air,
 And beasts that spurned the waters, all were dead :
 And every reptile of the woods had died,
 Which crawled or stung, and every curling worm
 The untamed tiger in his den, the mole
 In his dark home—were choked : the darting ounce,
 And the blind adder, and the stork fell down
 Dead, and the stifled mammoth, a vast bulk,
 Was washed far out amongst the populous foam :
 And there the serpent, which few hours ago,
 Could crack the panther in his scaly arms,
 Lay lifeless, like a weed, beside his prey,
 And now, all o'er the deeps corpses were strewn,
 Wide floating millions, like the rubbish flung
 Forth when a plague prevails ; the rest down-sucked,
 Sank buried in the world-destroying seas.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE HAUNTED HEAD.

It was yet early in May morning, in the year 1540, when two travellers alighted at the little caberet, known by the sign of "Les quatre fils d'Aymon," at the entrance of the forest of Fontainebleau. They rode two very sorry horses, and each of them carried a package behind his saddle. These were the famous Benvenuto Cellini, as mad a man of genius as the sun of Italy, which has long been used to mad geniuses, ever looked on, and his handsome pupil Ascanio, who were carrying some works of art to the King of France at Fontainebleau. For particular reasons, Cellini set out by himself, leaving Ascanio; and he, getting tired towards evening, proposed to walk in the forest; but, before setting out, was specially warned to take care, in the first place, that the Gardes de Chasse did not shoot him instead of a buck; and, in the next, that he did not stray too near a large house, which he would see at about a quarter of an hour's walk distant to the right of the path. This house, the host told him, belonged to the Chancellor Poyet, who said he did not choose to be disturbed in the meditations to which he devoted himself for the good of the state, by idle stragglers. To enforce his orders, too, he had an ugly raw-boned Swiss for a porter, who threatened to cudgel every one who walked too near his garden wall. There was also a hint of a poor young lady being shut up in this guarded mansion. A long garden, inclosed by a high wall, and thickly planted on both sides with trees, which entirely concealed its interior from view, was at the back; and it was this which Ascanio first approached.

He heard a low voice, which he thought was that of a woman in distress, and, listening more intently, and approaching nearer, he was satisfied that his first impression was correct. He distinctly heard sob, and such expressions of sorrow, as convinced him that the person from whom they proceeded was indulging her grief alone. A large birch tree grew against the garden wall near the place where he stood; he paused for a moment to deliberate whether he could justify the curiosity he felt, when the hint of the hostess that a lady was imprisoned there, came across his mind, and, without farther hesitation, he ascended the tree. Ascanio looked from the height he had gained, and saw a young female sitting on a low garden seat immediately below the bough on which he stood. She was weeping. At length, raising her head, she dried her eyes, and taking up a guitar which lay beside her, she struck some of the chords, and played the symphony to a

plaintive air which was then well known. Ascanio gazed in breathless anxiety, and wondered that one so fair should have cause for so deep a sorrow as she was evidently suffering under. In a colloquy which ensued, she exhorted him to fly; told him she was an orphan whom Poyet wanted to force into marriage; and finally, agreed to elope with her young lover.

Ascanio clasped the maiden in his arms, and once kissed her fair forehead, by way of binding the compact. He looked up to the wall to consider the best means of enabling the lady to scale it, when he saw above it a man's head looking at them. Ascanio at first thought they were betrayed, but the expression of the face, which he continued to look at, removed his alarm on this head. It was a very fine countenance, highly intelligent, and uncommonly good-humoured. It seemed, as well as Ascanio could guess, by the thick beard and mustachios, to belong to a man of middle age. He had a long, pointed nose, bright eyes, and very white teeth; a small cap just stuck on the left side of his head, gave a knowing sort of look to his appearance, and added to the arch expression of his visage, as he put his finger on his lip to enjoin silence, when Ascanio looked up at him. "Hush," he said, "it is a very reasonable bargain on both sides, very disinterested, and strongly sworn to. And now, my children, as I have been a witness to it, although unintentionally, I feel bound to help your escape." Ascanio hardly knew what answer to make; but, as he saw it was perfectly indifferent to the stranger, who knew the whole of his secret, whether he should trust him or not, he resolved to accept his offer, and they immediately set about getting the lady over the wall.

While employed on this, three fellows were seen stealing round the walls with their swords drawn. "By St Denis, we have been reckoning without our host," cried the stranger; "they don't mean to let us part thus. Come, my spark," he said to Ascanio, "you will have some service for that sword you wear, and which, pray Heaven, you know how to use. Do you stand on the other side of the tree, madam," he added, putting the lady, whose name was Beatrice, on his horse, "and, if the worst should betide, gallop down the path, keeping the high road till you come to Paris; inquire for the Nunnery of St Genevieve, and give this ring to the abbess, who is a relation of mine; she will insure your protection." The lady received the ring, and, half dead with horror, awaited the issue of the contest. The assailants came on with great fury; and, as they were three to two, the odds were rather in their favour. They consisted of a Gascon, Captain Sangfeu, the porter, and a servant, who seemed to be in no great hurry to begin the fight: they appeared astonished at finding two opponents, having seen only

Ascanio from the house. They fell on, however, in pretty good order. It happened to be the lot of the stranger, perhaps because he was the bigger man, to encounter the servant and the captain. Just as they came up, he loosened his cloak from his throat, and twisting it very tightly round his arm, he made as serviceable a buckler as a man should wish to use. Upon this he caught the captain's first blow, and dealt, in return, so shrewd a cut on the serving man's head, as laid him on the forest turf without the least inclination to take any further share in the combat. The fight was now nearly equal; and, to do him justice, the Gascon captain was a fair match for most men; the stranger, however, was one to whom fighting was evidently any thing but new; and, in less than five minutes, the captain lay beside the servant, so dead, that if all the monks in Christendom had sung a mass in his ears, he would not have heard it.

"I have owed you this good turn a very long time, my gallant Captain Sangfeu. I have not forgotten an ill turn that you did me at Pavia, when you did not wear the rebel Bourbon's livery; but there's an end to all, and you die as a soldier should." And as the stranger muttered this, he wiped the blood-drops off his own sword, and looked at the fight which was continuing between the Swiss and Ascanio, but did not seem inclined to interfere. "Save him, for mercy's sake," cried the lady. "By our Holy Lady," he replied, "I think he wants no aid. He is making gallant play with his slender rapier there against the large weapon of the Swiss. You shall see him win you, madam, or I have mistaken my man. Well evaded!—there he has it!" he shouted, as Ascanio's sword entered his antagonist's body, until the shell struck against his breast-bone, and the giant fell at the youth's feet. "The varlet may get over it," said the stranger, kicking the servant's body; "but for the other two, I'll be their gage they'll never come out to assassinate honest men on moonlight nights again. But away with you," turning to Ascanio; "we shall have the whole country up in five minutes; begone!" and he held the horse, while Ascanio mounted. "But what will you do?" returned the youth. "I am not far from home; and if the hunt should become hot, I'll get up one of these trees; but take care of the horse; he'll carry you six leagues an hour. Good b'ye, Rabican," he added, patting the steed's neck, who, by his pawing, seemed to know his master.

The lovers did indeed put the speed of this noble animal to the test, and his gallop was as wild as if it would never end. But, on reaching Paris, Ascanio was at a loss how to dispose of his fair charge. Cellini was at this time living in an old castellated house, on the left bank of the Seine, which had formed part of the Nea-

Palace, and which Cellini had called "Il Piccol Nello." Almost all the chambers, excepting the few in which they dwelt, were occupied by the numerous works in which the artist was engaged. At length Ascanio's fertile invention suggested to him an expedient, by which he might ensure an asylum for the lady for a short time, at least until he should be able to explain the whole affair to Cellini. Among the odd whims which, from time to time, reigned in the crazy brain of Cellini, that of making a colossal statue of Mars had for a long time been paramount, and he had proceeded so far as to make the head of the figure, when some other freak drew off his attention. This head was about as large as the cottage of a London ruralist, and occupied a large space in the court-yard of "Il Piccol Nello." The frame was made of solid timber, and the outside covered with a very thick plaster, which was moulded into the form of a gigantic face, representing the aspect of the God of Battles; and a very terrible affair to look upon it was. Ascanio, who had often been much annoyed by the discordant noises with which his master conducted his labours, and no less by the incessant talking of the old housekeeper Catharine, had found a refuge from both in the cavity of this head, where he had formed a very convenient, and not a very small apartment. Here he used to study painting and music, both of which he loved far better than either sculpture or working in gold; and he had been wise enough never to tell Cellini or any other person of this retreat. He entered it easily by a chasm from the ground, and a small ladder, which he had placed withinside, conducted him to his chamber.

Cellini's oddities and the unceremonious method he had adopted of getting possession of the "Il Piccol Nello," had made him many enemies. Among others, there was a wretched little tailor, who had the honour of being employed for some of the Conseillers du Parlement. This tailor became the implacable foe of Cellini. He took a garret directly opposite his house, where he used to watch the motions of the inhabitants of "Il Piccol Nello," and to soften the exasperation of his mind, he bestowed on them from morning to night all the maledictions his ingenuity could invent. He had heard noises proceeding from the monstrous plaster head in the court-yard, and even sometimes in the dead of the night, he had seen two streams of light issuing from the great eyes; but, as he had no notion that Ascanio was then within the head, drawing by the light of a lamp, or playing on a guitar, which he accompanied with his voice, the little tailor's fears and malice induced him to spread a report that Cellini was an enchanter, and that the "Testa di Marte" he had made, was some demoniacal contrivance which he had animated for the destruction of the good city of Paris. Not content with re-

porting this throughout the quarter in which he dwelt, he told it among all the lacquais of all the conseillers he knew, until at length the story of the Devil's Head in "Il Piccol Nello" was as well known as any other current lie in the city. In this chamber Beatrice was placed

Meanwhile, the chancellor had found his bullies where Ascanio left them, but could persuade none of the three to tell him what had brought them into so sad a plight; and for this reason,—two of them were dead, and the other was so faint, from the loss of blood, that he could not speak, and seemed very likely to follow his companions. The chancellor, however, pursued the fugitives, resolved in his rage, to devote the youth to utter ruin, as soon as he should catch him; and, in the meantime, he proposed to glut his rage by sacrificing Benvenuto Cellini, who, as we said before, had made himself many enemies. Aware of Cellini's favour with the king, he was obliged to tread warily; but the superstition of that age rendered a charge of sorcery too grave to be parried. The haunted head was, therefore, made the hinge on which the artist's ruin was to turn; and the Duchess d'Estampes, the king's mistress, and his majesty's confessor, both enemies of Cellini, entered into the confederacy against him. The confessor devoutly believed in all the legends of the Romish church, and thought it highly probable, that a man who could execute such beautiful sculptures, as Cellini had exhibited on the preceding day, must be in league with the devil. When, therefore, the chancellor began to tell his story, these two worthy personages chimed in, and backed his villanous project so well, that the good-natured king was diverted from his first intention, which had been to kick the chancellor, and to leave the confessor and the sultana (the only two persons in the world of whom he had ever been afraid) to themselves. He said he would see Cellini, who had staid all night in the palace by his orders; and the artist was accordingly sent for.

"How now, Cellini," said the monarch, as he approached, "did I send for you to Paris that you should bring with you troops of fiends and demons, who, it is said, help you in your works?" "I have no devils to help me in my work," said Cellini, "but your majesty's subjects; and if my great countryman, Alighieri, were to lead me through all the darkest places in the Inferno, I could not find worse fiends." "But here," said the king, holding out the papers, "two men swear that you have a head of the devil in 'Il Piccol Nello,' and that the whole of the neighbourhood is infested by his legions, to the disturbance of the public tranquillity, and the great scandal of our holy church." The confessor crossed himself. "*I abjure the devil and his power;*" said Cellini, crossing himself

with no less fervour; "and, next to them, I hate and abhor the villains who have thus slandered me to your gracious majesty. Give me to know their names, and I swear they shall be better acquainted with the real devil ere long." The king decided on examining into the matter personally; but Ascanio had married the fair Beatrice before the royal commission got to Paris, and was going to restore the stranger's horse, according to the directions he had received, at the time it arrived at the Testa di Marte, wherein the bride was lodged.

The consternation of Beatrice may be better imagined than described, when she heard the arrival of so many strangers; but it was increased to an almost intolerable degree as she listened to the conversation which ensued, and heard the odious voice of her oppressor, the chancellor. She could not see any of the persons, unless she looked out at the eyes of the figure, and this she dared not to do lest she should discover herself. "And this," said the king, "is what they call the Devil's Head?" "Who calls it so?" asked Cellini, fiercely; "it is the head of Mars, and whoever has called it the head of the devil, is an ass and a liar!" "Patience, good Benvenuto," said the king; "let us hear what they have to say against the head, which seems to be a very fine work of art, whether it has been wrought by man or demon." The chancellor, who had taken care on the journey to mature his plans, now produced the little tailor, who saw here a glorious opportunity of being revenged on his formidable antagonist. He, therefore, began a long story, every third word of which was a lie, about the sights he had seen and the sounds he had heard, in and about this dreadful head. He had often seen the foul fiend himself go in and out, he said; he had heard the devils performing the sacred office of mass backwards; he had seen flames issue from the mouth; and, no longer ago than last night, as he was a Christian and a tailor, he swore that he had seen two fiends enter the head, immediately after which it was seen to roll its fiery eyes in a manner truly horrible and awful.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the extravagances which Cellini committed, while this little idiot was uttering his lies. If he had not been restrained, he would have killed him on the spot; he roared all sorts of imprecations, he cursed every tailor that had been on the earth since the creation, and then adding all those curses together, he heaped them in a lump on the head of the particular tailor then before him: in short, he acted so whimsical a madness, that the king laughed until his sides ached. The chancellor, however, took up the matter in a much more serious light. He said it was evident, from the relation of the witness, that some foul deeds were practised, and that the head ought to be

exorcised; never doubting, that if he could once gain the assistance of the clergy, they would invent some pretext on which Cellini might be sent to prison, and knowing that their influence with the king was much greater than his own. The confessor fell into his scheme readily, and said he did not doubt that there was a spirit in the head, and repeated that it ought to be exorcised. The king had no objection to this, and as he had already enjoyed the farce so far, he wished to see it played out. Some of the brethren of the neighbouring Carmelite church were sent for, in all haste, and preparations made for the exorcising. The confessor directed a large stick of fagots, which stood in a corner of the yard, to be laid around the head; because, he said, the application of fire was always necessary to dislodge a spirit so malignant as that appeared to be which had taken up its abode in this structure. The preparations were soon made, and a torch applied, when a faint shriek was heard to issue from the head. All the bystanders looked aghast; the priests crossed themselves; even the king looked grave; Cellini's hair stood on end; and the tailor ran away. At this moment, Ascanio had returned from the park, and learning from a bystander that they were about to exorcise the Magic Head, at the Italian sculptor's, because there was a spirit in it, he rushed in just time enough to dash the torch from the hand of a lay brother of the Carmelites, who was applying it, and whom he knocked down, at the same time trampling out the fire which had begun to catch one of the fagots.

"Fiends! monsters!" he cried, "advance one step, and your lives shall be the forfeit!" Beatrice heard his voice, and, almost fainting with terror, she rushed out, and threw herself into his arms. Supporting her with his left arm, and holding out his sword with his right, he continued to menace all who should approach. "What means all this?" cried the king. But Ascanio was too much busied in encouraging the terrified girl, to listen to the question. The old chancellor, however, who recognized Beatrice instantly, now thought that his plan had succeeded even beyond his expectation. "My gracious liege," he cried, "this maiden is a ward of mine, whose person I require to be instantly restored to me; the youth I charge with having, in company with others, slain three of my household, and having carried off the maiden by force." "It is false," cried Beatrice, as she threw herself frantically at the king's feet, "they were killed in fair combat, and I went willingly with him to seek protection from the cruelty of that vicious tyrant. Here, at your *majesty's knees*, I implore your pity and protection." "But *what says the youth?*" asked the king of Ascanio, who had been gazing on him in almost stupifying astonishment. He saw before him

the person of the gallant Francis, the stranger who had so generously aided him in the Forest of Fontainebleau. "Has he any witness besides that maiden, who is too deeply interested in this matter, to prove that he killed his antagonist in fair fight?" "He is one of a band of murderers and ravishers," cried the chancellor in a rage; "he has no witness." "Thou art a liar, though thou wert a thousand chancellors," replied the youth; "and since peaceful men like thee do not make war but on weak maidens, I defy thee by thy champion. No, my liege," he added, turning to the king, and kneeling—"I have no witness, save God and your majesty." "And may every honest man have witnesses as good in time of need, to oppose to perjurers and lawyers. He is no murderer, chancellor;—by my holy patron, Saint Denis, I believe he could himself have killed those three murderous villains whom thou didst retain; but know, that I helped him—that I cut the throat of that traitor, Sangfeu, whom, in spite of me, thou didst cherish, to do deeds which thy black heart planned, but dared not achieve. I helped him to carry off the maiden, thy dead friend's daughter, whom thou didst basely oppress; and if he had not been there, I had done it myself."

The king and his train then departed, leaving the young people with Cellini, whom the disgrace of the chancellor had put into mighty good humour. He made Ascanio tell him the story of the fight in the forest over and over again; he kissed Beatrice, and called her his child; he forbade all work in "Il Piccol Nello" for a week; had the wedding celebrated with great magnificence; and said, that of all the works he had ever produced, none had made him so happy as *LA TESTA DI MARTE*.

 LIGHTS AND SHADES.*

THE gloomiest day hath gleams of light;
 The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
 And twinkles through the cloudiest night
 Some solitary star to cheer it.

THE gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom;
 The saddest heart is not *all* sadness;
 And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
 There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never *quite* despair;
 Nor life, nor death, the future closes;
 And round the shadowy brow of Care
 Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

* From 'The Forget Me Not' for 1829.

RECONCILIATION.*

———"FASTER, faster! your horses creep like snails! drive for your life!" cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animals he so slandered, dashed along the pebbly turnpike road, while the sparkles flew from their iron-shod hoofs like a flight of fire flies.

The postillion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though its wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length, enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a lovely young woman, who pale, silent, and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

"Ellen, my love," said Morley, tenderly, "I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame."

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to hers, and by the moonbeams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed Morley, "what means this? Ellen, beloved, adored! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?" and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered, like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold, quivering lips; a fresh fountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysteric sob, she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed, but enraptured Morley, folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

"Morley," she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, "do you love me?"

"Dearest, best Ellen," he replied, "do you, can you doubt it?"

"Do you love me, Morley?" she repeated with increased earnestness.

"Truly—devotedly—madly," cried Morley, on his knees. "By the heaven that is shining over us——"

"No more oaths—enough of protestations. Are you willing, by

* From "The Atlantic Souvenir." Philadelphia, 1830.

one action at this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?"

"I am, though it carry with it my destruction!"

"I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine. Return!"

Morley gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

"Return!"

"Return, instantly!"

"Ellen, are you serious—are you," he might have added "in your senses?" but she interrupted him.

"I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant, nor fickle," she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley's countenance. "That I love, and in that love am incapable of change, do not Morley, insult me by doubting, even by a look. But O, if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honour, I implore you to take me back to my father——"

"To your father!" exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

"Ay, to my father, my grey-headed, my doting, my confiding father: take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him," she cried in wild agony, "even now, as I lay in your arms, spell-bound in my trance, while the carriage rolled on to my addition. I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying: yet even then was I with my father," she said with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity: "he lay on his death-bed; his eye turned upon me—his fixed and glaring eye, it rested on me as I lay in your arms; he cursed me and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of heaven, ere it is too late ——"

"Compose yourself, my beloved—my own Ellen."

"Do you still hesitate," she cried; "would you still soothe my frantic soul with words? Your Ellen! short-sighted man, your Ellen! What shall bind her to a husband who could abandon a father—what power may transform the renegade daughter into the faithful wife! Morley, listen to me; as you hope for mercy, do not, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!"

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet; and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility.

He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had laboured about midway up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postilion.

"Turn your horses' heads," he said; "we shall return."

The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigour from the alteration in their course, and were proceeding at a brisk pace on their return, when Ellen again revived.

"Where am I,—whither am I carried?" she wildly exclaimed.

"To your father, my beloved," whispered Morley. "To my father, Morley, to my father!—can it be?—but no, I will not doubt; you never deceived me—you cannot. God bless you, Morley, God bless you, my brother, my dear brother," and with her pure arms around his neck, she imprinted a sister's holy kiss upon his lips, and, dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom. The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never in the wildest moment of passion, not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart's selected, had Morley felt so triumphantly happy.

* * * * *

"Where is he—let me see him—is he alive—is he well?" shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

"For whom do you inquire, madam," coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Ellen's father.

"Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus. I am not what you think me. But my father—my father, is he—is he alive, is he well? O beloved aunt, have pity on me, I am repentant, I am innocent——"

"In one word, Ellen, are you not married?"

"I am not."

"Heaven be praised! follow me—your father is not well——"

"For the love of heaven—before it is too late;" and the distracted girl rushed into the room, and knelt at her father's side.

"Father! do not avert your face—father, I am your own Ellen. I am restored to you as I left you. By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly—the offence—the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother——"

"Cease,"—said the old man, endeavouring, through the weakness of age and infirmity, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm; "forbear, and answer me, is this gentleman your husband?"

Ellen was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward. "I am not," said Morley, "blessed with that lady's hand; she has refused it, unless it is given with your sanction; and without that sanction, dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I *will never hereafter* ask it."

"Do you pledge your word to this, young man?"

"My sacred word, as a man of honour:—I may have inherited your hate, but I will never deserve it."

"Children, you have subdued me!" exclaimed the father.
"Morley, my daughter is yours!"

Morley seized the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

"My father!" said the weeping Ellen on her knees, her arm around his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his.

The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Ellen's favourite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress.

The happy father sat with an arm around his daughter's waist, and, as he pressed her lover's hand, he said,

"Behold, in all this, the goodness of God: behold the blessings that follow the performance of our duties. Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light, had entailed my hate on his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you, who had never offended me, and whom every one else loved. This very day, the cherished hostility of years had given way before my desire to secure my daughter's happiness. I felt that age was creeping on me—and but the morning of this blessed day I had resolved over this holy book to prove my contrition for my sinful harbouring of hatred towards my fellow creatures by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds all my better thoughts, and revived my worst in tenfold strength. I did not order a pursuit: I did more. I felt, at least I thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost: my will was hastily drawn out, bequeathing my beggared daughter but her father's curse; it would have been signed this night; for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father.

"O my father!" interrupted Ellen, to whom the horrible images of her trance returned; "in pity, my dear father——"

"Bless you, for ever bless you, my ever-excellent Ellen. Your filial obedience has prolonged your father's life."

THERE'S MAGIC IN THAT LITTLE SONG.

I.

THERE'S magic in that little song ;
 Its simple liquid melody
 Can chase the gloom of care away,
 And make grief's phantoms fly.
 When gnawing pain around my couch
 Keeps sleepless watch the drear night long,
 My brain will cool and calm, if thou
 But sing that little song.

II.

When fortune hides her fickle face,
 When sunshine friends turn cold away,
 When first-love's holy vow is broke
 Like foam on ocean spray ;
 When youth's bright hopes, by gaunt despair,
 Are crushed as by a giant strong,
 I will not curse my lot, if thou
 But sing that little song.

III.

There's magic in that little song ;
 It soothes each stormy passion down,—
 The hopes which bless'd me when a boy
 Again my day-dreams crown.
 Sweet visions of departed joys
 Fantastic on my memory throng ;
 I am a child again when thou
 Dost sing that little song.

R. J. M.

THE ALTAR.

How fondly look'd I on the place
 Assigned to rites of spousal love
 How saintly seemed that board of grace,
 With Jesus blessing bread above !

'Twas boom'd in a kindlier air,
 Than the outer realms of care and dole ;
 A sacred spirit brooded there,
 Whose spell like silence lull'd the soul !

For though full oft the accents dear,
 Here uttered, had been falsely fond,
 Still they were breathed and plighted here,
 And broken in a place beyond !

CHARLES TENNYSON.*

* 'Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces.' By Charles Tennyson. 1881, 12mo.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.*

IN the course of a late tour in the South of Europe, I remained for a short time in Florence, before proceeding to Naples. It was in autumn—the most delightful season of the year in the Tuscan capital. The beauty of its situation, its splendid edifices, and brilliant streets, are then seen to the best advantage; while the peculiarly lively, animated appearance of the inhabitants awakens emotions of the most pleasant description. The country, not less than the city, is fitted in a high degree to excite interest. The whole vale presents the aspect of a continued grove and garden, enhanced in beauty by the graceful windings of the river Arno, which intersects it from east to west. Numerous white villas, situated along its banks, strike the eye through the extensive orchards; and romantic residences, equally beautiful, stud the surrounding hills, rising in every variety of form, till the prospect is bounded by the lofty Apennines.

With such inducements to perambulate, I was daily abroad. One of my favourite routes was the line of road leading to the Abbey of Vallambrosa,—a place the name of which must be familiar to every reader of Milton's "Paradise Lost." In this direction, I frequently met an elderly gentleman and a lady, apparently his daughter, generally riding in an open vehicle. There was something in her appearance that affected me deeply. She seemed about twenty years of age. Her features were of nature's finest mould, and her whole form was elegance and grace. I could easily perceive, however, that a settled melancholy rested on her countenance—the sure indication that grief, deep and poignant, preyed upon her heart. The rose's bloom, indeed, had not left her cheek; but consumption seemed, prematurely, to have begun its work, and I could not help exclaiming as she passed, "My dear young lady, the destroyer has already marked you as his victim, and you are destined, ere long, to enter the gates of the city of the dead."

Having met her father, shortly afterwards, at the house of a friend, I availed myself of the opportunity of inquiring after her health. This was evidently touching a tender chord. After answering my inquiry, and informing me he expected her that day to join the party at dinner, he thus proceeded:—

"I perceive, Sir, that you are, like myself, comparatively a stranger in Florence. It is little more than three months since I

* From "*The Literary Museum and Critical Review*,"—a Glasgow monthly publication.

left Scotland with my daughter, to try what a change of air, and a variety of scenery, might effect in the restoration of her health. Hitherto, our tour has been productive of no benefit to her, and I am beginning to fear that the results may be fatal. The anticipation of such an event is to me the more dreadful, for I have myself to blame as the sole cause of her present affliction. Amelia is my only child. She had the advantage of being trained under one of the best of mothers, till she was twelve years of age, when she was sent to a Boarding School in the neighbourhood of London. She remained there for nearly four years, when the illness of her mother rendered it necessary to recall her home. This was a trying season to Amelia. She neglected all attention to her own personal comfort, watching night and day by her mother's bedside, and administering to her wants with the most endearing tenderness. Never did a daughter display greater intensity of filial affection, and never was there a parent who better deserved it. But every effort that affection or medical aid could devise, was ineffectual. Disease continued to extend its ravages, till Amelia was rendered motherless, and I was deprived of one of the most valuable of womankind. Among those who visited her during her illness, none was more unwearied in his attentions than Mr R——, the respected tutor at Rosehall. With her, even when in health, as well as with myself, he had always been in high esteem; and it gave us great pleasure when he occasionally spent an afternoon or evening with us at Bentley House. He was a young gentleman of unaffected piety and engaging manners. He had distinguished himself at the University by the extent and variety of his classical and literary acquirements. Unsuspicious of danger, I encouraged his visits after the death of my wife, and his interesting conversation tended much to relieve our minds of the grief consequent on such a bereavement. Amelia herself did every thing she could to comfort me; and I was thankful to Heaven that I had been blessed with such a daughter. Every month she became more endeared to me by her affectionate attentions. With rapture I viewed her rising to womanhood, acquiring those accomplishments which were fitted to adorn the situation in society which she appeared destined to occupy. At home or abroad, there was no one in my estimation superior, or even equal to Amelia; and the flattering attention everywhere shown her was but too much calculated to confirm her father's partiality. By the time she had reached her eighteenth year, her admirers were numerous; many of them exceedingly wealthy, and of high respectability. Her own fortune, left her by her mother, was handsome; while the addition likely to be given by me, rendered her not an unfit match for any gentleman of a

tion in our neighbourhood. I early perceived, however, that external equipage and splendour presented few attractions to Amelia, unless accompanied by personal worth. With just discrimination, she admitted into her confidence only those whose correctness of principle and consistency of conduct were a sufficient guarantee for the stability of their friendship. Of those who aspired to the favour of her hand, there was one Mr T——, for whom I felt some partiality. He was the son of my former partner in business; he had lately returned from the West Indies, and was sole heir to his father's fortune, which was immense. But she had discovered, on a very short acquaintance, that his morals had been corrupted during his residence abroad. Any civility she subsequently showed him was very distant, and seemed rather in deference to my feelings, than from her own choice. Mr T—— was much piqued at her indifference; and, in conversation with me, attributed it to an unworthy attachment she had been cherishing for the tutor at Rosehall, and with whom, it was suspected, she intended to make an early elopement. I had, indeed, observed, that Amelia always treated that gentleman with the most marked respect; but this I attributed not to any attachment she could have formed for one so much her inferior in rank, but to regard for his worth, and gratitude for his attention to her mother. When I spoke with her on the subject that evening, she solemnly assured me, that if Mr R—— really entertained an affection for her, he had never avowed it, and that any communications she had ever received from him, were merely translations of select passages, chiefly from German and Italian authors, whose works he had been reading—all of which papers she laid before me. On examining them, I found many pieces of exquisite beauty; while every one of them seemed designed either to refine the taste, or purify the heart. From the ambiguous manner in which she expressed her own feelings on the occasion, as well as from what I witnessed shortly afterwards, not a doubt remained on my mind, that this intercourse, begun in friendship, had, on her part, gradually ripened into love. Strong as was my affection for Amelia, and much as I respected Mr R——, the knowledge of this attachment gave me great pain; and I resolved, at once, to break up a correspondence which threatened to bring disgrace on my family and friends. Without communicating my design to Amelia, I wrote to him that very evening, forbidding further visits at Bentley House; but in consideration of his kind services during the illness of my wife, enclosed him a small present, which I begged him to accept as a proof of my gratitude, and as a memorial of her name. Little did I then know, that, by that act, I was inflicting additional pain on a heart already overcome with

sorrow; and as little did I anticipate the serious consequence which should ensue from it, to the only one whom I held dear on earth.

"Next morning, Amelia, taking a walk before breakfast, had packet put into her hand by the footman from Rosehall, which she instantly opened, without perceiving that it was addressed to me and read as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—What the circumstances are to which you refer I know not, nor is it likely I ever shall, as I leave this part of the country early to-morrow morning, never to return. I had just finished perusing the mournful and unexpected intelligence of the death of my beloved mother, when I received your card, and shortly after, one of a most reproachful kind from Miss Amelia. The contents of both astonish me; but it is almost needless to add, that had I remained here, your commands would have been most sacredly obeyed. I am willing, however, to believe that you have been made the dupe of some designing villain; and with this impression, I leave you, on parting, my cordial forgiveness. For the purity of the motives by which I have been actuated, in all my intercourse with you, I appeal to the Omniscient Searcher of hearts before whom we must shortly appear.

"For obvious reasons, I decline accepting the very elegant gift which you have now done me the honour to enclose. I could never look on it, without associating with it the letter with which it was accompanied. In so far as it might be a token of remembrance of the late Mrs B——, I have only to say, that no such extraneous symbol is necessary to remind me of her many virtues and excellencies. They have made a deep impression on my heart, and she will ever be held by me in affectionate remembrance.

"Wishing you, and your amiable and affectionate daughter every temporal and spiritual blessing, I bid you farewell."

"In the perusal of this letter, and the one addressed to herself which was designed as an answer to hers of the preceding day, feelings of a most painful kind agitated the bosom of Amelia. She stood for some time struck with astonishment. She had written him no letter. The villany of T—— at once flashed upon her mind. The letter she had sent to him, two days before, was of the character described. With some acid he had discharged the superscription, and addressed it to Mr R——. Scarcely knowing what she did, she returned to the house, threw both letters on my table, and rushed up stairs to give vent to the bitterness of her sorrows. My heart smote me the moment I read them, and I instantly rang for Amelia. After waiting for some time with great impatience, I ran to her apartment. She had sunk into a swoon

in the arms of her servant. On her recovering a little, I attempted to console her, and to justify the part I had taken, assuring her that it originated solely in a desire for her welfare, and respectable settlement in life. She was too well convinced of the sincerity of my affection to blame my motives—still the measure, designed though it was to promote her worldly interests, was evidently one which met not the approbation of her heart. I then called over at Rose-hall, designing to apologize for what I had done, but found that he had gone off several hours before. It appeared that he had been greatly beloved, for the whole family were sunk in grief. The lady herself had entreated him even with tears to return as soon as he conveniently could, after the mournful occasion was over; but he continued inexorable. His feelings had been much tried in parting with the young people, to whom he was devotedly attached. On my return home, I wrote to Mr T—, upbraiding him for the baseness of his conduct, in reference to Mr R—, and received a reply filled only with the most horrible imprecations. Shortly after, he left the place, but not before mournful traces of his villany had become visible. Meanwhile, Amelia remained inconsolable. Hers was not a violent paroxysm of affection, which speedily wastes itself in the violence of symptoms, and then disappears. It had taken entire possession of her heart; and it continued its power till reason had utterly departed from her throne. All was now sadness and desolation in the once happy residence of Bentley House. The sun arose, day after day, shedding down his benignant rays on the surrounding landscape. All was ‘beauty to the eye and music to the ear,’ but our dwelling contained one tenant that heeded them not—one, did I say!—all seemed insensible to what was passing around. During this, my agony was intense. Conscience never ceased to utter reproaches,—even the silent looks of my domestics spoke ‘utterable things;’ and I viewed myself as one of the greatest monsters under heaven. In this state Amelia continued for three months, when reason again dawned; but it brought along with it no diminution of her sorrows. Her physicians, one and all, ascribed her illness to some painful circumstance pressing upon her mind, and declared that till this was removed they had no hope of her recovery. I immediately wrote to Mr R—, urgently desiring him to meet me at —, but received no answer. A tour to the Continent was then recommended as the last resource, with a view to her recovery. We have proceeded thus far; but her mental suffering still continues. Nearly two years have now elapsed since she was first taken ill,—and to all appearance nature cannot long sustain the struggle. Oh, Sir, had I the wealth of empires, it

would instantly be sacrificed to procure happiness to my daughter, and to do justice to the merits of Mr George Robinson !”

“ George Robinson !” I exclaimed, with emotion, as the old gentleman had finished his narration, and was bathed in tears. “ Did he belong to — near — ?” “ The very same,” replied Mr Bennett, looking on me with an eye of inquiring interest. “ Well, then,” said I, “ George is my old class-fellow and intimate friend. I have not heard from him, indeed, since his mother’s death, which took place at the very time when I was preparing to leave the country ; but his sister’s address is in my possession. The last letter I received from her was dated from her aunt’s ; and as she understood I was then about to proceed to the Continent, it contained a handsome memento of her gratitude, for a service once rendered to her brother.” Here I took from my breast an elegant silver medal, which I showed him. It bore the following inscription :

“ PRESENTED

BY

HARRIET ROBINSON,

TO

MR **** ***,

As a Memorial of her lasting gratitude,

For saving her Brother’s life,

At the imminent danger of his own,

May, 1826.”

Mr Bennett was just returning me the medal, when we observed Amelia coming into the garden, accompanied by the lady of the house. We soon joined them, when I was introduced to Amelia as an intimate friend of Mr R——’s. A ray of hope instantaneously lighted up her finely-expressive and intellectual countenance, and she received me with uncommon warmth and cordiality. At the father’s request, I accompanied them home that evening. Their residence was a few miles from Florence, on the very line of road where I had so frequently met them. After this, I visited them almost daily ; and though, when Mr R—— was spoken of, hope and fear seemed alternately to prevail in the bosom of Amelia, yet it was very evident that her mind had been considerably relieved. In the meantime, I wrote to Miss Robinson, making inquiry after her brother, but, week after week, was disappointed of an answer. I was much puzzled to account for this, and, on my return from visiting Mr Bennett one evening, having carelessly thrown the reins on my horse’s mane, was musing as to the measures I should next adopt for discovering Mr R——, when, at a sudden, from some cause which I never knew, my horse reared

and, in a few seconds, horse and rider were thrown over a dangerous precipice of considerable depth. That moment my recollection left me. On recovering, I found myself in bed, but not in my own apartment, and an elderly matron sitting near me, reading. On attempting to move, I discovered that my head and left arm were bandaged. She had observed my motion, and rising up, to my surprise, addressed me in the language of my country, putting several kindly inquiries. "Thank Heaven," said she, "young gentleman, that you have escaped. My mistress had been accompanying her brother to the nearest post town on his way to Naples, when on her return you were found lying insensible, your head streaming with blood, and your horse dead by your side. You were immediately put into the carriage, and conveyed thither. My young mistress has been in deep concern ever since you were found. O the dear angel! how anxious she is for your recovery. I hope God will reward her. She has just gone out with a lady who was paying her a visit, but will be here presently." That instant she entered the room, and appeared astonished to see me engaged in conversation. Throwing aside her veil, and approaching me, she discovered two of the finest light blue eyes I had ever seen, which, heightened in effect by contrast with her lovely yellow hair, in golden ringlets, adorning a countenance of exquisite beauty, gave her an appearance almost angelic. She expressed her sympathy for me on the unfortunate accident which had occurred; and desired me to make their house my home till I should be completely recovered. Her manner had in it so much sweetness and feeling that I could not help being struck with it; and I thanked her for her disinterested kindness to one who was a stranger in their country. "Sir," said she, "if I mistake not, neither your name nor your history is unknown to me. Are not you Mr — of —?" On my answering, with surprise, in the affirmative, she instantly asked, "Do you remember George Robinson?" "I do, Ma'am," said I, "and will to the latest hour of my life. Do you know any thing of him?" I immediately rejoined, with some impatience. "Yes, Sir," said she, blushing, "George is my brother, and you are now in his house. The medal on your person led me to suspect who you were, the moment we found you. George was appointed, shortly after my mother's death, to an office of considerable emolument and literary distinction in Florence. He is at present on a visit to Naples, but will be home in two or three weeks. Oh, how overjoyed he will be to see you!—he speaks frequently of you, and wonders why you have never written in answer to his letters. But I forget—longer conversation, in your present exhausted state, may expose you to a relapse, I must therefore leave

you to repose." Before I could recover from my astonishment, she had left the room. Her sylph-like form seemed still to move before me—every look, and word, and action, was impressed upon my mind; and emotions, such as I had never before experienced, swelled my bosom. Every day she appeared to me more interesting. I was never happy unless when she was with me. I seemed to live—to breathe—only for Harriet. In a short time I was out of danger, and able to move about, when I wrote Mr Bennett informing him of what had occurred, and of my intention of remaining in Mr R——'s till his return from Naples; after which he might expect an early visit from us. That very evening George returned, and our joy at meeting was unbounded. Among other topics of conversation, my interviews with Mr and Miss Bennett held a chief place, and at my request he consented to visit them the following day. We were nearly ready for our departure when a carriage stopped at the door, and Mr and Miss Bennett were immediately announced. George's bosom heaved with indescribable emotion, and he stood for a little in breathless suspense. Mr Bennett then entered the room, accompanied by Amelia—in a moment, the two lovers were locked in each other's arms. The father was deeply affected, and burst into tears. Harriet and I instantly left the room, and were speedily followed by Mr Bennett. The feelings of the lovers in the interval, I shall not attempt to describe. They were of too pure and ethereal a kind for my feeble pen. Suffice it to say, the interview was a most endearing one. That was to George the happiest hour of his life—to Amelia it was as life to the dead. By the time of dinner, both had regained composure, when Mr Bennett, addressing himself to Mr Robinson, and cordially taking him by the hand, said, "My dear Sir, I humbly crave your forgiveness for the injury I formerly did you. I have seen enough to convince me of the sincerity of the affection that exists betwixt you and my daughter, and I am now persuaded you richly deserve her. Rest assured, that henceforth I shall be no barrier in the way of your happiness." From that hour a load was removed from Amelia's spirits, and she soon regained her health and beauty. George was in transports at having an honour conferred on him which he had never hoped to realize. Harriet was overjoyed at her brother's good fortune; and my gratification was none of the least, that, while I had thus been the mean of bringing together two so well worthy of each other, I had received such an important accession to my own happiness in securing the affection of the amiable Harriet.

We were waited on, shortly afterwards, by a Presbyterian clergyman from Scotland, then in the neighbourhood; and the same hour that united George to Amelia, made Harriet mine.

POWER AND GENTLENESS ;

OR

THE CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.

NOBLE the Mountain Stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground ;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness ;—thunder in its deafening sound !

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies ;—

Thence, in a summer-shower,
Sleeping the rocks around :—O ! tell me where !
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair ?

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The Streamlet, flowing silently serene ;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives ;—itself unseen !

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse ;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village church-yard :—its low, plaintive tone
A dirge-like melody
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright ;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead ?

What are the trophies gained
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstained,
Won by the charities that gladden life ?

Niagara's streams might fall,
And human happiness be undisturbed :
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed !

BARTON.

DESCRIPTION OF A GAMING MATCH.*

UNLESS the loss of an occasional Napoleon at a German gaming-place is to be so stigmatised, gaming had never formed the numerous follies of the Duke of St James. Rich, and with a generous, sanguine, and luxurious disposition, he had been tempted by the desire of gain, or, as some may perhaps tain, by the desire of excitement, to seek assistance or enjo in a mode of life which stultifies all our fine fancies, dead our noble emotions, and mortifies all our beautiful aspiration

I know that I am broaching a doctrine which many will st and which some will protest against, when I declare my that no person, whatever be his rank, or apparent wealth, or gamed, except from the prospect of immediate gain. We much of want of excitement, of *ennui*, of satiety; and the gaming-table is announced as a sort of substitute for opium, or any other mode of obtaining a more intense vitality at th of reason. Gaming is too active, too anxious, too complicat troublesome,—in a word, *too sensible* an affair for such spirit fly only to a sort of dreamy and indefinite distraction. Th is, gaming is a matter of business. Its object is tangible, clea evident. There is nothing high, or inflammatory, or excitin false magnificence, no visionary elevation, in the affair at a is the very antipodes to enthusiasm of any kind. It pre-su in its votary a mind essentially mercantile. All the feeling are in its train, are the most mean, the most common-plac the most annoying of daily life, and nothing would tem gamester to experience them, except the great object which matter of calculation, he is willing to aim at on such terms man flies to the gaming-table in a paroxysm. The first vi quires the courage of a forlorn hope. The first stake will the lightest mind anxious, the firmest hand tremble, a stoutest heart falter. After the first stake, it is all a matter culation and management, even in games of chance. Nigh night will men play at *Rouge et Noir*, upon what they call a s and for hours their attention never ceases, any more than it if they were in the shop, or on the wharf. No manual lab more fatiguing, and more degrading to the labourer, than g Every gamester (I speak not of the irreclaimable) feels asl And this vice, this worst vice, from whose embrace, moralist inform us, man can never escape, is just the one from whi

* From a Novel by young D'Israeli, entitled, "The Young T

majority of men most completely, and most often, emancipate themselves. Infinite are the men who have lost thousands in their youth, and never dream of chance again. It is this pursuit which, oftener than any other, leads man to self-knowledge. Appalled by the absolute destruction on the verge of which he finds his early youth just stepping; aghast at the shadowy crimes which, under the influence of this life, seem, as it were, to rise upon his soul, often he hurries to emancipate himself from this fatal thralldom, and with a ruined fortune, and marred prospects, yet thanks his Creator that his soul is still white, his conscience clear, and that, once more, he breathes the sweet air of heaven.

And our young Duke, I must confess, gamed, as all other men have gamed—for money. His satiety had fled the moment that his affairs were embarrassed. The thought suddenly came into his head, while Bagshot was speaking. He determined to make an effort to recover: and so completely was it a matter of business with him, that he reasoned, that in the present state of his affairs, a few thousands more would not signify,—that these few thousands might lead to vast results, and that, if they did, he would bid adieu to the gaming-table with the same coolness with which he had saluted it.

* * * * *

The young Duke had accepted the invitation of the Baron de Berghem for to-morrow, and accordingly, himself, Lords Castlefort and Dice, and Temple Grace, assembled in Brunswick Terrace at the usual hour.

After dinner, with the exception of Cogit, who was busied in compounding some wonderful liquid for the future refreshment, they sat down to *Ecarte*. Without having exchanged a word upon the subject, there seemed a general understanding among all the parties, that to-night was to be a pitched battle, and they began at once, very briskly. Yet, in spite of their universal determination, midnight arrived without any thing very decisive. Another hour passed over, and then Tom Cogit kept touching the Baron's elbow, and whispering in a voice which everybody could understand. All this meant, that supper was ready. It was brought into the room.

Gaming has one advantage—it gives you an appetite; that is to say, as long as you have a chance remaining. The Duke had thousands,—for at present, his resources were unimpaired, and he was exhausted by the constant attention and anxiety of five hours. He passed over the delicacies, and went to the side-table, and began cutting himself some cold roast beef. Tom Cogit ran up, not to his Grace, but to the Baron, to announce the shocking fact, that the Duke of St James was enduring great trouble; and then the

Baron asked his Grace to permit Mr Cogit to serve him. *he devoured—I use the word advisedly, as fools say in the H of Commons—he devoured the roast beef, and rejecting the mitage with disgust, asked for porter:*

They set to again, fresh as eagles. At six o'clock, *acco* were so complicated, that they stopped to make up their be. Each played with his memorandums and pencil at his side. *thing fatal had yet happened.* The Duke owed Lord Dice a five thousand pounds, and Temple Grace owed him as many dreds. Lord Castlefort also was his debtor, to the tune of a hundred and fifty, and the Baron was in his books, but *sig*. Every half hour they had a new pack of cards, and threw the one on the floor. All this time, Tom Cogit did nothing but *the candles, stir the fire, bring them a new pack, and occasio* make a tumbler for them.

At eight o'clock, the Duke's situation was worsened. *The* was greatly against him, and perhaps his losses were doubled. *pulled up again the next hour or two; but nevertheless, at* o'clock, owed every one something. No one offered to give o and every one, perhaps, felt that his object was not obtai. They made their toilettes, and went down-stairs to breakfast. the meantime, the shutters were opened, the room aired; ar less than an hour, they were at it again.

They played till dinner-time without intermission; and *th* the Duke made some desperate efforts, and some successful. his losses were, nevertheless, trebled. Yet he ate an exce dinner, and was not at all depressed; because the more he lost more his courage and his resources seemed to expand. At he had limited himself to ten thousand; after breakfast, if w have been twenty thousand; then, thirty thousand was the matum; and now he dismissed all thoughts of limits from mind, and was determined to risk or gain every thing.

At midnight, he had lost forty-eight thousand pounds. A now began to be serious. His supper was not so hearty. Whil rest were eating, he walked about the room, and began to lim ambition to recovery, and not to gain. When you play to back, the fun is over: there is nothing to recompense you for bodily tortures and your degraded feelings; and the very best i that can happen, while it has no charms, seems to your cowed i impossible.

On they played, and the Duke lost more. His mind was *je* He floundered—he made desperate efforts, but plunged deep *the slough.* Feeling that, to regain his ground, each card *tell, he acted on each as if it must win, and the consequences*

inanity (for a gamester, at such a crisis, is really insane,) were, that his losses were prodigious.

Another morning came, and there they sat, ankle deep in cards. No attempt at breakfast now—no affectation of making a toilette, or airing the room. The atmosphere was hot, to be sure, but it well became such a Hell. There they sat, in total, in positive forgetfulness of every thing but the hot game they were hunting down. There was not a man in the room, except Tom Cogit, who could have told you the name of the town in which they were living. There they sat, almost breathless, watching every turn with the fell look in their cannibal eyes, which showed their total inability to sympathize with their fellow-beings. All forms of society had been long forgotten. There was no snuff-box handed about now, for courtesy, admiration, or a pinch; no affectation of occasionally making a remark upon any other topic but the all-engrossing one. Lord Castlefort rested with his arms on the table:—a false tooth had got unhinged. His Lordship, who, at any other time, would have been most annoyed, coolly put it in his pocket. His cheeks had fallen, and he looked twenty years older. Lord Dice had torn off his cravat, and his hair hung down over his callous, bloodless cheeks, straight as silk. Temple Grace looked as if he were blighted by lightning; and his deep blue eyes gleamed like a hyæna. The Baron was least changed. Tom Cogit, who smelt that the crisis was at hand, was as quiet as a bribed rat.

On they played till six o'clock in the evening, and then they agreed to desist till after dinner. Lord Dice threw himself on a sofa. Lord Castlefort breathed with difficulty. The rest walked about. While they were resting on their oars, the young Duke roughly made up his accounts. He found that he was minus about one hundred thousand pounds.

Immense as this loss was, he was more struck,—more appalled, let me say,—at the strangeness of the surrounding scene, than even by his own ruin. As he looked upon his fellow gamesters, he seemed, for the first time in his life, to gaze upon some of those hideous demons of whom he had read. He looked in the mirror at himself. A blight seemed to have fallen over his beauty, and his presence seemed accursed. He had pursued a dissipated, even more than a dissipated career. Many were the nights that had been spent by him not on his couch; great had been the exhaustion that he had often experienced; haggard had sometimes even been the lustre of his youth. But when had been marked upon his brow this harrowing care? when had his features before been stamped with this anxiety, this anguish, this baffled desire, this strange, unearthly scowl, which made him even tremble? What!

was it possible?—it could not be—that in time he was like those awful, those unearthly, those unhallowed things were around him. He felt as if he had fallen from his state, if he had dishonoured his ancestry,—as if he had betrayed trust. He felt a criminal. In the darkness of his meditation flash burst from his lurid mind,—a celestial light appeared to sipate this thickening gloom, and his soul felt as it were be with the softening radiancy. He thought of May Dacre thought of everything that was pure, and holy, and beautiful, luminous, and calm. It was the innate virtue of the man made this appeal to his corrupted nature. His losses seemed thing; his dukedom would be too slight a ransom for freedom these ghouls, and for the breath of the sweet air.

He advanced to the Baron, and expressed his desire to pla more. There was an immediate stir. All jumped up, and the deed was done. Cant, in spite of their exhaustion, assu her reign. They begged him to have his revenge,—were annoyed at the result,—had no doubt he would recover if he cceeded. Without noticing their remarks, he seated himself a table, and wrote cheques for their respective amounts, Tom (jumping up and bringing him the inkstand. Lord Castlefor the most affectionate manner, pocketed the draft; at the same recommending the Duke not to be in a hurry, but to send it he was cool. Lord Dice received his with a bow,—Temple G with a sigh,—the Baron, with an avowal of his readiness alwa give him his revenge.

The Duke, though sick at heart, would not leave the room any evidence of a broken spirit; and when Lord Castlefort a repeated, "Pay us when we meet again," he said: "I thi very improbable that we shall meet again, my Lord. I wish know what gaming was. I had heard a great deal about it. not so very disgusting; but I am a young man, and cannot tricks with my complexion."

He reached his house. He gave orders for himself not t disturbed, and he went to bed; but in vain he tried to sleep. A rack exceeds the torture of an excited brain, and an exha body? His hands and feet were like ice, his brow like fire ears rung with supernatural roaring; a nausea had seized him, and death he would have welcomed. In vain, in vai courted repose; in vain, in vain he had recourse to every expe to wile himself to slumber. Each minute he started from his p with some phrase which reminded him of his late fearful soc *Hour after hour* moved on with its leaden pace; each hour he h *strike*, and each hour seemed an age. Each hour was a

gual to cast off some covering, or shift his position. It was, at eight, morning. With a feeling that he should go mad if he remained any longer in bed, he rose, and paced his chamber. The refreshed him. He threw himself on the floor ; the cold crept over his senses, and he slept.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death :
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold he prays !"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trode :
Lord, teach us how to pray !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LE REVENANT.

"There are but two classes of persons in the world—those who are hanged, and those who are not hanged; and it has been my lot to belong to the former."

THERE are few men, perhaps, who have not a hundred times the course of life, felt a curiosity to know what their sensations would be if they were compelled to lay life down. The very impossibility in all ordinary cases, of obtaining any approach to this knowledge is an incessant spur pressing on the fancy in its endeavours to arrive at it. Thus poets and painters have ever made the estate of a man condemned to die, one of their favourite themes of comment or description. Footboys and 'prentices hang themselves almost every other day, conclusively—missing their arrangement for slipping the knot half way—out of a seeming instinct to try the secrets of the fate, which—less in jest than earnest—they feel an inward motion may become their own. And thousands of men, in early life are uneasy until they have mounted a breach, or fought a duel, merely because they wish to know, experimentally, that their nerves are capable of carrying them through that peculiar ordeal. Now I am in a situation to speak, from experience, upon that very interesting question—the sensations attendant upon a passage from life to death. I have been HANGED, and am ALIVE—perhaps there are not three other men, at this moment, in Europe, who can make the same declaration. Before this statement meets the public eye I shall have quitted England for ever; therefore I have no advantage to gain from its publication. And, for the vanity of knowing when I shall be a sojourner in a far country, that my name—good or ill—is talked about in this,—such fame would scarcely do even my pride much good, when I dare not lay claim to its identity. But the cause which excites me to write is this—My greatest pleasure, through life, has been the perusal of any extraordinary narratives of fact. An account of a shipwreck in which hundreds have perished; of a plague which has depopulated towns or cities; and anecdotes and inquiries connected with the regulation of prisons, hospitals, or lunatic receptacles! nay, the very police reports of a common newspaper—as relative to matters of reality; have always excited a degree of interest in my mind, which cannot be produced by the best invented tale of fiction. Because I believe, therefore, that to persons of a temper like my own, the reading that which I have to relate will afford very high gratification; and because I know also, that what I describe can do mischief to no one, while it r

prevent the symptoms and details of a very rare consummation from being lost ;—for these reasons I am desirous, as far as a very limited education will permit me, to write a plain history of the strange fortunes and miseries to which, during the last twelve months, I have been subjected.

I have stated already, that I have *been* hanged and *am* alive. I can gain nothing now by misrepresentation—I was GUILTY of the act for which I suffered. There are individuals of respectability whom my conduct already has disgraced, and I will not revive their shame and grief by publishing my name. But it stands in the list of capital convictions in the Old Bailey Calendar for the Winter Sessions, 1826 ; and this reference, coupled with a few of the facts which follow, will be sufficient to guide any persons who are doubtful, to the proof that my statement is a true one. In the year 1824, I was a clerk in a Russia broker's house, and fagged between Broad Street Buildings and Batson's Coffeehouse, and the London Docks, from nine in the morning to six in the evening for a salary of fifty pounds a-year. I did this—not contentedly—but I endured it ; living sparingly in a little lodging at Islington for two years ; till I fell in love with a poor, but very beautiful girl, who was honest where it was very hard to be honest ; and worked twelve hours a-day at sewing and millinery, in a mercer's shop in Cheapside, for half a guinea a-week. To make short of a long tale—this girl did not know how poor I was ; and in about six months, I committed seven or eight forgeries, to the amount of near two hundred pounds. I was seized one morning—I expected it for weeks—as regularly as I awoke—every morning : and carried, after a few questions, for examination before the Lord Mayor. At the Mansion-House I had nothing to plead. Fortunately my motions had not been watched ; and so no one but myself was implicated in the charge—as no one else was really guilty. A sort of instinct, to try the last hope, made me listen to the magistrate's caution, and remain silent ; or else, for any chance of escape I had, I might as well have confessed the whole truth at once. The examination lasted about half an hour ; when I was fully committed for trial, and sent away to Newgate.

The shock of my first arrest was very slight indeed ; indeed I almost question if it was not a relief, rather than a shock, to me. For months, I had known perfectly that my eventual discovery was certain. I tried to shake the thought of this off ; but it was of no use—I dreamed of it even in my sleep ; and I never entered our counting-house of a morning, or saw my master take up the cash-book in the course of the day, that my heart was not up in my mouth, and my hand shook so that I could not hold the pen—for

twenty minutes, afterwards, I was sure to do nothing but blu Until, at last, when I saw our chief clerk walk into the room New Year's morning, with a police officer, I was as ready for followed, as if I had had six hours' conversation about it. I believe I showed—for I am sure I did not feel it—either surprise or alarm. My "fortune," however, as the officer called it, soon told. I was apprehended on the 1st of January; and Sessions being then just begun, my time came rapidly round. the 4th of the same month, the London Grand Jury found Bills against me for forgery; and, on the evening of the 5th Judge exhorted me to "prepare for death;" for "there was hope, that, in this world, mercy could be extended to me."

The whole business of my trial and sentence, passed over coolly and formally, as I would have calculated a question of interest, or summed up an underwriting account. I had never, though I lived in London, witnessed the proceedings of a Criminal Court before; and I could hardly believe the composure, and indifference—and yet civility—for there was no show of anger or ill temper with which I was treated; together with the apparent perfect insensibility of all the parties round me, while I was rolling on—was speed which nothing could check, and which increased every moment—to my ruin! I was called suddenly up from the dock, my turn for trial came, and placed at the bar: and the Judge spoke in a tone which had neither severity about it, nor compassion-carelessness, nor anxiety—nor any character or expression whatever that could be distinguished—"If there was any counsel appeared for the prosecution?" A barrister then, who seemed to some consideration—a middle aged, gentlemanly looking man stated the case against me—as he said he would do—very "plainly and forbearingly;" but, as soon as he read the facts from his list that only—I heard an officer of the gaol, who stood behind me—"put the rope about my neck." My master then was called give his evidence; which he did very temperately—but it was conclusive; a young gentleman, who was my counsel, asked a few questions in cross-examination, after he had carefully looked over the indictment; but there was nothing to cross-examine upon he knew that well enough—though I was thankful for the interest seemed to take in my case. The Judge then told me, in more grave tones than he had spoken before,—“That it was time for me to speak in my defence, if I had any thing to say. I had nothing to say. I thought one moment to drop down upon my knees and beg for mercy;—but, again—I thought it would only make me look ridiculous; and I only answered—as well as I could—“I would not trouble the Court with any defence.”—Upon this, the

turned round, with a more serious air still, to the Jury, who stood up all to listen to him as he spoke. And I listened too—or tried to listen attentively—as hard as I could; and yet—with all I could do—I could not keep my thoughts from wandering! For the sight of the Court—all so soberly, and regular, and composed, and formal, and well satisfied—spectators and all—while I was running on with the speed of wheels upon smooth soil downhill, to destruction—seemed as if the whole trial were a dream, and not a thing in earnest! The barristers sat round the table, silent, but utterly unconcerned, and two were looking over their briefs, and another was reading a newspaper; and the spectators in the galleries looked on and listened as pleasantly, as though it were a matter not of death going on, but of pastime or amusement; and one very fat man, who seemed to be the clerk of the Court, stopped his writing when the Judge began, but leaned back in his chair with his hands in his breeches' pockets, except once or twice that he took a snuff; and not one living soul seemed to take notice—they did not seem to know the fact—that there was a poor, desperate, helpless, creature—whose days were fast running out—whose hours of life were even with the last grains in the bottom of the sand glass—among them! I lost the whole of the Judge's charge—thinking of I know not what—in a sort of dream—unable to steady my mind to anything, and only biting the stalk of a piece of rosemary that lay by me. But I heard the low, distinct whisper of the Foreman of the Jury, as he brought in the verdict—"GUILTY,"—and the last words of the Judge, saying—"that I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead:" and bidding me "prepare myself for the next life, for that my crime was one that admitted of no mercy in this." The gaoler then, who had stood close by me all the while, put his hand quickly upon my shoulder, in an under voice, telling me, to "Come along!" Going down the hall steps, two other officers met me; and, placing me between them, without saying a word, hurried me across the yard in the direction back to the prison. As the door of the court closed behind us, I saw the Judge fold up his papers, and the Jury being sworn in the next case. Two other culprits were brought up out of the dock; and the crier called out for—"The prosecutor and witnesses against James Hawkins, and Joseph Sanderson, for burglary!"

I had no friends, if any in such a case could have been of use to me—no relatives but two; by whom—I could not complain of them—I was at once disowned. On the day after my trial, my master came to me in person, and told me, that "he had recommended me to mercy, and should try to obtain a mitigation of my sentence." *I don't think I seemed very grateful for this assurance*

—I thought, that if he had wished to spare my life he might have made sure, by not appearing against me. I thanked him; but the colour was in my face—and the worst feelings that ever rose in my heart in all my life were at this visit. I thought he was not a man to come into my cell at that time—though he did not care alone. But the thing went no farther.

There was but one person then in all the world that seemed to belong to me; and that one was Elizabeth Clare! And, when I thought of her, the idea of all that was to happen to myself was forgotten—I covered my face with my hands, and cast myself on the ground; and I wept, for I was in desperation.—While I was being examined, and my desk searched for papers at home, before I was carried to the Mansion-house, I had got an opportunity to send one word to her,—“That if she wished me only to try for my life, she should not come, nor send, nor be known in any way in my misfortune.” But my scheme was to no purpose. She had gone as well as soon as she had heard the news of my apprehension—never thought of herself, but confessed her acquaintance with me. The result was, she was dismissed from her employment—and it was her only means of livelihood.

She had been every where,—to my master—to the judge that tried me—to the magistrates—to the sheriffs—to the aldermen—she had made her way even to the Secretary of State! My heart did misgive me at the thought of death; but, in despite of myself, I forgot fear when I missed her usual time of coming, and gathered from the people about me how she was employed. I had not thought about the success or failure of her attempt. All my thoughts were,—that she was a young girl, and beautiful—hard in her senses, and quite unprotected—without money to help, or friend to advise her—pleading to strangers—humbling herself perhaps to menials, who would think her very despair and helpless condition, a challenge to infamy and insult. Well, it matters little! The thing was no worse, because I was alive to see and suffer from it. Two days more, and all would be over; the demon that fed on human wretchedness would have their prey. She would be homeless—pennyless—friendless,—she should have been the companion of a forger and a felon; it needed no witchcraft to give the termination.

We hear curiously, and read every day, of the visits of friends and relatives to wretched criminals condemned to die. Those who read and hear of these things the most curiously, have little impression of the sadness of the reality. It was six days after my first apprehension, when Elizabeth Clare came, for the last time to visit me in prison! In only these short six days her beauty

, strength—all were gone; years upon years of toil and sickness had not have left a more worn-out wreck. Death—as plainly as death spoke—sat in her countenance—she was broken-down. When she came, I had not seen her for two days. I did not speak, and there was an officer of the prison with us too; the property of the law now; and my mother, if she had could not have blest, or wept for me, without a third person, but a stranger, being present. I sat down by her on my bed, which was the only place to sit on in my cell, and wrapped her close round her, for it was very cold weather, and I was cold no fire; and we sat so for almost an hour without exchanging a word. She had no good news to bring me; I knew that; I wanted to hear was about herself,—I did hear! She had not—nor a hope—nor a prospect left, upon the earth! The only creature that sheltered her—the only relative she had—was a married man; whose husband I knew to be a villain. What would she do but could she attempt! She “did not know that;” and “it was enough that she should be a trouble to any body.” But “she did go to Lord S—— again that evening about me. He had treated her kindly; and she felt certain she should still succeed. It was her fault—she had told every body this—all that had happened if it had not been for meeting her, I should never have gone into debt, and into extravagance.” I listened—and I could only say! I would have died—coward as I was—upon the rack, or in prison, so I could but have left her safe. I did not ask so much to leave her happy! Oh then I did think, in bitterness of spirit, but but shunned temptation, and staid poor and honest! If I only have placed her once more in the hard laborious poverty as I had first found her! It was my work, and she never could be again! How long this vain remorse might have lasted, I do not tell. My head was light and giddy. I understood the words of the turnkey, who was watching me—“That Elizabeth has got away;” but I had not strength even to attempt it. The door had been arranged for me. The master of the gaol entered. She went—it was then the afternoon; and she was gone, on the pretence that she might make one more effort to save me with a promise that she should return again at night. The man was an elderly man, who had daughters of his own; and he promised—for he saw I knew how the matter was—to see Elizabeth safe through the crowd of wretches among whom she must never quit the prison. She went, and I knew that she was going forever. As she turned back to speak as the door was closing, I thought that I had seen her for the last time. The door of my cell closed. We were to meet no more on earth. I fell upon my

knees—I clasped my hands—my tears burst out afresh—and I called on God to bless her.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Elizabeth left me; and when she departed it seemed as if my business in this world was at an end. I could have wished, then and there, to have died upon the spot; I had done my last act and drunk my last draught in life. But as the twilight drew in, my cell was cold and damp; and the evening was dark and gloomy; and I had no fire, nor any candle, although it was in the month of January, nor much covering to warm me; and by degrees my spirits weakened, and my heart sunk at the desolate wretchedness of everything about me; and gradually—for what I write now shall be the truth—the thoughts of Elizabeth, and what would be her fate, began to give way before a sense of my own situation. This was the first time—I cannot tell the reason why—that my mind had ever fixed itself fully upon the trial that I had within a few hours to go through; and, as I reflected on it, a terror spread over me almost in an instant, as though it were that my sentence was just pronounced, and that I had not known, really and seriously, that I was to die, before. I had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. There was food which a religious gentleman who visited me had sent from his own table, but I could not taste it; and when I looked at it, strange fancies came over me. It was dainty food—not such as was served to the prisoners in the gaol. It was sent to me because I was to die to-morrow! and I thought of the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, that were pampered for slaughter. I felt that my own sensations were not as they ought to be at this time; and I believe that for a while I was insane. A sort of dull humming noise, that I could not get rid of, like the buzzing of bees, sounded in my ears. And though it was dark, sparks of light seemed to dance before my eyes; and I could recollect nothing. I tried to say my prayers, but could only remember a word here and there; and then it seemed to me as if these were blasphemies that I was uttering;—I don't know what they were—I cannot tell what it was I said; and then, on a sudden, I felt as though all this terror was useless, and that I would not stay there, to die; and I jumped up, and wrenched at the bars of my cell window with a force that bent them—for I felt as if I had the strength of a lion. And I felt all over the lock of my door; and tried the door itself with my shoulder—though I knew it was plated with iron, and heavier than that of a church; and I groped about the very walls, and into the corners of my dungeon—though I knew very well, if I had had my senses, that it was all of solid stone three feet thick; and that, if I could have passed through a crevice smaller t

the eye of a needle, I had no chance of escaping. And, in the midst of all this exertion, a faintness came over me as though I had swallowed poison; and I had just power to reel to the bed-place, where I sank down, as I think, in a swoon: but this did not last,—for my head swam round, and the cell seemed to turn with me; and I dreamed—between sleeping and waking—that it was midnight, and that Elizabeth had come back as she had promised, and that they refused to admit her. And I thought that it snowed heavily, and that the streets were all covered with it, as if with a white sheet, and that I saw her dead—lying in the fallen snow—and in the darkness—at the prison gate! When I came to myself, I was struggling and breathless. In a minute or two, I heard St Sepulchre's clock go ten; and I knew it was a dream that I had had: but I could not help fancying that Elizabeth really had come back. And I knocked loudly at the door of my cell; and when one of the turnkeys came, I begged of him, for mercy's sake, to go down to the gate and see; and moreover, to take a small bundle, containing two shirts—which I pushed to him through the grate—for I had no money; and—if he would have my blessing—to bring me but one small cup of brandy to keep my heart alive; for I felt that I had not the strength of a man, and should never be able to go through my trial like one. The turnkey shook his head at my request, as he went away; and said that he had not the brandy, even if he dared run the risk to give it me. But in a few minutes he returned, bringing me a glass of wine, which he said the master of the gaol had sent me, and hoped it would do me good,—however he would take nothing for it. And the chaplain of the prison, too, came, without my sending; and—for which I shall ever have cause to thank him—went himself down to the outer gates of the gaol, and pledged his honour as a man and a Christian clergyman, that Elizabeth was not there, nor had returned; and moreover he assured me that it was not likely she would come back, for her friends had been told privately that she could not be admitted; but nevertheless he should himself be up during the whole night; and if she should come, although she could not be allowed to see me, he would take care that she should have kind treatment and protection; and I had reason afterwards to know that he kept his word. He then exhorted me solemnly “to think no more of cares or troubles in this world, but to bend my thoughts upon that to come, and to try to reconcile my soul to Heaven; trusting that mysins, though they were heavy, under repentance, might have hope of mercy.” When he was gone, I did find myself for a little while *more collected*; and I sat down again on the bed, and tried seriously *to commune with myself*, and prepare myself for my fate. I recalled

to my mind, that I had but a few hours more at all events to live—that there was no hope on earth of escaping—and that it was at least better that I should die decently and like a man. Then I tried to recollect all the tales that I had ever heard about death by hanging—that it was said to be the sensation of a moment—to give no pain—to cause the extinction of life instantaneously—and so on, to twenty other strange ideas. By degrees my head began to wander and grow unmanageable again. I put my hands tightly to my throat, as though to try the sensation of strangling. Then I felt my arms at the places where the cords would be tied. I went through the fastening of the rope—the tying of the hands together: the thing that I felt most averse to, was the having the white cap muffled over my eyes and face. If I could avoid that, the rest was not so very horrible! In the midst of these fancies, a numbness seemed to creep over my senses. The giddiness that I had felt, gave way to a dull stupor, which lessened the pain that my thoughts gave me, though I still went on thinking. The church-clock rang midnight: I was sensible of the sound, but it reached me indistinctly—as though coming through many closed doors, or from a far distance. By and by, I saw the objects before my mind less and less clearly—then only partially—then they were gone altogether. I fell asleep.

I slept until the hour of execution. It was seven o'clock on the next morning, when a knocking at the door of my cell awoke me. I heard the sound, as though in my dreams, for some moments before I was fully awake; and my first sensation was only the dislike which a weary man feels at being roused: I was tired and wished to doze on. In a minute after, the bolts on the outside my dungeon were drawn; a turnkey, carrying a small lamp, and followed by the master of the gaol and the chaplain, entered: I looked up—a shudder like the shock of electricity—like a plunge into a bath of ice—ran through me—one glance was sufficient: Sleep was gone as though I had never slept—even as I never was to sleep again—I was conscious of my situation! “R—,” said the master to me, in a subdued, but steady tone, “It is time for you to rise.” The chaplain asked me how I had passed the night? and proposed that we should join in prayer. I gathered myself up, and remained seated on the side of the bed-place. My teeth chattered, and my knees knocked together in despite of myself. It was barely daylight yet; and, as the cell door stood open, I could see into the small paved court beyond: the morning was thick and gloomy; and a slow but settled rain was coming down. “It is half-past seven o'clock, R—!” said the master. I just mustered an entreaty to be left alone till the last moment. I had thirty minutes to live.





Engraving by D. P. Scott.

Engraved by H. C. Linschme.

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT IN 1624 TO THE PRESENT TIME

Published by Mackie & Son, New York

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I tried to make another observation when the master was leaving the cell ; but, this time I could not get the words out : my tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth, and my speech seemed gone : I made two desperate efforts ; but it would not do—I could not utter. When they left me, I never stirred from my place on the bed. I was benumbed with the cold, probably from the sleep, and the unaccustomed exposure ; and I sat crouched together, as it were, to keep myself warmer, with my arms folded across my breast, and my head hanging down, shivering : and my body felt as if it were such a weight to me that I was unable to move it, or stir. The day now was breaking, yellow—and heavily ; and the light stole by degrees into my dungeon, showing me the damp stone walls and desolate dark paved floor ; and, strange as it was—with all that I could do, I could not keep myself from noticing these trifling things—though perdition was coming upon me the very next moment. I noticed the lamp which the turnkey had left on the floor, and which was burning dimly, with a long wick, being clogged with the chill and bad air, and I thought to myself—even at that moment—that it had not been trimmed since the night before. And I looked at the bare naked iron bed-frame that I sat on ; and at the heavy studs on the door of the dungeon ; and at the scrawls and writing upon the wall, that had been drawn by former prisoners ; and I put my hand to try my own pulse, and it was so low that I could hardly count it :—I could not feel—though I tried to make myself feel it—that I was going to die. In the midst of this, I heard the chimes of the chapel-clock begin to strike ; and I thought—Lord take pity on me, a wretch ! it could not be the three quarters after seven yet ! The clock went over the three quarters—it chimed the fourth quarter, and struck eight. They were in my cell before I perceived them. They found me in the place, and in the posture, as they had left me.

What I have farther to tell, will lie in a very small compass : my recollections are very minute up to this point, but not at all so close as to what occurred afterwards. I scarcely recollect very clearly how I got from my cell to the press-room. I think two little withered men, dressed in black, supported me. I know I tried to rise when I saw the master and his people come into my dungeon ; but I could not.

In the press-room were the two miserable wretches that were to suffer with me ; they were bound with their arms behind them, and their hands together ; and were lying upon a bench hard by, until I was ready. A meagre-looking old man, with thin white hair, who was reading to one of them, came up, and said something

—"That we ought to embrace,"—I did not distinctly hear what it was.

The great difficulty that I had was to keep from falling. I had thought that these moments would have been all of fury and horror; but I felt nothing of this; but only a weakness, as though my heart—and the very floor on which I stood—was sinking under me. I could just make a motion, that the old white-haired man should leave me; and some one interfered, and sent him away. The pinning of my hands and arms was then finished;—and I heard an officer whisper to the chaplain that "all was ready." As we passed out, one of the men in black held a glass of water to my lips, but I could not swallow: and Mr W——, the master of the gaol who had bid farewell to my companions, offered me his hand. The blood rushed into my face once more for one moment! It was too much—the man who was sending me to execution, to offer to shake me by the hand!

This was the last moment—but one—of full perception that I had in life. I remember our beginning to move forward, through the long-arched passages which led from the press-room to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning, for the day-light never entered here: I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain reading as he walked before us:—"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me though he were dead, shall live. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!"

It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us, the quick and the living.

I felt once more—and saw!—I felt the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to the open platform and steps, at the foot of the scaffold, and to day. I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and houses opposite, to the fourth story choked with gazers. I saw St Sepulchre's church through the yellow fog in the distance, and heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy, misty morning; the wet that lay upon the scaffold—the huge dark mass of building, the prison itself, that rose beside, and seemed to cast a shadow over us—the cold, fresh breeze that, as I emerged from it, broke upon my face. I see it all now—the whole horrible landscape is before me. The scaffold—the rain—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to the house tops—the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the waggons filled with women staring in the inn yards opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran through the gathered crowd as we

appeared. I never saw so many objects at once, so plainly and distinctly, in all my life, as at that one glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

From that look, and from that instant, all that followed is a blank. Of the prayers of the chaplain; of the fastening the fatal noose; of the putting on of the cap which I had so much disliked; of my actual *execution* and *death*, I have not the slightest atom of recollection. But that I know such occurrences must have taken place, I should not have the smallest consciousness that they ever did so. I read in the daily newspapers an account of my behaviour at the scaffold—that I conducted myself decently but with firmness—Of my death—that I seemed to die almost without a struggle. Of any of these events I have not been able by any exertion to recall the most distant remembrance. With the first view of the scaffold, all my recollection ceases. The next circumstance which—to my perception—seems to follow, is the having awoke, as if from sleep, and found myself in a bed, in a handsome chamber; with a gentleman—as I first opened my eyes—looking attentively at me. I had my senses perfectly, though I did not speak at once. I thought directly that I had been reprieved at the scaffold, and had fainted. After I knew the truth, I thought that I had an imperfect recollection, of having found, or fancied, myself—as in a dream—in some strange place lying naked, and with a mass of figures floating about before me: but this idea certainly never presented itself to me until I was informed of the fact that it had occurred.

The accident to which I owe my existence, will have been divined! My condition is a strange one! I am a living man; and I possess certificates both of my death and burial. I know that a coffin filled with stones, and with my name upon the plate, lies buried in the churchyard of St Andrew's, Holborn: I saw from a window, the undressed hearse arrive that carried it: I was a witness to my own funeral: these are strange things to see. My dangers, however, and I trust, my crimes, are over for ever. Thanks to the bounty of the excellent individual, whose benevolence has recognised the service which he did me for a claim upon him, I am married to the woman, whose happiness and safety proved my last thought—so long as reason remained with me—in dying. And I am about to sail upon a far voyage, which is only a sorrowful one—that it parts me for ever from my benefactor. The fancy that this poor narrative—from the singularity of the facts it relates—may be interesting to some people, has induced me to write it: perhaps at too much length; but it is not easy for those who write without skill, to write briefly. Should it meet the eye of the few relatives I have, it will tell one of them—that to his jealousy of being known

in connexion with me—even *after death*—I owe my *life*. Should my old master read it, perhaps, by this time, he may have thought I suffered severely for yielding to a first temptation ; at least will I bear him no ill-will—I will not believe that he will learn my liverance with regret. For the words are soon spoken, and the deed is soon done which dooms a wretched creature to an untimely death ; but bitter are the pangs—and the sufferings of the body are among the least of them—that he must go through before he arrives at

Blackwood's Magazine

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb ;
 The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.
 Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side :
 But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave,—and, its mansion forsaking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long ;
 But the sunshine of Heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
 And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.
 Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide ;
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
 Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

HEBER.

SONNET.

My Country ! when I think of all I've lost,
 In leaving thee to seek a foreign home,
 I find more cause, the farther that I roam,
 To mourn the hour I left thy favour'd coast ;
 For each high privilege, which is the boast
 And birth-right of thy sons, by patriots gain'd,
 Dishonour'd dies, when Right and Truth are chain'd,
 And caltiffs rule—by sordid lusts engross'd,
 I may, perhaps, (each generous purpose cross'd,)
 Forget the higher aims for which I've strained,
 Calmly resign the hopes I've prized the most,
 And learn cold cautions I have long disdain'd,
 But my heart must be calmer, colder yet,
 Ere Scotland and fair Freedom I forget.

PRINGLE.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT

OF THE

BEHAVIOUR OF MARRIED PEOPLE*

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description;—it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that you are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The

* From Charles Lamb's delightful volume, entitled "Elia."

knowledge which is brought out to insult me, may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favoured neighbours, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly: it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world; that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps: but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old Bachelor as I could pretend to know any thing about such matters.

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blessed with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &c.—I cannot for my life tell what *cause* for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phoenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there *might* be a pretext. But when they are so common —

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why we, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

“Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children:” so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. “Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:” so say I; but then don’t let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless;—let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As, for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr —— does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, “Love me, love my dog:” that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing, —any inanimate substance, as a keep-sake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him. and any thing that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se*; I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child’s nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself

charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into the familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage,—if you did not come in on the wife's side,—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage*. With some limitations they can endure that: but that the good-man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now man and wife ever met,—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign Prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings*.

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and work you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity*, is one of the ways;—they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose;—till at last the husband who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist,—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but *not quite so proper* to be introduced to ladies. This may be called *the staring way*; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony: that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good-man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem,—that “decent affection and complacent kindness” towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, “I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr —— as a great wit.” If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, “This, my dear, is your good Mr ——.” One good lady, whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband’s old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she had often heard Mr —— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband’s representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband’s friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend’s dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour: I shall therefore just glance at the

very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versa*. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr —— did not come home, till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners : for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavours to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behaviour and decorum : therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of ——.

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to record the full-length English of their names, to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future.

S O N N E T.

EVENING.

SEEST thou how clear and sharp the shadows are
 Among the cattle on yon ridgy field ;
 So softly glooming amid light so fair :
 Yon mighty trees no blasts may dare to wield ;
 The things that own most motion and most sound
 Are tranced and silent in a golden sround ;
 Where is the wind ? Not in yon glassy sky—
 Not in the trees—What deep tranquillity
 Has hush'd his voice ? Methinks so calm should fall
 That eve before the great millennial morn,
 Before the first of those high days is born,
 Whose placid tenor shall be peace to all :
 Sink deeply in my thought, surpassing scene !
 And be thy memory clear, for I would live therein.

CHARLES TENNYSON.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

AN AMERICAN STORY.*

AFTER an absence of several years from my native city, I had lately the pleasure of paying it a visit; and having spent a few days with my friends, was about to bid adieu, once more, to the goodly and quiet streets of Philadelphia. The day had not yet dawned, and I stood trembling at the door of the stage-office, muffled in a great coat, while the driver was securing my baggage. The streets were still and tenantless, and not a foot seemed to be travelling but my own. Every body slept, gentle and simple; for sleep is a gentle and simple thing. The watchmen slumbered; and the very lamps seemed to have caught the infectious drowsiness. I felt that I possessed at that moment a lordly pre-eminence among my fellow citizens; for they were all torpid, as dead to consciousness as swallows in the winter, or mummies in a catacomb. I alone had sense, knowledge, power, energy. The rest were all *perdu*—shut up, like the imprisoned genii, who were bottled away by Solomon, and cast into the sea. I could release them from durance in an instant; I could discharge either of them from imprisonment, or I could suffer the whole to remain spell-bound until the appointed time for their enlargement. Every thing slept; mayor, aldermen, and councils, the civil and the military, learning, and beauty, and eloquence, porters, dogs, and drays, steam engines and patent machines,—even the elements reposed.

If it had not been so cold, I could have moralized upon the death-like torpor that reigned over the city. As it was, I could not help admiring that wonderful regulation of nature, which thus periodically suspends the vital powers of a whole people. There is nothing so cheering as the bustle of a crowd, nothing more awful than its repose. When we behold the first, when we notice the vast aggregate of human life so variously occupied, so widely diffused, so powerful, and so buoyant, a sensation is produced like that with which we gaze at the ocean when agitated by a storm—a sense of the utter inadequacy of human power to still such a mass of troubled particles; but when sleep strews her poppies, it is like the pouring of oil upon the waves.

I had barely time to make this remark, when two figures rapidly approached—two of Solomon's genii escaped from duresse. Had

* From "Stories of American Life. Edited by Miss Mitford." 3 vols.—Miss Mitford does not specify the sources from which she gathers her extracts.

not their outward forms been peaceable and worldly, I could have fancied them a pair of malignant spirits, coming to invite me to a meeting of conspirators, or a dance of witches. It was a Quaker gentleman, with a lady hanging on one arm, and a lantern on the other, so that, although he carried double, his burdens were both light. As soon as they reached the spot where I stood, the pedestrian raised his lantern to my face, and inspected it earnestly for a moment. I began to fear that he was a police officer, who, having picked up one candidate for the tread-mill, was seeking to find her a companion. It was an unjust suspicion; for worthy Obadiah was only taking a lecture on physiognomy, and, being satisfied with the honesty of my lineaments, he said; "Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady?"

What a question! Seldom have my nerves received so great a shock. Not that there was any thing alarming or disagreeable in the proposition: but the address was so sudden, the interrogatory so direct, the subject matter so unexpected! "Take charge of a lady?" quoth he. I had been for years a candidate for this very honour. Never was there a more willing soul in the round world. I had always been ready to "take charge of a lady," but had never been happy enough to find one who was willing to place herself under my protection: and now, when I least expected it, came a fair volunteer, with the sanction of a parent, to throw herself, as it were, into my arms! I thought of the country where the pigs run about ready roasted, crying, "Who'll eat me?" I thought, too, of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and almost doubted whether I had not touched some talisman, whose virtues had called into my presence a substantial personification of one of my day dreams. But there was Obadiah, of whose mortality there could be no mistake; and there was the lady's trunk—not an imaginary trunk, but a most copious and ponderous receptacle, ready to take its station socially beside my own. What a prize for a travelling bachelor! a lady ready booked, and bundled up, with her trunk packed, and her passage paid! Alas! it is but for a season—after that, some happier wight will "take charge of the lady," and I may jog on in single loneliness.

These thoughts passed rapidly through my mind, during a pause in the Quaker's speech, and before I could frame a reply, he continued;—"My daughter has just heard of the illness of her husband, Captain Jackson of the Rifleman, and wishes to get to Baltimore to-day to join him. The ice has stopped the steam-boats, and she is obliged to go by land."

I had the grace to recover from my fit of abstraction, so far as to say, in good time, that "It would afford me pleasure to render any

service in my power to Mrs Jackson ;" and I did so with great sincerity, for every chivalrous feeling of my bosom was enlisted in favour of a lady, young, sensitive, and no doubt beautiful, who was flying on the wings of love to the chamber of an afflicted husband. I felt proud of extending my protection to such a pattern of connubial tenderness ; and, offering my hand to worthy Obadiah, I added, " I am obliged to you, Sir, for this mark of your confidence, and will endeavour to render Mrs Jackson's journey safe, if not agreeable."

A hearty "Thank thee, friend, I judged as much from thy appearance," was all the reply, and the stage being now ready, we stepped in and drove off.

As the carriage rattled over the pavement, my thoughts naturally reverted to my fair charge. Ah! thought I, what a happy fellow is Captain Jackson of the Rifle! What a prize he has drawn in the lottery of life! How charming it must be to have such a devoted wife! Here was I, a solitary bachelor, doomed perhaps, to eternal celibacy. Cheerless indeed was my fate compared with his. Should I fall sick, there was no delicate female to fly to my bedside; no, I might die, before a ministering angel would come to me in such a shape. But, fortunate Captain Jackson! no sooner is he placed on the sick list, by the regimental surgeon, than his amiable partner quits her paternal mansion, accepts the protection of a stranger, risks her neck in a stage-coach, and her health in the night air, and flies to the relief of the invalid.

I wonder what is the matter with Captain Jackson, continued I. Sickness is generally an unwelcome, and often an alarming visitor. It always brings the doctor, with his long bill and loathsome drugs, and it sometimes opens the door to the doctor's successor in office, Death. But sickness, when it calls home an affectionate wife, when it proves her love and her courage, when its pangs are soothed by the tender and skilful assiduity of a loving and beloved friend, even sickness, under such circumstances, must be welcome to that happy man, Captain Jackson of the Rifle.

Poor fellow! perhaps he is very sick—dying, for aught that we know. Then the lady will be a widow, and there will be a vacant captaincy in the Rifle Regiment. Strange, that I should never have heard of him before—I thought I knew all the officers. What kind of a man can he be? The Rifle is a fine regiment. They were dashing fellows in the last war; chiefly from the west—all marksmen, who could cut off a squirrel's head, or pick out the pupil of a grenadier's eye. He was a backwoodsman, no doubt; six feet six, with red whiskers, and an eagle eye. His regimentals *had caught the lady's fancy*; the sex loves any thing in uniform, *perhaps because they are the very reverse of every thing that is*

uniform themselves. The lady did well to get into the Rifle Regiment; for she was evidently a sharp-shooter, and could pick off an officer, when so disposed. What an eye she must have! A plague on Captain Jackson! What evil genius sent him poaching here? Why sport his gray and black, among the pretty Quaker girls of Philadelphia? Why could not the Rifle officers enlist their wives elsewhere? Or why, if Philadelphia must be rifled of its beauty—why had not I been Captain Jackson?

When a man begins to think upon a subject of which he knows nothing, there is no end of it; for his thoughts, not having a plain road to travel, will shoot off into every bye-path. Thus it was, that my conjectures wandered from the captain to his lady, and from the lady to her father. What an honest, confiding soul, must worthy Obadiah be, continued I, to myself, to place a daughter, so estimable, perhaps his only child, under the protection of an entire stranger. He is doubtless a physiognomist. I carry that best of all letters of introduction, a good appearance. Perhaps he is a phrenologist; but that cannot be, for my bumps, be they good or evil, are all muffled up. After all, the worthy man might have made a woful mistake. For all that he knew, I might be a sharper or a senator, a plenipotentiary or a pickpocket. I might be Washington Irving, or Sir Humphrey Davy, or the Wandering Jew. I might be a vampire, or a ventriloquist. I might be Cooper the novelist, for he is sometimes "a travelling bachelor," or I might be our other Cooper, for he is a regular occupant of the stage. I might be Captain Symmes going to the inside of the world, or Mr Owen going—according to circumstances. I might be Miss Wright—no, I could n't be Miss Wright—nor if I was, would any body be guilty of such a solecism as to ask Miss Wright to take charge of a lady, for she believes that ladies can take charge of themselves. After all, how does Obadiah know that I am not the President of the United States? What a mistake would that have been! How would the chief magistrate of twenty-four sovereign republics have been startled by the question, "Pray, friend, would it suit thee to take charge of a lady?"

It is not to be supposed that I indulged in this soliloquy at the expense of politeness. Not at all; it was too soon to intrude on the sacredness of the lady's quiet. Besides, however voluminous these reflections may seem in the recital, but a few minutes were occupied in their production; for Perkins never made a steam generator half so potent as the human brain. But day began to break, and I thought proper to break silence.

"It is a raw morning, Madam," said I. "Very raw," said she, and the conversation made a full stop. "The roads appear to

rough," said I, returning to the charge. "Very rough," replied the lady. Another full stop. "Have you ever travelled in a stage before?" I inquired. "Yes, sir." "But never so great a distance, perhaps?" "No, never." Another dead halt. I see how it is, thought I. The lady is a *blue*—she cannot talk of these commonplace matters, and is laughing in her sleeve at my simplicity. I must rise to a higher theme; and then, as the stage rolled off the Schnylkill bridge, I said, "We have passed the Rubicon, and I hope we shall not, like the Roman conqueror, have cause to repent our temerity. The day promises to be fair, and the omens are all auspicious." "What did you say about Mr Rubicam?" inquired Mrs Jackson. I repeated; and the lady replied, "Oh! yes, very likely," and then resumed her former taciturnity. Thinks I to myself, Captain Jackson and his lady belong to the peace establishment. Well, if the lady does not choose to talk, politeness requires of me to be silent; and for the next hour not a word was spoken.

I had now obtained a glimpse of my fair companion's visage, and candour compels me to admit that it was not quite so beautiful as I had anticipated. Her complexion was less fair than I could have wished, her eye was not mild, her nose was not such as a statuary would have admired, and her lips were white and thin. I made these few observations with fear and trembling, for the lady repelled my inquiring glance with a look of defiance; a frown lowered upon her haughty brow, and I could almost fancy I saw a cockade growing to her bonnet, and a pair of whiskers bristling on her cheeks. There, thought I, looked Captain Jackson of the Rifle—fortunate man! whose wife, inhibiting the pride and courage of a soldier, can punish with a look of scorn the glance of impertinent curiosity.

At breakfast her character was more fully developed. If her tongue had been out of commission before, it had now received orders for active service. She was convinced that nothing fit to eat could be had at the sign of the "Black Horse," and was shocked to find that the landlord was a Dutchman.

"What's your name?" said she to the landlady. "Redheiffer, ma'am." "Oh! dreadful! was it you that made the perpetual motion?" "No, ma'am."

Then she sat down to the table, and turned up her pretty nose at every thing that came within its cognizance. The butter was too strong, and the tea too weak; the bread was stale, and the bacon fresh; the rolls were heavy, and the lady's appetite light.

"Will you try an egg?" said I. "I don't like eggs." "Allow me to help you to a wing of this fowl." "I can't say that I am

partial to the wing." "A piece of the breast, then, Madam." "It is very tough, isn't it?" "No, it seems quite tender." "It is done to rags, I'm afraid." "Quite the reverse—the gravy follows the knife." "Oh! horrible! it is raw!" "On the contrary, I think it is done to a turn; permit me to give you this piece." "I seldom eat fowls, except when cold." "Then, madam, here is a nice cold pullet—let me give you a merry thought; nothing is better to travel on than a merry thought." "Thank you, I never touch meat at breakfast." And my merry thought flashed in the pan. "Perhaps, sir, your lady would like some chipped beef, or some——" "This is not my lady, Mrs Redheffer," interrupted I, fearing the appellation might be resented more directly from another quarter. "Oh la! I beg pardon; but how could a body tell, you know—when a lady and gentleman travels together, you know it's so *natural*——" "Quite natural, Mrs Redheffer." "May be, ma'am, you'd fancy a bit of cheese, or a slice of apple-pie, or some pumpkin sauce, or a sausage, or ——"

I know not how the touchy gentlewoman would have taken all this—I do not mean all these good things, but the offer of them; for luckily before any reply could be made, the stage driver called us off with his horn. As I handed the lady into the stage, I ventured to take another peep, and fancied she looked vulgar; but how could I tell? Napoleon has said, there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous; and we all know that between very high fashion and vulgarity there is often less than a step. Good sense, grace, and true breeding, lie between. The lady occupied one of those extremes, I knew not which; nor would it have been polite to inquire too closely, as that was a matter which more nearly concerned Captain Jackson of the Rifle, who, no doubt, was excellently well qualified to judge of fashion and fine women.

By this time the lady had wearied of her former taciturnity and grown loquacious. She talked incessantly, chiefly about herself and her "*pa*." "*Her pa* was a Quaker, but she was not a Quaker. They had turned her out of meeting for marrying Captain Jackson. *Her pa* was a merchant—he was in the shingle and board line."

Alas! I was in the *bored line* myself just then.

Gentle reader, I spare you the recital of all I suffered during that day. The lady's temper was none of the best, and travelling agreed with it but indifferently. When we stopped, she was always in a fever to go; when going she fretted continually to stop. At meal times she had no appetite; at all other times she wanted to eat. As one of the drivers expressed it, she was in a solid pet the whole day. I had to alight a hundred times to pick up her handkerchief, or to

look after her baggage; and a hundred times I wished her in the arms of Captain Jackson of the Rifle. I bore it all amazingly, however, and take to myself no small credit for having discharged my duty, without losing my patience, or omitting any attention which politeness required. My companion would hardly seem to have deserved this: yet still she was a female, and I had no right to find fault with those little peculiarities of disposition, which I certainly did not admire. Besides, her husband was a captain in the army; and the wife of a gallant officer, who serves his country by land or sea, has high claims upon the chivalry of her countrymen.

At last we arrived at Baltimore, and I immediately called a hack, and desired to know where I should have the pleasure of setting down my fair companion. "At the sign of the Anchor, — Street, Fell's Point," was the reply. Surprised at nothing after all I had seen, I gave the order, and stepped into the carriage. "Is any part of the Rifle regiment quartered on Fell's Point?" said I. "I don't know," replied the lady. "Does not your husband belong to that regiment?" "La! bless you, no; Captain Jackson isn't a soldier." "I have been under a mistake then. I understood that he was a captain in the Rifle." "The Rifleman, sir; he is captain of the Rifleman, a sloop that runs from Baltimore to North Carolina, and brings tar, and turpentine, and such matters. That's the house," continued she, "and, as I live, there's Mr Jackson, up and well!"

The person pointed out was a low, stout built, vulgar man, half intoxicated, with a glazed hat on his head, and a huge quid in his cheek. "How are you, Polly?" said he, as he handed his wife out, and gave her a smack which might have been heard over the street. "Who's that gentleman! eh! a messmate of yours?"

"That's the gentleman that took care of me on the road?"

"The supercargo, eh? Come, Mister, 'light and take something to drink."

I thanked the captain, and ordered the carriage to drive off, fully determined, that, whatever other imprudence I might hereafter be guilty of, I would never again, if I could avoid it, "take charge of a lady."

LINES, NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED,

Written by BURNS, on the old Churchyard door at Dumfries, on a day of thanksgiving for some victory gained by the British arms.

Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks—
To murder folks, and then give thanks?
Forbear, I say! proceed no further,
For God delights in no such murder.

TO THE MEMORY OF J. G. C. BRAINARD.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.*

GONE to the land of silence—to the shadows of the dead—
 With the green turf on thy bosom, and the gray stone at thy head!
 Hath thy spirit too departed? Doth it never linger here,
 When the dew upon the bending flower is falling like a tear?
 When the sunshine lights the green earth like the perfect smile of God,
 Or when the moonlight gladdens, or the pale stars look abroad?

Hast thou lost thy pleasant fellowship with the beautiful of Earth,
 With the green trees and the quiet streams around thy place of birth?
 The wave that wanders sea-ward—the tall, gray hills, whereon
 Lingers, as if for sacrifice, the last light of the sun:—
 The fair of form—the pure of soul—the eyes that shone, when thou
 Wast answering to their smile of love—art thou not with them now?

Thou art sleeping calmly, Brainard—but the fame denied thee when
 Thy way was with the multitude—the living tide of men,
 Is burning o'er thy sepulchre, a holy light and strong,
 And gifted ones are kneeling there, to breathe thy words of song—
 The beautiful and pure of soul—the lights of Earth's cold bowers—
 Are twining on thy funeral stone a coronal of flowers!

Ay, freely hath the tear been given—and freely hath gone forth
 The sigh of grief, that one like thee should pass away from Earth—
 Yet those who mourn thee, mourn thee not like those to whom is given .
 No soothing hope, no blissful thought of parted friends in Heaven—
 They feel that thou wast summon'd to the Christian's high reward,
 The everlasting joy of those whose trust is in the Lord.

TO THE MOON.

ART thou pale for weariness
 Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
 Wandering companionless
 Among the stars that have a different birth,—
 And ever changing, like a joyless eye
 That finds no object worth its constancy?

THE WANING MOON.

AND like a dying lady, lean and pale,
 Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
 Out of her chamber, led by the insane
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
 The moon arose up in the murky earth,
 A white and shapeless mass.

SHREVEY.

* The above is a tribute from one American poet to the memory of another.

ROTTERDAM.

ROTTERDAM is the birth-place of Desiderius Erasmus, the re-
viver of learning, and within its magnificent cathedral sleep the pa-
triotic De Wittses. These are the first thoughts which, to the man of
letters, occur regarding Rotterdam, yet they are small matters in
the eyes of its honest inhabitants, who value their town for its more
substantial attractions—its comprehensive canals, its accommodat-
ing wharfs, its many-piled stores, and its heavy-sterned argosies.
The merchant there is the honourable of the earth. This claim to
distinction is not founded alone on his individual resources or ag-
grandisement: he has, in most cases, a long line of ancestry to
boast of, being himself but the latest link of an unbroken family
chain, which reaches back to the brightest ages of the Dutch repub-
lic. He is no upstart speculator—no builder of his own fortune.
His father and his father's father held the same situation which he
holds, and he only continues a business the foundations of which
were laid ages before he was born. To this circumstance may be
attributed much of that repose and placidity which characterize the
Dutch merchant. He has not, as others have, his way to make in
the world; his road is carved out for him, his path smoothed; and
he is consequently free from that anxiety and bustle which mark
his less favoured fellow-traders.

Of all the families of Rotterdam that of the Slows was one of the
most ancient, and had from time immemorial possessed a reput-
able store and wharf near the cathedral of St Lawrence. Its latest
descendant was Mynheer Van Double Slow, in whose person the
name was like to become extinct. Mynheer had married, it is true,
but the only result was a daughter, who could not be supposed to
support either the name or the mercantile distinction of the family.
This circumstance harassed Mynheer, so far as it was possible for
a man of his enviable disposition to be harassed. He loved Aga-
tha, but he lamented that he had no son to continue the honours of
his line. In the absence of one, he took under his protection a
young man distantly related to him, whom he instructed in all the
mysteries of his merchandise. This young man was named Carl
Van Speed, and was in every respect worthy of the patronage be-
stowed on him. As he lived under the same roof with his master,
and sat at the same table, he had every opportunity of cultivating
an intimacy with the daughter. The consequence was that they
fell *speedily in love with one another*, which was the more remark-
able, *that nothing could be more natural or appropriate.*

Whether the father wished or contemplated this result, no one could gather from his conversation, for more silent and unfathomable than Delphic oracle was Mynheer Van Double Slow. He was, indeed, the most philosophic of Dutch Pythagoreans. Not only was he never known to utter an unnecessary word, but he even refrained from articulating those which were necessary. An explanation from him was hopeless—the human pyramid! To speak, interfered with the business of his life, which was to smoke. Yet three smokes were all that he required in the day—one, when he rose till breakfast-time—another, from breakfast-time till dinner-time—and another, from dinner-time till he went to bed. In bed he was never known to use the meerschaum, except when he happened to be awake!

Agatha, his daughter, bore the same relation to her father that a rainbow does to a cloud. She owed her existence to him, yet was sprightly and beautiful as he was sombre and gross. No maiden of Rotterdam stepped so lightly—laughed so merrily—or held in her bosom so generous a spirit.

“My father loves you, Carl,” she said one day to her lover, who was insisting on their speedy union; “I know it from the manner in which he puffs in your face; but it is almost hopeless to expect that he will ever exert himself so far as to approve of our marriage. I sometimes imagine he is on the eve of advising it, but his resolution dies away in the smoke of the pipe. Still, let us give him four weeks of trial longer, and if in that time he says nothing, why I suppose we may—just marry without him.”

All the world of Rotterdam visit the tea-gardens once a-week. Parties are there held of every description; for a Dutchman's home is sacred from friendly intrusions, and it is only in public where he displays his hospitality. Mynheer Van Double Slow was not behind the world of Rotterdam. He had a favourite bower in the tea-gardens, where, with his daughter and her lover, he regularly spent his Saturday afternoons. While he enjoyed himself with his schnaps and meerschaum, Carl played divinely on the fiddle, and Agatha danced like an angel. The old man generally indicated his satisfaction by a grunt or an extra prolific puff; but on the first week after the resolution of Agatha recorded above, he approached the subject on which the lovers' souls were bent.

“Carl, my prince,” he said, “would you wish to marry?”

Carl's heart leapt to his mouth, as he bowed an acquiescent affirmative—but the oracle had spoken, and not another word issued from the lips of Mynheer Van Double Slow!

Next Saturday, Mynheer again enjoyed his meerschaum in his favourite bower—again Carl played divinely on the fiddle—and

Again Agatha danced like an angel. Again, also, was Mynheer moved to open his mouth.

"Agatha, my dove," he said "would you?"

Agatha blushed and curtsied an affirmative—but the oracle had spoken, and not another word issued from the lips of Mynheer Van Double Slow!

Another Saturday came with its usual enjoyments, and again did Mynheer open his mouth.

"In that case," he said, laying down his pipe, "you had better"——

He took up his pipe again—lay back in his seat—and sacrificed the sentence in beatific puffs.

The fourth Saturday came. Carl played more divinely than ever on the fiddle, and Agatha danced with tenfold grace and vigour. Mynheer had at length reached his goal. He opened his mouth, and concluded his last week's sentence.

———"marry one another," he said.

"We are married already, father," said Agatha. "This morning we went to the Cathedral, and took our vows."

"That's good children," said Mynheer Van Double Slow, relapsing into his pipe, as of old.

Months have now passed. Mynheer Van Double Slow still spends his Saturday afternoons in the bower, and Carl Van Speed still plays divinely on the fiddle, but Agatha is scarcely so nimble in the dance. People shake their heads, and talk of the march of intellect, which only means that the *Speeds* are likely to supplant the *Slows*.

W.

LINES

ON THE CAMP HILL, NEAR HASTINGS.

In the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies or the sweet setting sun,

I climb'd to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamp'd him of old,
With his bowmen and knights,
And his banners all burnish'd with gold.

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

At the Conqueror's side
 There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
 In pavilion wide ;
 And they chaunted the deeds of Roland.

Still the ramparted ground
 With a vision my fancy inspires,
 And I hear the trump sound,
 As it marshall'd our Chivalry's sires.

On each turf of that mead
 Stood the captors of England's domains,
 That ennobled her breed,
 And high-mettled the blood of her veins.

Over hauberk and helm
 As the sun's setting splendour was thrown,
 Thence they look'd o'er a realm—
 And to-morrow beheld it their own.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

AUTUMN: A DIRGE.

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
 And the year
 On the earth her deathbed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
 Is lying.
 Come, months, come away,
 From November to May,
 In your saddest array ;
 Follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,
 And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
 For the year,
 The blythe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
 To his dwelling ;
 Come, months, come away ;
 Put on white, black, and grey,
 Let your light sisters play—
 Ye, follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,
 And make her grave green with tear on tear.

SURREY.

THE BATTLE OF GARSCLUBE.*

Pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem.—PLAUTUS.

THE sun had not long poured down its enlivening beams upon spires and streets of Glasgow, when the loud knock of Ritchie coner, the barber, made me start from the blankets, and throw self into my calico dressing gown. In these halcyon days every one in the western metropolis of Scotland, from the Lord Provost to Bell Geddie, was daily or hebdomadally in the hands of the barber.—Silver-tempered razors, almond shaving soap, and patent pomades, were in the womb of futurity; and however urgent the necessity might be of then ridding one's self of what has since become fashionable, a man would as soon have tried to amputate his limbs as have attempted to draw a razor athwart his own face. The wigs of that period, although they could not boast of the elegant attach-wigs which cover the phrenological developments of our modern *perruquiers*, had bumps upon their frontal sinuses which indicated something more than a mere acquaintanceship with bear's grease and honey-water. They were generally fellows of wit and conversation, had got what was called a *grammar-school* education, and mindful of their former corporation connection with the men of the rapier and lancet, conceived it becoming to sport as much of the Latin which Rector Barr had whipped into them, as could easily be squeezed into their morning colloquies. The fact is, a Glasgow barber of last century, prated more of the virtues of Miltiades than those of Macassar, and ingratiated himself more by the raciness of his conversation, than by the starch of his cravat or the sabre cut of his whiskers. Besides all this, every thing that was transacted in the city was as well known to him, as it was to the prying and hawk-eyed libtitors—alas, now defunct—of the Journal and Mercury. He knew the peculiarities of every establishment, from the *blue and white neck cork*, (*anglice* small manufacturer) to the tobacco aristocrat, and was as intimately acquainted with the past removes at a baillie's dinner, as the projected changes at the city council board. In short, he was little less entertaining than the Spanish Asmodeus, and not so anxiously was he looked for by his morning customers in Glasgow, than was the little tell-tale devil by Don Cleophas Perez Ambullo, in Madrid.

But *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. The use of the barber's basin seems almost a fiction. The perambulatory race of

* From 'The Englishman's Magazine.'

Straps are extinct—the morning tale of the suds is no more, but one or two Septuagenarians who still retain the cut and the of the last century, stalk about as the sad remembrancers of the eventful period.

“Good morning, Sir,” said Ritchie, with a smiling countenance, as he opened my chamber-door, “had a good night’s rest hope.” “Pretty well,” said I, throwing myself into my shaving chair. “*Gaudeo te valere*,” added the barber, “as I always say professor N—— when I’m gaun to curl his *caput*. But al there’s naething steerin’ in the college at the present time—they a’ awa, frae the weest to the bfggest, takin their *otium cum dignitate* even John M’Lachlan *Bidellus*, honest man, is awa te Goura. He gaed aff yesterday in the fly-boat,* and his wife, on account the high wind, is between the de’il and the deep sea o’ anxiety, hear o’ his arrival.”

“You must have then quite a sinecure, Falconer,” muttered through the thick lather that encompassed my mouth.

“Sinecure,” exclaimed Dick, “and the deacon’s-chusing sinecure? I hae just been up wi’ deacon Lawbroad, the tailor, w threeps he maun be shaved sax times a week at this time, inste o’ twice, and my certie it is nae sinecure to rase him. Od, his f takes mair time to clear than half a dozen—but nae won’er, sur or later the corporation *galravages* tell on a man’s chin and mak tender.”

“But I thought the deacon had turned over a new leaf in the prospect of obtaining a magisterial chain.”

“A chain! *Oh tempora! oh mores!*” cried the barber sneering while he followed it with a *whew-w-w*—like that of my Uncle Tom “set him up indeed! my sang, they’ll be ill aff when they tak the tailor to the council haumer. It does nae doe for would-be b lies to be drinking *pap-in* at the *Black Boy* till twa in the mornin and hivering and clashing wi’ Peggy Bauldy. Na, na, we ma hae doucer pows than the deacon’s to bow in the wynd kirk frae the front o’ the loft! Doctor Porteous, honest man, could na thole see sae mony marks o’ the speerit; staring him in the face ilka Sunday! But weel-a-wat there’s nae saying wha’ll be bailies. *Aud ces fortuna juvat timidusque repellit.*”

“Why, Ritchie,” said I, “it would not at all astonish me to see you yourself following the town officers, ere many years, and wondered at as one of the wise men of the west.”

* Before the invention of steam-boats, this was the only conveyance water to the villages on the Frith of Clyde. The voyage to Goura which those times frequently extended to two days, is now performed regular in little more than two hours.

"Why, Sir, *at pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier hic est*," said the barber, evidently delighted with the idea, "after that thouless, feckless, senseless, coof, Macsapless, ane needna lose a' heart. Well, but he's a fine han' for the provost! I'm shure he'll vote through thick and thin wi' him, and boo like ony *white-bannet* at an unction. Od, the folk say he coft his cocked hat frae Miller and Ewing twa years since syne, and what is mair likely, he slept wi' his chain the first night after he got it. But what do ye think the twa-faced body muved in the council the ither day? naething less than what was proposed in Provost Cheek's time, him ye ken, wha lived in the lan' just aboon the flesh market—naething less than that the city barbers shouldna be alloo'd to shave their customers on Sunday. Foul fa' the silly loon! Had he as muckle brains in his pow as powther on his shouthers, he micht hae seen the folly o' his hypocrisy. I really won'er the provost, wha is a sensible man, would listen to sic a yawmering hypocritical body. But this is only anither proof to me, that when the unco guid get into power, they're aye scadding their tongues in ither folk's kale. The bailie has lang sat under Mr Balfour, honest man, and the outer kirk folk, ye ken, a' think themselves muckle better than their neebours."

"And what are we to do on Sunday, Falconer? The council cannot lay an embargo on one's beard growing."

"*Verbum sapienti!*" replied Ritchie, taking me by the nose as the finishing touch of his razing operation. "The trade has agreed to cause their apprentices to parade the streets on that morning in white hose, and you have only to raise the window, haud up your wee finger, and, my sang! your chin will sune be as smooth as it is noo, Sunday though it be. Are decent Christian folks, do you think, to gang like Heathenish Jews at the nod o' a Glasgow trades bailie? Od, I ken a *black-a-vised* lad that maun be shaved twice a-day when he wants to be particular. Do ye think it is affording 'a praise and protection to those who'd do well' to keep men frae hearing the word on account o' a lang beard. But let the deacon sleep—*Amoto quaramus seria ludo*. I've something mair extraordinary to tell you, but in the meantime I must get the curling tongs heated before throwing a little moost (powder) into your hair."

On the barber's return with heated tongs, I immediately begged him to say what he had to communicate.

"Od, Sir, it is no unco guid intelligence. Do ye ken there's an unco sough about rioting and rebellion?" said Dick in a caunting and *flaking* tone of voice.

"Rioting and rebellion! Pooh, pooh. That must be all fudge. *Meal is abundant and cheap at present, wages are high, and trade*

is brisk; the Scottish convention has been dissolved, and the secret societies have given up their sittings, and the Friends of the People are united against the French and French revolutionary principles. But who are they that are to occasion the dread riot or revolution as you call it?"

"I dinna ken," said Ritchie sarcastically, "whether it will be by the freens o' the people, or the foes of the king, but if it happens, it will be by a set o' folk that are no ower weel pleased wi' the government, and really I'm no muckle astonished at their displeasure. O'd there's no mony decent weel-doing men, that would like to be shot at against their will for a puir shilling a-day."

"Oh, I understand you," said I, "you have heard it hinted that there may be some further disturbances consequent on the extension of the militia act to Scotland."

"You have hit it," answered the barber. "Do you ken, as I was coming here this morning, I heerd a clashing and clavering maist as noisy as that in the washing house; something serious o' the kind is expected to happen in the neighbourhood."

"Why, Falconer, I am exceedingly sorry to hear any rumour of that kind, for, to tell you the truth, this militia measure is not at all popular, and what is worse, it has been deemed by many, altogether contrary to the strict letter of the articles of Union. On this account it has been made a handle of by demagogues, and I am really alarmed lest the people, goaded on by such individuals, may commit some outrage by which they will ultimately become the unfortunate sufferers."

"*Recte, Domine!*" cried Ritchie, covering my head and face with powder. "They has been egged on to do sae already, and what has been the upshot?—broken heads and cauld wames! Oh, it was a sair story that at Tranent. It was a black burning shame that sae mony innocent folk should be slain and slaughtered—God forbid sic like doin's here! I hope the folk will tak tent; and if decent lads maun leave their wives and bairns against their will, in defence o' their kintra, let the kintra pay them better, and look kindlier after their sma' families. Had the laddies hereaboots mair to say in the makin o' their laws than they hae, I jalouse they wouldna get sic scrimp justice. But *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, I'm maybe speaking treason, and ye ken I wouldna like to gang o'er the *dib* (sea) like Tam Muir and the like o' them. We maun keep oot o' the clutches o' auld Braxy as lang as we can. My sang! he's a gae little freen to foregather wi' anywhere, but I can tell you, I would rather meet wi' him in the heart of a change-house, than at the bar. But I maun be rinnin. Forget what I hae been yelping about politics, but dinna forget to haud up your wee finger on Sunday at the

the first pair o' white hose ye see, when you want a shave," ring up his various implements of trade, and offering usual, a *vale, Domine*, off flew Ritchie Falconer to adonize some other customer.

ing myself in my morning suit, I sallied forth to take my to the *Pointhouse*. The banks of the Clyde were at that polluted with cotton-mills, weaving factories, print-fields, orks. The verdant turf was only trodden by a few idle, while the water was unruffled for hours save by the salmag-boats which paddled from Finnieston to Govan. No crowded with fashionables, and pouring out its volumes of oke had yet waved the river's general placidity. No ship looming in the distance; a ponderous gabert, a herring-and a Gourrock fly, were all the Clyde then bore on her and these were "like angel's visits, few and far between."

this really rustic ramble, my thoughts involuntarily turn-riots apprehended by Ritchie Falconer, and on the pro-at the volunteers, to which I had a pride in belonging, called out to quell them. The melancholy affair at Trantantly pressed itself on my recollection, and I could not ching heaven to forbend what might force me, in my mi-acity, to fire on perhaps the most thoughtless and guilt-/ countrymen. On returning to the city I made inquiry g the rumour communicated by the barber, and found i already got general wind; and in going to the coffee-r breakfast, I discovered that the idea was occupying the nots of gossips that encircled the tables. Hearing nothing,

but conjecture, the matter was immediately forgotten bustle of business, until I was stopped in the street a little o'clock by a friend, who with a face as long as a yard-stick, xated the fact that a serious disturbance had that day taken e parish of New Kilpatrick, and that the rioters, when the r left the place, were threatening to set fire to the Lord of the Court of Session's house at Garscube, who had in- displeasure of the populace for carrying the militia act ion, in his capacity of Deputy Lieutenant of the county. dly conversing upon the subject, and thinking of the means i be resorted to for preventing such outrages, the sound drums and fifes was heard advancing from the west to nd of the city, and on listening, I immediately recognised nown assembly rattle of the Royal Glasgow Volunteers. tant leave of my friend, and hurried home to don my re-and to attend the summons.

ing the house I found my worthy old servant in a fear-

ful consternation. She had heard the news of the riot coloured with a thousand fancied terrors, and the result in her eyes appeared to assume a magnitude little short of a rebellion, as frightful as the one she had some faint recollection of in her girlhood. "Hech, Sirs! hech, Sirs!" sighed Girzy, wringing her hands, as she saw me buckling on my bayonet and cartouch box, and examining the flint of my musket—"that I should leeve to see anither tuilzie amang freends and brithers! that these een should again look on folkfechtingwi' their ain kith and kin, and murdering ane anither for the sake o' mere *ne'er-do-weels*. Peden's prophecy, I'm thinking, will come to pass sooner than sinners jalouse, when a man will travel a simmer's day up the strath o' Clyde and neither see a lum reeking nor hear a cock crow! Oh, maister, ye had better stay at hame, and say ye're no that weel. Heaven will forgie you for sic a sma' lie. The'll be plenty there without you. Wha wud like to hae innocent bluid on their head? Wash your hands, oh, wash your hands o't! Think o' the thoughtless souls at Tranent that were sent without a moment's warning to their dreed account. How many cheerless cots and mourning hearts that massacre occasioned! Were it a wheen o' thae cruel-hearted French clanjamphry, wha murdered their king, that had landed to destroy us, I woudna care to see you sae buskit, but to gang out that way to kill your ain countrymen; oh it's a black burning shame! Dinna gang, Sir—dinna gang the length o' your wee tae!"

Seeing Girzy's anxiety, and knowing the deep interest she took in my welfare, I thought it my duty to calm her by saying, that the rebellion she believed to have broken out at Garscube, was nothing but a squabble between a few farm servants and the legal authorities, and that the mere appearance of the volunteers on the ground would restore all things to their wonted quiet. "Weel, weel!" replied Girzy very sceptically; "I wish it may be sae. He that wull to Cupar maun to Cupar. But oh, Sir, take care o' yoursel, and oh if the habble should turn out to be mair than you jaloused, you had better leave it to be settled by them that are paid for being shot at. Tak tent to yoursel, and oh be shure no to turn the point of your gun against wives and bairns!" and following me to the door, she pull'd an old shoe off her foot, and threw it down the stair after me, as she said, "for guid luck!"

On arriving at George's Square, which was the place of rendezvous, I found an unusually large assembly of the corps, all the individuals of which were in high spirits and eager for the fray. On *falling in* and counting the files, there appeared to be the full complement. Three hundred bayonets were in fact present, and it is *perhaps* not too much to say, that there was no member of the corps

uld have hesitated to beard the tasteless wight who denied iment to be the handsomest in his Majesty's service. r this opinion was founded in justice, or was the result of f-complacency, it is not for me to determine ; but it is cer- ; this corps of gentlemen at least proved a constant theme ration to all the sighing spinsters around the city tea-tables, it was far better for its deathless fame, it attracted the no-the Glasgow Homer, better known under the every-day an of *Blin' Alick*, who in his peripatetic wanderings extend-allant character of the corps in the following graphic lines :

We are gentlemen of honour,
And we do receive no pay,
Colonel Corbet's our commander,
And with him we'll fight our way !

they seemed determined to do on this memorable occasion ; sooner had the gallant colonel told us that we were that day led to support the king and the glorious constitution, and nry man was expected to do so with his life, than the whole at simultaneously doffed their caps, and gave a loud huzza obation. The colonel was a man in whose military tactics member of the corps placed implicit confidence. He was 'your pot-bellied, sun-shining, feather-bed soldiers. He was lender, wiry, figure, with an eye that would not have winked : of a battery, and a heart that would have bounded to have led forlorn hope. On observing the peculiar manner which he turning out his toes, one might have supposed this officer a to military Martinet ; but this idea was immediately dispel-son as he crossed his Bucephalus, seeing that this was managed fect defiance of all the rules of Earl Pembroke's *menage*.

many volunteer commanders, he had smelt gunpowder t was seasoned with a goodly peppering of bullets, and had, outh, crossed blades with the determined foes of his country. I been present in the bloody conflict in the market-place of ers, on the 6th of January, 1781, and had on that occasion, pon the dying features of the gallant Major Pierson.* The colo- boasted in the highest degree, what was esteemed absolute-ssary to one's *gentility* in those days of Spencean principles, racter of being a thorough-paced Tory, and a sworn foe to

be beautiful engraving of Heath, from a picture by Copley, the co-the Glasgow volunteers occupied a conspicuous situation. He is presented with a drawn sword in his hand, gazing on the face of the dier.

demagogues and democrats. With many useful and amiable qualities of the head and heart, which it is here unnecessary to enumerate, this gallant officer had one foible, and it was one which whenever military movements were occupying his thoughts, or were the topic of conversation, he invariably displayed. Proud, as well he might be, of his bravery at Jersey, he had acquired the habit of prefacing every opinion on military tactics, and every project of military operation, with a full and particular account of the whole transactions of the eventful day of St Hiliers, and which at length became to his friends and the corps about as well known and as tiresome, as the story of the royal *dixjeune* at the castle of Tillietudlem. Upon the present occasion, this *Lady Margaret Bellenden* peculiarity exhibited itself strongly, for no sooner were the cartouch boxes observed being filled with ammunition, than the colonel, after telling us that we were about to march to Garscube, and warning us when there to be steady and cool, involuntarily stumbled upon Jersey. "Gentlemen," said he, "well do I recollect when, on the morning of the sixth of January, 1781, the drum summoned us to arms, and when——." The major, knowing the colonel's foible, and aware that there was no time for the accustomed yarn of half an hour, no sooner heard the famous sixth of January whispered, than in defiance of strict military rule, he instantly rode up and intimated that all was in readiness, and hinted that the regiment should now proceed. The colonel's thread of discourse being broken, the battle of St Hilier's was forgotten, and instant preparations were made for the battle of Garscube. The volunteers having been successively ordered to "prime and load, fix bayonets, shoulder arms, and by sections on the left backwards wheel," the word "march" was next given, and off they paced boldly to beard the foe, followed by a fleece of idle urchins, whose reiterated shouts rendered the field officers' steeds more restive than their horsemanship perhaps warranted.

The day was one of those more in unison with the climate of Italy than that of Scotland. There was not a single cloud in the visible horizon, nor a breath of wind to temper the rays of a scorching sun. The soldiers, unaccustomed to the tight lacing of their scarlet jackets, and loaded with heavy muskets and well-filled cartouch boxes, had not proceeded far on their march before every individual felt himself in an unusually "melting mood," and when at length the corps approached the spot which was to prove the field of its fame, every mouth was as parched as though it had been subjected to the sirocco of the Arabian desert, while every eye looked more eagerly for an engagement with a tavern or a rivulet, than with a rebel or a rioter. On approaching the bridge of Garscube

al halted the regiment, and sent forward a detachment to re. The light company, to which I belonged, having been for this important duty, we immediately hurried on at sick; and in due conformity with the established rules of tactics, took possession, though without opposition, of the as the key to a position on the right bank of the Kelvin. regiment's reaching the *tete du pont*, the colonel looked on and for the enemy, but lo! not even the ghost of a rioter thin the range of his visional organs. A few idle women l in knots, and criticised, with apparent delight, our dusty ing condition, while a band of boys, seemingly just relieved e ferula of the schoolmaster, hailed us with the reiterated ant salutation of "*The brosey weavers.*"

at was to be done appeared an enigma to the corporal as the colonel, what *ought* to be done was to all abundantly

The hour, the walk, and the heat of the day, all conspired ng a powerful appeal to the mind and the materialism of lunteer. Exhausted nature loudly implored the assistance commissariat, while the incipient idea of laying the country general contribution flitted simultaneously athwart every nd demanded immediate realization. Whether the general his foraging foray was or was not strictly in accordance with nel's conduct at St Hilier's, it is not necessary to inquire; ooner had we grounded arms at the bridge of Garscube, than il of war was summoned to consider of ulterior proceed- id particularly of the best means of defeating the annoying at General Hunger, and combating the no less terrific onsets urther Thirst. The result of the conference was, that while . party should be left to keep the rallying position of the the remainder of the corps should be permitted to ferret out nselves what was individually requisite. Three hundred , with stomachs like those of the cormorant, and throats as a potsherd, would have required a land more celebrated for nd honey than that around Garscube. As it was, however, ividual seemed determined to cater for himself; and no was the order given for a general forage, than off flew the volunteers like locusts over the face of the country. To sack , and ransack a hen-roost, became immediately a general ion. At least a dozen of red coats were seen *billeting* them- m every farm-house, draining their churns, and *stowing* hair cheese and *bannocks*; while the few public houses that uttered along the road side were relieved on that memorable all their stale beer, sour porter, and humped ham. Never re been seen in the parish so urgent a demand for every

thing in the shape of meat or drink, nor more handsome paymer for what could be obtained: for though the volunteers bore bay onets, they likewise carried purses; and testified a universal desire to make the people feel that they owed their entertainment to their silver, and not to their steel.

The foraging party to which I belonged consisted of two beside myself. One of these was an individual whose round rosy cheek bore indubitable tokens of having taken regular toll of every thing that had passed through his mouth; while the other had jaws so lank and skinny, that they might have served for a lantern. The former, bating an unconquerable propensity for breaking the third commandment, was an honest-hearted Christian, and a universal favourite; while the latter was a French *emigree*, with all the *petitesse* and prejudices of the ancient *regime*. Besides being a Frenchman, my foraging companion also played the *French horn*; on account of which accomplishment he had been admitted into the band. Having remarked some blue smoke curling through a thicket of trees, and judging wisely that a snug cottage would be there embosomed, we made a steeple chase for the spot, and soon found ourselves in the audience chamber of a bustling matron, actually engaged in freeing a large churn of its butter.

"Gude safe us, gudewife," exclaimed my punchy friend as we entered the apartment, "I fin' we're just come in the nick o' time—Lord, woman, gie us a waught o' that sour milk as fast as you like, for we're a' on the point of choking. What a devil of a he day this has been for marching!"

"What brocht ye sae far frae hame on sic a day?" said the matron jestingly, "and whan you left it, wha obleeged ye to bear sic burden? We kintra folk are no sae taen up in sowjering—we would rather bide at hame and mind our wark. You're no come I hope, to countenance thae fules that would tak our gudemen aw frae their hames, against their ain will and the will o' the Almighty—that would mak our bairns fatherless and us widows. It's a bonny like story indeed, this militia trade. Its quite contrar baith to the law and the gospel. If you're come to talk to the gudeman about that matter, I maun tell ye he's no at hame, nor winna be;—so y tak your drap drink and gang your waes."

"*Pardonnez-moi, Madame,*" whispered my companion, *Monsieur Coulon*, advancing towards the alarmed matron, kneeling down and kissing her hand. "*Vous vous trompez assurément*, you mak voi gran mistake, Madame. By gar, ve come to dis house not like de *voleurs* to rob you of any ting, far less of *Monsieur votre mari*, *O mon Dieu! de tout, de tout*. We do not want your husband at all

at all. *Ah, comme vous etes jolie, amiable—quels beaux yeux ! By ger—*"

"Tuts, man, get up and dinna be fashous," interrupted the matron. "Are ye daft or glaikit? What is't ye're haverin? I dinna understand thae blethers at a'. See and lay your lugs in that bicker. You look as tho' you werena that ower aften at hame at meal time; and since ye tell that ye hae naithing to say to the gudeman, I maun try to bring ye something better, as I jalouse your walk will hae gien ye a drouth like the packman's."

Having offered our best thanks for the woman's kindness, she placed before us a large *kebbock*, a basketful of oat cakes, and a bottle of mountain dew, to which my jolly companion and I paid our instant obeisance. The "gudewife," seeing the Frenchman rather bashful and backward in partaking of the feast, turned towards him and said, "Come, come, Maister Scantocreesh, fa' tae, and dinna let your modesty wrang ye."

"*Ah, Madame, vous me flattez trop,*" said the musician. "By gar, you do me infinite honour. This bottermilk"—taking a draught—"is beautiful—*superb, magnifique*—pretty well! Dis is your *vin du pays, n'est ce pas ?* Permit that I drink you got-o-hel!"

"Tuts, man, what are you gab-gabbing at," said the matron, "tak your pick and your drap, and keep your palavers for them that understand them."

Monsieur Coulon immediately drew in a chair and commenced operations; and, in the true spirit of Dugald Dalgetty, tucked in what might at least serve him for the next four-and-twenty hours. Thinking that the repast on the musician's part merited a digester, I pointed to the bottle, and suggested to him the propriety of taking some of the stomach-soothing elixir.

"*Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur,*" said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. "Dat *blue ruin*, as de English soldier calls it, puts my whole head *toujours* into one flame. I vill rader take von oder drop of de Scottish *vin du pays*," approaching the churn, which at that moment was standing about an angle of seventy-five degrees, for the more effectually freeing it of its contents.

"What!" said my rosy-cheeked companion, "more of that stuff yet? Lord safe us! That's awfae!"

"*Ne derangez-vous pas*—I love dis ver moch, and vill now take von oder gran drink of it"—putting his head into the churn. The gude wife, seeing the Frenchman's powdered wig and jaundiced visage within the precincts of what she, of all things, considered as sacred to cleanliness, and hearing him lapping the buttermilk, ran towards him, exclaiming, "De'il's in the worriecow, is he gaun to pollute my haid kirk o' mulk wi' his illfared greasy gab and moosty

pash!" While she accompanied the exclamation with a smart blow on the musician's back. Monsieur Coulon, eager at the draught and about precisely poised on the churn, no sooner received the blow, than it threw him off his balance, and to the utter dismay of the present, was seen to pop head-foremost into the gaping vessel. The Frenchman's heels were instantly kicking in the air, while a long gurgling noise issued from the churn that demanded instant attention. In the twinkling of an eye I dashed forward, and seized the struggling musician by the limbs, and with one effort extricated the poor fellow from his wooden surtout. But what words can describe or what pencil delineate, the absurd and ridiculous appearance of the half-drowned horn-blower. Gasping for breath, and struggling for vision, he stood before us in all the insignia of this new order of the Bath, with a countenance whose yellow wrinkles poured down streams of buttermilk, while adown his long queue, a torrent rushed from the well-soaked fountain of his wig. The matron was in the deepest distress for having been the innocent cause of such a mishap to the poor Frenchman; and to an infinity of apologies added every exertion in her power to restore his garb and his temper to their former propriety.

While Monsieur Coulon was busily making up matters with the matron and her mirror, the roll of a distant drum awakened attention, and hinted to us the necessity of an immediate retreat. Having each pulled a piece from our purse, we pressed it on the grateful wife; but it was not till we qualified the gift by telling her to lay out on something for her daughter, that she would consent to touch our silver.

On regaining the bridge, we learnt that the troop of Glasgow volunteer cavalry had, previous to our arrival, dispersed the whole pitch-fork belligerent band of discontents, who, after burning the parish records of Kilpatrick, had taken up a position on a neighbouring hill. There being no further danger apprehended, the idea—a fearful one to those accustomed to feather-beds—of the corps bivouacking that night on the lawn of Garscube was abandoned. The colonel, after a lengthy harangue, in which he declared that the regiment under his command had that day done honour to itself, and, as usual, mixed up the sermon with what had himself accomplished on the 6th January, 1771, at last gave the welcome word of "Right about, face," and off marched the volunteers at a smart pace for the city.

As we trudged along the road, more occupied with the freaks of the foray than the feats of our prowess, a furious-looking dog was seen to rush down from a farm standing a little off the road, whose appearance gave strong and determined symptoms of combat.

ness. On observing it approaching, I instantly halted, and called out to my punchy foraging companion, "Huzza! G—; there's an enemy at last for you—will you meet him?" "By *gom!* that's an awfu' illfared neebour," said my friend; "shall it be blood?" And, without waiting a reply, up went his musket to the shoulder—off went the shot; but, alas! on came the mastiff. The danger was imminent; the dog looked as bold as a lion. "Charge bayonets!" cried I—"a la victoire!" blew M. Coulon; and in a moment the supposed disseminator of hydrophobia received such a tickling of the steel as sent him to the right-about in a twinkling. My portly friend, however, was not to be satisfied with merely *fanking* the enemy. He had determined that no quarter should be given, and bent on signalizing himself, he made another fearful thrust at the retreating foe. Happily, however, for the dog, but unfortunately for the volunteer, the lunge missed its object, the steel pierced the earth, and over went my friend headforemost into the ditch, at the expense, too, of his bayonet, which snapt asunder under the force and pressure of seventeen stone!

After the tuilzie with the mastiff, nothing remarkable happened till we arrived within a mile of Glasgow. Here, however, a scene occurred that is yet fresh in my recollection, while it still occasions considerable merriment among the small knot of septuagenarians that gazed upon it then. The rear-guard having telegraphed the approach of cavalry, the colonel instantly threw the battalion into a position to receive them, and sent out a few skirmishers to reconnoitre. On these falling back, with the intelligence that the commander of the advancing corps (which was the Glasgow light horse) had given the countersign and parole, the colonel wheeled us into line, and when the dragoons were in the act of passing, ordered a general salute. The glittering of the firelocks and the noise of the music created, as might be supposed, a very considerable confusion among individuals who were almost as ignorant of a *cover* as a campaign—a confusion which the captain, from having his charger burthened with a prisoner, who most *unmilitarily* occupied the front of the saddle, felt some difficulty to calm. But if the majority of this troop of chasseurs felt rather uneasy in their saddles on this saluting occasion, there was one in particular in the rear whose position and countenance betokened any thing but security and self-possession. The *galloway* which this awkward wight bestrode being as fiery as the proboscis of her rider, no sooner had fixed her eye on so many new faces than she showed an evident disposition to dissolve immediately her present co-partnery. The *perilous prancings* and curious curvettings that succeeded having attracted attention, what was the astonishment of all to find

that the light dragoon was no other than the would-be *Baili board*, whose picture the barber had drawn so graphically morning. It was now evident that the poor deacon's des notoriety had here led him a rather dangerous dance, since plain to all that his seat would not long remain either secure or sinecure. Guiltless alike of the rules of Gambado and of broke, the tailor soon lost all command of his steed, while the *suaders*, from the early habit which their wearer had acquired of drawing up his legs when in danger, having been brought rather unceremoniously on the flanks of the mare, made unceremoniously throw up her heels, and eject the dragoon from his saddle. The animal, finding the rider embracing her rather kindly round the neck, and feeling the usual *restrainers* disengage about her ears, set off at full gallop, and it was now a high guineas to a goose that the chasseur would be, ere a few minutes gazetted a *field officer*. To the *footpads*, as the volunteers were probroously designated by their brethren on horseback, the advance of a trooper charging in the manner of the deacon was a thing but gall and wormwood; and no sooner did the corps realize the copper nose of the snip in a John Gilpin attitude, they, in defiance of all order, simultaneously roared out, "goes the tailor riding to Brentford!" The loud shout, followed by a louder bang of the bass drum, having put more mettle in the *galloway's* heels, she soon shot a-head of the troop, and shyed and flung up her heels at an abrupt turn of the road, went the tailor over the hedge into a corn-field, and on the mare over the toll-bar to the corn-chest, which she soon reached to the utter consternation of the snip's anxious consort, who awaited his arrival. The deacon, though a little alarmed, was far more comfortable than he had been for many minutes before, on his own self, like Commodore Trunnion, thus safely riding at a trot. The colonel, fearing, however, that some medical assistance might be requisite, and recollecting that the troop boasted only a few instantly despatched his orderly for the volunteer surgeon, who was in the rear of the corps. This son of Esculapius, though head of his profession, was a gentleman of a most somnolent position, and what is more singular, his steed partook of the same juice qualities of its master. There was this happy peculiarity, however, about the horse and the rider, that both were never in the arms of Morpheus together. On this occasion, the surgeon having no gun-shot wounds to attend to, had given way to his propensity on leaving Garscube, while his horse continued sharply awake, as to have carried his master through the *manœuvres* which the regiment had performed on the

The surgeon having been roused from his snooze by the orderly, instantly galloped off to the assistance of the trooper, who had, however, previous to his reaching the ground, got fairly on his legs, and was taking considerable credit for throwing himself off so neatly. The doctor, having applied a finger to the tailor's pulse, and having passed his hand over his limbs, declared him free from blemish, and that there was no necessity for prescribing any other medicine than a walk to the city. The doctor and the deacon having taken their position in the rear of the regiment, it proceeded onward, and soon found itself within the precincts of Glasgow.

On entering the city the band immediately struck up "Caller Herring," the sounds of which made every window fly open, and suggested to every cook the necessity of making instant preparation for the approach of her hungry master. Fearing, however, that the instructive melody might not altogether tell on the deaf ears of Girzy, my fat friend, who had agreed to take a steak with me, no sooner saw my old housekeeper at the window than he bawled out at the top of his voice, "Girzy, my lass, you may put on the *taties* noo!" Scarcely had the pleasing sound reached the ear of old Girzy, than I was accosted by the well-known "*Gudeo valere*" of Ritchie Falconer, who, after sarcastically exclaiming, "*Fortuna juvat fortibus*," breathlessly inquired what had befallen his customer the deacon, and told us of the consternation of his wife. The story of the tailor's mishap satisfied the barber, while the appearance of Law-board himself quieted the fearful prognostications of his anxious helpmate.

The corps, on reaching its usual place of rendezvous, was immediately dispersed, while the soldiers hurried home to calm the fears of their wives, mothers, and sisters. In the evening the club-rooms of the city rang with unusual mirth and jollity. Each roof echoed back the scenes of the day and of the foray, but among them there was none that occasioned more fun and laughter than the tale of the churn and the *promotion* of the tailor.

Thus began and thus ended the ever memorable day of the Battle of Garscube—a day unstained with blood, unsurpassed by heat, alike famous for its foray and for the capture of one prisoner—a day in short which proved the brightest gem in the garland of Glasgow Volunteer glory, and has afforded as noble a theme of conversation to the few remaining pig-tailed soldiers of the Scottish western metropolis as that of St Hillier's did to their gallant commander.

The Glasgow corps of Volunteers which so eminently distinguished itself on that eventful occasion, scarcely survived the close of the century that gave it birth, while the generality of the happy *faces that grinned with delight* at the ludicrous plight of Deacon

Lawboard, have now, as Hamlet says, few left to mock their grinning; and had I not perhaps been reminded the other day of the immortal action of this gallant corps, by perusing the equally deathless deed of its bounty, on the wall of the Royal Infirmary Hall, I might possibly have never dreamt of becoming the humble annalist of its military glory.

Courteous and indulgent reader, having now doubtless exhausted thy time and thy patience, permit me, ere I close, to plead the tell-tale privilege of an old soldier; a plea which may, perhaps, induce thee to pardon the gossip and the garrulity of a

GLASGOW SEPTUAGENARIAN.

THE POET'S PEN.*

(FROM THE GREEK OF MENEKRATES.)

I WAS AN useless reed: no cluster hung
My brow with purple grapes, no blossom flung
The coronet of crimson on my stem;
No apple blushed upon me, nor (the gem
Of flowers) the violet strewed the yellow heath
Around my feet, nor jessamine's sweet wreath
Robed me in silver. Day and night I pined
On the lone moor, and shiver'd in the wind.
At length a poet found me. From my side
He smoothed the pale and withered leaves, and dyed
My lips in Helicon. From that high hour
I spoke! My words were flame and living power;
All the wide wonders of the world were mine,
Far as the surges roll, or sunbeams shine;
Deep as earth's bosom hides the emerald;
High as the hills with thunder clouds are pall'd.
And there was sweetness round me, that the dew
Had never wet so sweet on violets blue.
To me the mighty sceptre was a wand—†
The roar of nations peal'd at my command;
To me the dungeon, sword, and scourge were vain,
I shote the amiter and I broke the chain;
Or, towering o'er them all, without a plume,
I pierced the purple air, the tempest's gloom,
Till blazed the Olympian glories on my eye—
Stars, temples, thrones, and gods—infinity.

* "A feeble reed has power to conquer, to comfort, to instruct, and to amuse men," said an Athenian, one day, in conversation. His companion did not comprehend his meaning, and asked for an explanation. The Athenian answered, "Of this frail material are made arrows to kill with, beds to rest upon, *pens* for writing, and flutes whose music soothes the mind."—*From the French of Bartholomy.*

† *To me the mighty sceptre was a wand.*—"Little thought they, the Popes, in the amplitude and security of their power, that the mighty throne upon which they sat, fastened in the prejudices, the affections, and the ignorance of mankind, was to be shaken to its foundation by that little engine, the pen."—*Mr Godwin's Life of Geoffrey Chaucer.*



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.*

In the city of Vienna there once reigned a duke of such a mild and gentle temper, that he suffered his subjects to neglect the laws with impunity; and there was in particular one law, the existence of which was almost forgotten, the duke never having put it in force during his whole reign. This was a law dooming any man to the punishment of death, who should live with a woman that was not his wife; and this law, through the lenity of the duke, being utterly disregarded, the holy institution of marriage became neglected, and complaints were every day made to the duke by the parents of the young ladies in Vienna, that their daughters had been seduced from their protection, and were living as the companions of single men.

The good duke perceived with sorrow this growing evil among his subjects; but he thought that a sudden change in himself from the indulgence he had hitherto shown, to the strict severity requisite to check this abuse, would make his people (who had hitherto loved him) consider him as a tyrant: therefore he determined to absent himself a while from his dukedom, and depute another to the full exercise of his power, that the law against these dishonourable lovers might be put in effect, without giving offence by an unusual severity in his own person.

Angelo, a man who bore the reputation of a saint in Vienna for his strict and rigid life, was chosen by the duke as a fit person to undertake this important charge; and when the duke imparted his design to lord Escalus, his chief counsellor, Escalus said, "If any man in Vienna be of worth to undergo such ample grace and honour, it is lord Angelo." And now the duke departed from Vienna under pretence of making a journey into Poland, leaving Angelo to act as the lord deputy in his absence; but the duke's absence was only a feigned one, for he privately returned to Vienna, habited like a friar, with the intent to watch unseen the conduct of the saintly-seeming Angelo.

It happened just about the time that Angelo was invested with his new dignity, that a gentleman, whose name was Claudio, had seduced a young lady from her parents; and for this offence, by command of the new lord deputy, Claudio was taken up and committed to prison, and by virtue of the old law which had been so long neglected, Angelo sentenced Claudio to be beheaded. Great interest was made for the pardon of young Claudio, and the good

* From 'Tales from Shakspeare.' By Charles Lamb.

old lord Escalus himself interceded for him. "Alas," said he, "this gentleman whom I would save had an honourable father, for whose sake I pray you pardon the young man's transgression." But Angelo replied, "We must not make a scarecrow of the law, setting it up to frighten birds of prey, till custom, finding it harmless, makes it their perch, and not their terror. Sir, he must die."

Lucio, the friend of Claudio, visited him in the prison, and Claudio said to him, "I pray you, Lucio, do me this kind service. Go to my sister Isabel, who this day proposes to enter the convent of Saint Clare; acquaint her with the danger of my state; implore her that she make friends with the strict deputy; bid her go herself to Angelo. I have great hopes in that; for she can discourse with prosperous art, and well she can persuade; besides, there is a speechless dialect in youthful sorrow, such as moves men."

Isabel, the sister of Claudio, had, as he said, that day entered upon her noviciate in the convent, and it was her intent, after passing through her probation as a novice, to take the veil, and she was inquiring of a nun concerning the rules of the convent, when they heard the voice of Lucio, who, as he entered that religious house, said, "Peace be in this place!" "Who is it that speaks?" said Isabel. "It is a man's voice," replied the nun: "Gentle Isabel, go to him, and learn his business; you may, I may not. When you have taken the veil, you must not speak with men but in the presence of the prioress; then if you speak, you must not show your face, or if you show your face, you must not speak." "And have you nuns no farther privileges?" said Isabel. "Are not these large enough?" replied the nun. "Yes, truly," said Isabel: "I speak not as desiring more, but rather wishing a more strict restraint upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare." Again they heard the voice of Lucio, and the nun said, "He calls again. I pray you answer him." Isabel then went out to Lucio, and in answer to his salutation, said, "Peace and prosperity! Who is it that calls?" Then Lucio, approaching her with reverence, said, "Hail, virgin, if such you be, as the roses in your cheeks proclaim you are no less! can you bring me to the sight of Isabel, a novice of this place, and the fair sister to her unhappy brother Claudio?" "Why her unhappy brother?" said Isabel, "let me ask: for I am that Isabel, and his sister." "Fair and gentle lady," he replied, "your brother kindly greets you by me; he is in prison." "Woe is me! for what?" said Isabel. Lucio then told her, Claudio was imprisoned for seducing a young maiden. "Ah," said she, "I fear it is my cousin Juliet." Juliet and Isabel were not related, but they called each other cousin *in remembrance* of their school-days' friendship; and as Isabel

knew that Juliet loved Claudio, she feared she had been led by her affection for him into this transgression. "She it is," replied Lucio. "Why then let my brother marry Juliet," said Isabel. Lucio replied, that Claudio would gladly marry Juliet, but that the lord deputy had sentenced him to die for his offence; "Unless," said he, "you have the grace by your fair prayer to soften Angelo, and that is my business between you and your poor brother." "Alas," said Isabel, "what poor ability is there in me to do him good? I doubt I have no power to move Angelo." "Our doubts are traitors," said Lucio, "and make us lose the good we might often win, by fearing to attempt it. Go to lord Angelo! When maidens sue, and kneel, and weep, men give like gods." "I will see what I can do," said Isabel: "I will but stay to give the prioress notice of the affair, and then I will go to Angelo. Commend me to my brother: soon at night I will send him word of my success."

Isabel hastened to the palace, and threw herself on her knees before Angelo, saying, "I am a woful suitor to your honour, if it will please your honour to hear me." "Well, what is your suit?" said Angelo. She then made her petition in the most moving terms for her brother's life. But Angelo said, "Maiden, there is no remedy: your brother is sentenced, and he must die." "O just, but severe law!" said Isabel: "I had a brother then—Heaven keep your honour!" and she was about to depart. But Lucio, who had accompanied her, said, "Give it not over so; return to him again, entreat him, kneel down before him, hang upon his gown. You are too cold; if you should need a pin, you could not with a more tame tongue desire it." Then again Isabel on her knees implored for mercy. "He is sentenced," said Angelo: "it is too late." "Too late!" said Isabel: "Why, no; I that do speak a word, may call it back again. Believe this, my lord, no ceremony that to great ones belongs, not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, the marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, becomes them with one half so good a grace as mercy does." "Pray you begone," said Angelo. But still Isabel entreated; and she said, "If my brother had been as you, and you as he, you might have slipped like him, but he like you would not have been so stern. I would to Heaven I had your power, and you were Isabel. Should it then be thus? No, I would tell you what it were to be a judge, and what a prisoner." "Be content, fair maid!" said Angelo: "it is the law, not I, condemns your brother. Were he my kinsman, my brother, or my son, it should be thus with him. He must die to-morrow." "To-morrow!" said Isabel: "Oh that is sudden: spare him, spare him; he is not

prepared for death. Even for our kitchens we kill the fowl in season; shall we serve Heaven with less respect than we minister to our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you, none have died for my brother's offence, though many have committed it. So you would be the first that gives this sentence, and he the first that suffers it. Go to your own bosom, my lord; knock there, and ask your heart what it does know that is like my brother's fault; if it confess a natural guiltiness such as his is, let it not sound a thought against my brother's life!" Her last words more moved Angelo than all she had before said; for the beauty of Isabel had raised a guilty passion in his heart, and he began to form thoughts of dishonourable love, such as Claudio's crime had been; and the conflict in his mind made him to turn away from Isabel: but she called him back, saying, "Gentle my lord, turn back; hark, how I will bribe you. Good my lord, turn back!" "How, bribe me!" said Angelo, astonished that she should think of offering him a bribe. "Ay," said Isabel, "with such gifts that Heaven itself shall share with you; not with golden treasures, or those glittering stones, whose price is either rich or poor as fancy values them, but with true prayers that shall be up to Heaven before sunrise—prayers from preserved souls, from fasting maids whose minds are dedicated to nothing temporal." "Well, come to me to-morrow," said Angelo. And for this short respite of her brother's life, and for this permission that she might be heard again, she left him with the joyful hope that she should at last prevail over his stern nature: and as she went away, she said, "Heaven keep your honour safe! Heaven save your honour!" Which when Angelo heard, he said within his heart, "Amen, I would be saved from thee and from thy virtues;" and then, affrighted at his own evil thoughts, he said, "What is this? What is this? Do I love her, that I desire to hear her speak again, and feast upon her eyes? What is it I dream on? The cunning enemy of mankind, to catch a saint, with saints does bait the hook. Never could an immodest woman once stir my temper, but this virtuous woman subdues me quite. Even till now, when men were fond, I smiled and wondered at them."

In the guilty conflict in his mind Angelo suffered more that night, than the prisoner he had so severely sentenced; for in the prison Claudio was visited by the good duke, who in his friar's habit taught the young man the way to Heaven, preaching to him the words of penitence and peace. But Angelo felt all the pang of *irresolute* guilt: now wishing to seduce Isabel from the paths of *innocence* and honour, and now suffering remorse and horror for a crime as yet but intentional. But in the end his evil thoug

prevailed; and he who had so lately started at the offer of a bribe, resolved to tempt this maiden with so high a bribe, as she might not be able to resist, even with the precious gift of her dear brother's life.

When Isabel came in the morning, Angelo desired she might be admitted alone to his presence: and being there, he said to her, if she would yield to him her virgin honour, and transgress even as Juliet had done with Claudio, he would give her her brother's life: "For," said he, "I love you, Isabel." "My brother," said Isabel, "did so love Juliet, and yet you tell me he shall die for it." "But," said Angelo, "Claudio shall not die, if you will consent to visit me by stealth at night, even as Juliet left her father's house at night to come to Claudio." Isabel, in amazement at his words, that he should tempt her to the same fault for which he passed sentence of death upon her brother, said, "I would do as much for my poor brother as for myself; that is, were I under sentence of death, the impression of keen whips I would wear as rubies, and go to my death as to a bed that longing I had been sick for, ere I would yield myself up to this shame." And then she told him, she hoped he only spoke these words to try her virtue. But he said, "Believe me on my honour, my words express my purpose." Isabel, angered to the heart to hear him use the word Honour to express such dishonourable purposes, said, "Ha! little honour, to be much believed; and most pernicious purpose. I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for it! Sign me a present pardon for my brother, or I will tell the world aloud what man thou art!" "Who will believe you, Isabel?" said Angelo; "my unsullied name, the austereness of my life, my word vouched against yours, will outweigh your accusation. Redeem your brother by yielding to my will, or he shall die to-morrow. As for you, say what you can, my false will outweigh your true story. Answer me to-morrow."

"To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, who would believe me?" said Isabel, as she went towards the dreary prison where her brother was confined. When she arrived there, her brother was in pious conversation with the duke, who, in his friar's habit had also visited Juliet, and brought both these guilty lovers to a proper sense of their fault; and unhappy Juliet with tears and a true remorse confessed, that she was more to blame than Claudio, in that she willingly consented to his dishonourable solicitations.

As Isabel entered the room where Claudio was confined, she said, "Peace be here, grace, and good company!" "Who is there?" said the disguised duke: "come in; the wish deserves a welcome." "My business is a word or two with Claudio," said

Isabel. Then the duke left them together, and desired the who had the charge of the prisoners, to place him where he could overhear their conversation.

"Now, sister, what is the comfort!" said Claudio. Is him he must prepare for death on the morrow. "Is remedy?" said Claudio. "Yes, brother," replied Isabel is; but such a one, as if you consented to it would s honour from you, and leave you naked." "Let me know t said Claudio. "O, I do fear you, Claudio!" replied h "and I quake, lest you should wish to live, and more re trifling term of six or seven winters added to your life, t perpetual honour! Do you dare to die? The sense of most in apprehension, and the poor beetle that we tread u a pang as great as when a giant dies." "Why do you this shame?" said Claudio. "Think you I can fetch a from flowery tenderness? If I must die, I will encoun ness as a bride, and hug it in my arms." "There s brother," said Isabel; "there my father's grave did utte voice. Yes, you must die; yet, would you think it, Cla outward sainted deputy, if I would yield to him my virg would grant your life. O, were it but my life, I would la for your deliverance as frankly as a pin!" "Thanks, dea said Claudio. "Be ready to die to-morrow," said Isabel. is a fearful thing," said Claudio. "And shamed life a replied his sister. But the thoughts of death now over constancy of Claudio's temper, and terrors, such as the g at their deaths do know, assailing him, he cried out, "Sw let me live! The sin you do to save a brother's life, n penses with the deed so far, that it becomes a virtue." "less coward! O dishonest wretch!" said Isabel: "would serve your life by your sister's shame? O fie, fie, fie! my brother, you had in you such a mind of honour, that twenty heads to render up on twenty blocks, you would ha them up all, before your sister should stoop to such di "Nay, hear me, Isabel!" said Claudio. But what he w said in defence of his weakness, in desiring to live by the of his virtuous sister, was interrupted by the entrance of who said, "Claudio, I have overheard what has passe you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose her: what he said, has only been to make trial of her v having the truth of honour in her, has given him the denial which he is most glad to receive. There is no he will pardon you; therefore pass your hours in prayer, ready for death." Then Claudio repented of his we

said, "Let me ask my sister's pardon! I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it." And Claudio retired, overwhelmed with shame and sorrow for his fault.

The duke being now alone with Isabel, commended her virtuous resolution, saying, "The hand that made you fair, has made you good." "O," said Isabel, "how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will discover his government." Isabel knew not that she was even now making the discovery she threatened. The duke replied, "That shall not be much amiss; yet as the matter now stands, Angelo will repel your accusation; therefore lend an attentive ear to my advisings. I believe that you may most righteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own most gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have notice of this business." Isabel said, She had a spirit to do any thing he desired, provided it was nothing wrong. "Virtue is bold, and never fearful," said the duke: and then he asked her, if she had ever heard of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who was drowned at sea. "I have heard of the lady," said Isabel, "and good words went with her name." "This lady," said the duke, "is the wife of Angelo; but her marriage dowry was on board the vessel in which her brother perished, and mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman! for, beside the loss of a most noble and renowned brother, who in his love towards her was ever most kind and natural, in the wreck of her fortune she lost the affections of her husband, the well-seeming Angelo; who pretending to discover some dishonour in this honourable lady (though the true cause was the loss of her dowry) left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort. His unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, has, like an impediment in the current, made it more unruly, and Mariana loves her cruel husband with the full continuance of her first affection." The duke then more plainly unfolded his plan. It was, that Isabel should go to lord Angelo, and seemingly consent to come to him as he desired, at midnight; that by this means she would obtain the promised pardon; and that Mariana should go in her stead to the appointment, and pass herself upon Angelo in the dark for Isabel. "Nor, gentle daughter," said the feigned friar, "fear you to do this thing; Angelo is her husband, and to bring them thus together is no sin." Isabel being pleased with this project, departed to do as he directed her; and he went to apprize Mariana of *their intention*. He had before this time visited this *unhappy lady in his* assumed character, giving her religious in-

struction and friendly consolation, at which times he had learnt her sad story from her own lips; and now she, looking upon him as a holy man, readily consented to be directed by him in this undertaking.

When Isabel returned from her interview with Angelo, to the house of Mariana, where the duke had appointed her to meet him, he said, "Well met, and in good time; what is the news from the good deputy?" Isabel related the manner in which she had settled the affair. "Angelo," said she, "has a garden surrounded with brick wall, on the western side of which is a vineyard, and to the vineyard is a gate." And then she showed to the duke and Mariana two keys that Angelo had given her; and she said, "The bigger key opens the vineyard gate; this other a little door which leads from the vineyard to the garden. There I have made a promise at the dead of night to call upon him, and have got from him his word of assurance for my brother's life. I have taken due and wary note of the place; and with whispering and meek guilty diligence he showed me the way twice over." "Are there no other tokens agreed upon between you, that Mariana may observe?" said the duke. "No, none," said Isabel, "only to come when it is dark. I have told him my time can be but short; for I have made him think a servant comes along with me, and that that servant is persuaded I come about my brother." The duke commended her discreet management, and she, turning to Mariana said, "Little have you to say to Angelo, when you depart from him, but soft and low, *Remember now my brother!*"

Mariana was that night conducted to the appointed place. Isabel, who rejoiced that she had, as she supposed, by this device preserved both her brother's life and her own honour. But till her brother's life was safe the duke was not well satisfied, and therefore at midnight he again repaired to the prison, and it was with regard to Claudio that he did so, else would Claudio have that night been beheaded; for soon after the duke entered the prison, an order came from the cruel deputy, commanding that Claudio should beheaded, and his head sent to him by five o'clock in the morning. But the duke persuaded the provost to put off the execution of Claudio, and to deceive Angelo, by sending him the head of a man who died that morning in the prison. And to prevail upon the provost to agree to this, the duke, whom still the provost suspected not to be any thing more or greater than he seemed, showed the provost a letter written with the duke's hand, and sealed with a seal, which when the provost saw, he concluded this friar must have some secret order from the absent duke, and therefore

consented to spare Claudio ; and he cut off the dead man's head, and carried it to Angelo.

Then the duke, in his own name, wrote to Angelo a letter, saying that certain accidents had put a stop to his journey, and that he should be in Vienna by the following morning, requiring Angelo to meet him at the entrance of the city, there to deliver up his authority ; and the duke also commanded it to be proclaimed, that if any of his subjects craved redress for injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street on his first entrance into the city.

Early in the morning Isabel came to the prison, and the duke, who there awaited her coming, for secret reasons thought it good to tell her that Claudio was beheaded : therefore when Isabel inquired if Angelo had sent the pardon for her brother, he said, " Angelo has released Claudio from this world. His head is off, and sent to the deputy." The much-grieved sister cried out, " O unhappy Claudio, wretched Isabel, injurious world, most wicked Angelo !" The seeming friar bid her take comfort, and when she was become a little calm, he acquainted her with the near prospect of the duke's return, and told her in what manner she should proceed in preferring her complaint against Angelo ; and he bade her not to fear if the cause should seem to go against her for a while. Leaving Isabel sufficiently instructed, he next went to Mariana, and gave her counsel in what manner she also should act.

Then the duke laid aside his friar's habit, and in his own royal robes, amidst a joyful crowd of his faithful subjects, assembled to greet his arrival, entered the city of Vienna, where he was met by Angelo, who delivered up his authority in the proper form. And there came Isabel, in the manner of a petitioner for redress, and said, " Justice, most royal duke ! I am the sister of one Claudio, who for the seducing a young maid was condemned to lose his head. I made my suit to lord Angelo for my brother's pardon. It were needless to tell your grace how I prayed and kneeled, how he repelled me, and how I replied ; for this was of much length. The vile conclusion I now begin with grief and shame to utter. Angelo would not, but by my yielding to his dishonourable love, release my brother ; and after much debate within myself, my sisterly remorse overcame my virtue, and I did yield to him. But the next morning betimes, Angelo, forfeiting his promise, sent a warrant for my poor brother's head !" The duke affected to disbelieve her story ; and Angelo said that grief for her brother's death, who had suffered by the due course of the law, had disordered her senses. And now another *sutor* approached, which was Mariana ; and Mariana said, " Noble prince, as there comes light from heaven, and truth from

breath, as there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue, I am this man's wife, and, my good lord, the words of Isabel are false, for the night she says she was with Angelo, I passed that night with him in the garden-house. As this is true, let me in safety rise, or else for ever be fixed here a marble monument." Then did Isabel appeal for the truth of what she had said to friar Lodowick, that being the name the duke had assumed in his disguise. Isabel and Mariana had both obeyed his instructions in what they said, the duke intending that the innocence of Isabel should be plainly proved in that public manner before the whole city of Vienna; but Angelo little thought that it was from such a cause that they thus differed in their story, and he hoped from their contradictory evidence to be able to clear himself from the accusation of Isabel; and he said, assuming the look of offended innocence, "I did but smile till now; but, good my lord, my patience here is touched, and I perceive these poor distracted women are but the instruments of some greater one, who sets them on. Let me have way, my lord, to find this practice out." "Ay, with all my heart," said the duke, "and punish them to the height of your pleasure. You, lord Escalus, sit with lord Angelo, lend him your pains to discover this abuse; the friar is sent for that set them on, and when he comes, do with your injuries as may seem best in any chastisement. I for a while will leave you, but stir not you, lord Angelo, till you have well determined upon this slander. The duke then went away, leaving Angelo well pleased to be deputed judge and umpire in his own cause. But the duke was absent only while he threw off his royal robes and put on his friar's habit; and in that disguise again he presented himself before Angelo and Escalus: and the good old Escalus, who thought Angelo had been falsely accused, said to the supposed friar, "Come, sir, did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo?" He replied, "Where is the duke? It is he should hear me speak." Escalus said, "The duke is in us, and we will hear you. Speak justly." "Boldly at least," retorted the friar; and then he blamed the duke for leaving the cause of Isabel in the hands of him she had accused, and spoke so freely of many corrupt practices he had observed, while, as he said, he had been a looker-on in Vienna, that Escalus threatened him with the torture for speaking words against the state, and for censuring the conduct of the duke, and ordered him to be taken away to prison. Then, to the amazement of all present, and to the utter confusion of Angelo, the supposed friar threw off his disguise, and they saw it was the duke himself.

The duke first addressed Isabel. He said to her, "Come hither, Isabel. Your friar is now your prince, but with my habit I have

not changed my heart. I am still devoted to your service." "O give me pardon," said Isabel, "that I, your vassal, have employed and troubled your unknown sovereignty." He answered that he had most need of forgiveness from her, for not having prevented the death of her brother—for not yet would he tell her that Claudio was living; meaning first to make a farther trial of her goodness. Angelo now knew the duke had been a secret witness of his bad deeds, and he said, "O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, to think I can be undiscernible, when I perceive your grace, like power divine, has looked upon my actions. Then, good prince, no longer prolong my shame, but let my trial be my own confession. Immediate sentence and death is all the grace I beg." The duke replied, "Angelo, thy faults are manifest. We do condemn thee to the very block where Claudio stooped to death; and with like haste away with him; and for his possessions, Mariana, we do instate and widow you withal, to buy you a better husband." "O my dear lord," said Mariana, "I crave no other, nor no better man:" and then on her knees, even as Isabel had begged the life of Claudio, did this kind wife of an ungrateful husband beg the life of Angelo; and she said, "Gentle my liege, O good my lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part! Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I will lend you, all my life, to do you service!" The duke said, "Against all sense you importune her. Should Isabel kneel down to beg for mercy, her brother's ghost would break his paved bed, and take her hence in horror." Still Mariana said, "Isabel, sweet Isabel, do but kneel by me, hold up your hand, say nothing! I will speak all. They say, best men are moulded out of faults, and for the most part become much the better for being a little bad. So may my husband. Oh, Isabel, will you not lend a knee?" The duke then said, "He dies for Claudio." But much pleased was the good duke, when his own Isabel, from whom he expected all gracious and honourable acts, kneeled down before him, and said, "Most bounteous sir, look, if it please you, on this man condemned, as if my brother lived. I partly think a due sincerity governed his deeds, till he did look on me. Since it is so, let him not die! My brother had but justice, in that he did the thing for which he died."

The duke, as the best reply he could make to this noble petitioner for her enemy's life, sending for Claudio from his prison-house, where he lay doubtful of his destiny, presented to her this lamented brother living; and he said to Isabel, "Give me your hand, Isabel; for your lovely sake I pardon Claudio. Say you will be mine, and he shall be my brother too." By this time lord Angelo perceived he was safe; and the duke observing his eye to brighten up

a little, said, "Well, Angelo, look that you love your wife; worth has obtained your pardon: joy to you, Mariana! I her, Angelo! I have confessed her, and know her virtue." Angelo remembered, when dressed in a little brief authority, hard his heart had been, and felt how sweet is mercy.


The duke commanded Claudio to marry Juliet, and offered himself again to the acceptance of Isabel, whose virtuous and conduct had won her prince's heart. Isabel, not having taken veil, was free to marry; and the friendly offices, while hid under the disguise of a humble friar, which the noble duke had done for her, made her with grateful joy accept the honour he offered her; and when she became duchess of Vienna, the excellent example of the virtuous Isabel worked such a complete reformation among the young ladies of that city, that from that time none fell into the transgression of Juliet, the repentant wife of the deformed Claudio. And the mercy-loving duke long reigned his beloved Isabel, the happiest of husbands and of princes.

THE FISHERMAN.

A perilous life, and sad as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea,
In the wild waters labouring, far from home,
For some bleak pittance e'er compell'd to roam!
Few friends to cheer him through his dangerous life,
And none to aid him in the stormy strife:
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare;
Without the comfort, hope—with scarce a friend,
He looks through life, and only sees—its end!

Eternal Ocean! Old majestic Sea!
Ever love I from shore to look on thee,
And sometimes on thy billowy back to ride,
And sometimes o'er thy summer breast to glide:
But let me *live* on land—where rivers run,
Where shady trees may screen me from the sun;
Where I may feel, *secure*, the fragrant air;
Where (whate'er toil or wearying pains I bear)
Those eyes which look away all human ill
May shed on me their still, sweet constant light,
And the little hearts I love may (day and night)
Be found beside me safe and clustering still!

BARRY CORNWALL



THE GOOD WOMAN.

IN a pleasant and not unpicturesque valley of the White Knight's Country, at the foot of the Galtee mountains, lived Larry Dodd and his wife Nancy. They rented a cabin and a few acres of land, which they cultivated with great care, and its crops rewarded their industry. They were independent, and respected by their neighbours; they loved each other in a marriageable sort of way, and few couples had altogether more the appearance of comfort about them.

Larry was a hard working, and, occasionally, a hard drinking, Dutch-built, little man, with a fiddle head and a round stern; a steady-going straight-forward fellow, barring when he carried too much whiskey, which, it must be confessed, might occasionally prevent his walking the chalked line with perfect philomathical accuracy. He had a moist ruddy countenance, rather inclined to an expression of gravity, and particularly so in the morning; but, taken all together, he was generally looked upon as a marvellously proper person, notwithstanding he had, every day in the year, a sort of unholy dew upon his face, even in the coldest weather, which gave rise to a supposition, (amongst censorious persons, of course,) that Larry was apt to indulge in strong and frequent potations. However, all men of talents have their faults—indeed, who is without them?—and as Larry, setting aside his domestic virtues and skill in farming, was decidedly the most distinguished breaker of horses for forty miles round, he must be in some degree excused, considering the inducements of “the stirrup cup,” and the fox-hunting society in which he mixed, if he had also been the greatest drunkard in the county—but in truth this was not the case.

Larry was a man of mixed habits, as well in his mode of life and his drink, as in his costume. His dress accorded well with his character—a sort of half-and-half between farmer and horse-jockey. He wore a blue coat of coarse cloth, with short skirts, and a stand-up collar; his waistcoat was red, and his lower habiliments were made of leather, which in course of time had shrunk so much that they fitted like a second skin, and long use had absorbed their moisture to such a degree that they made a strange sort of crackling noise as he walked along. A hat covered with oil-skin; a cutting whip, all worn and jagged at the end; a pair of second-hand, or, to speak more correctly, second-footed, greasy top-boots, that seemed never to have imbibed a refreshing draught of Warren's

* From ‘*Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland.*’

blackening of matchless lustre!—and one spur without a rowel, completed the every-day dress of Larry Dodd.

Thus equipped was Larry returning from Cashel, mounted on a rough-coated and wall-eyed nag, though, notwithstanding these and a few other trifling blemishes, a well-built animal; having just purchased the said nag with a fancy that he could make his own money again of his bargain, and, may be, turn an odd penny more by it at the ensuing Kildorrery fair. Well pleased with himself, he trotted fair and easy along the road, in the delicious and lingering twilight of a lovely June evening, thinking of nothing at all, only whistling, and wondering would horses always be so low. "If they go at this rate," said he to himself, "for half nothing, and that paid in butter buyer's notes, who would be the fool to walk?" This very thought, indeed, was passing in his mind, when his attention was roused by a woman pacing quickly by the side of his horse; and hurrying on, as if endeavouring to reach her destination before the night closed in. Her figure, considering the long strides she took, appeared to be under the common size—rather of the dumpy order; but further, as to whether the damsel was young or old, fair or brown, pretty or ugly, Larry could form no precise notion from her wearing a large cloak (the usual garb of the female Irish peasant), the hood of which was turned up, and completely concealed every feature.

Enveloped in this mass of dark and concealing drapery, the strange woman, without much exertion, contrived to keep up with Larry Dodd's steed for some time, when his master very civilly offered her a lift behind him, as far as he was going her way. "Civility begets civility," they say; however he received no answer; and thinking that the lady's silence proceeded only from bashfulness, like a man of true gallantry, not a word more said Larry until he pulled up by the side of a gap, and then says he, "*Ma colleen beg,** just jump up behind me, without a word more, though never a one have you spoke, and I'll take you safe and sound through the lonesome bit of road that is before us."

She jumped at the offer, sure enough, and up with her on the back of the horse as light as a feather. In an instant there she was seated behind Larry, with her hand and arm buckled round his waist holding on.

"I hope you're comfortable there, my dear," said Larry, in his own good-humoured way; but there was no answer; and on they went—trot, trot, trot—along the road; and all was so still and so quiet that you might have heard the sound of the hoofs on the

* My little girl.

limestone a mile off: for that matter there was nothing else to hear except the moaning of a distant stream, that kept up a continued *crumanc*,* like a nurse *hushoing*. Larry, who had a keen ear, did not however require so profound a silence to detect the click of one of the shoes. "'Tis only loose the shoe is," said he to his companion, as they were just entering on the lonesome bit of road of which he had before spoken. Some old trees, with huge trunks, all covered, and irregular branches festooned with ivy, grew over a dark pool of water, which had been formed as a drinking-place for cattle; and in the distance was seen the majestic head of Galtee-more. Here the horse, as if in grateful recognition, made a dead halt; and Larry, not knowing what vicious tricks his new purchase might have, and unwilling that through any odd chance the young woman should get *spilt* in the water, dismounted, thinking to lead the horse quietly by the pool.

"By the piper's luck, that always found what he wanted," said Larry, recollecting himself, "I've a nail in my pocket: 'tis not the first time I've put on a shoe, and maybe it won't be the last; for here is no want of paving-stones to make hammers in plenty."

No sooner was Larry off, than off with a spring came the young woman just at his side. Her feet touched the ground without making the least noise in life, and away she bounded like an ill-mannered wench, as she was, without saying "By your leave," or no matter what else. She seemed to glide rather than run, not along the road, but across a field, up towards the old ivy-covered walls of Kilnaslattery church—and a pretty church it was.

"Not so fast, if you please, young woman—not so fast," cried Larry, calling after her; but away she ran, and Larry followed, his leathern garment, already described, crack, crick, crackling at every step he took. "Where's my wages?" said Larry: "*Thorum pag ma colleen oge*,"—sure I've earned a kiss from your pair of pretty lips—and I'll have it too!" But she went on faster and faster, regardless of these and other flattering speeches from her pursuer; at last she came to the churchyard wall, and then over with her in an instant.

"Well, she's a mighty smart creature any-how. To be sure, how neat she steps upon her pasterns! Did any one ever see the like of that before;—but I'll not be baulked by any woman that ever wore a head, or any ditch either," exclaimed Larry, as with a desperate bound he vaulted, scrambled, and tumbled over the wall into the churchyard. Up he got from the elastic sod of a newly made grave

* A monotonous song; a drowsy humming noise.

† Give me a kiss, my young girl.

in which Tade Leary that morning was buried—rest his soul!—and on went Larry, stumbling over head-stones, and foot-stones, over old graves and new graves, pieces of coffins, and the skulls and bones of dead men—the Lord save us!—that were scattered about there as plenty as paving-stones; floundering amidst great overgrown dock-leaves and brambles, that, with their long prickly arms, tangled round his limbs, and held him back with a fearful grasp. Meantime the merry wench in the cloak moved through all these obstructions as evenly and as gaily as if the churchyard, crowded up as it was with graves and gravestones (for people came to be ousied there from far and near), had been the floor of a dancing-room. Round and round the walls of the old church she went. “I’ll just wait,” said Larry, seeing this, and thinking it all nothing but a trick to frighten him; “when she comes round again, if I don’t take the kiss, I won’t, that’s all,—and here she is!” Larry Dodd sprung forward with open arms, and clasped in them—a woman it is true—but a woman without any lips to kiss, by reason of her having no head!

“Murder!” cried he. “Well, that accounts for her not speaking.” Having uttered these words, Larry himself became dumb with fear and astonishment; his blood seemed turned to ice, and a dizziness came over him; and staggering like a drunken man, he rolled against the broken window of the ruin, horrified at the conviction that he had actually held a Dullahan in his embrace!

When he recovered to something like a feeling of consciousness, he slowly opened his eyes, and then, indeed, a scene of wonder burst upon him. In the midst of the ruin stood an old wheel of torture, ornamented with heads, like Cork gaol, when the heads of Murty Sullivan and other gentlemen were stuck upon it. This was plainly visible in the strange light which spread itself around. It was fearful to behold, but Larry could not choose but look, for his limbs were powerless through the wonder and the fear. Useless as it was he would have called for help, but his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and not one word could he say. In short, there was Larry gazing through a shattered window of the old church, with eyes bleared and almost starting from their sockets; his breast rested on the thickness of the wall, over which, on one side, his head and outstretched neck projected, and on the other, although one toe touched the ground, it derived no support from thence: terror, as it were, kept him balanced. Strange noises assailed his ears, until at last they tingled painfully to the sharp clatter of little bells which kept up a continued ding—ding—ding—ding; marrowless bones rattled and clanked, and the deep and solemn sound of a great bell came booming on the night wind.

'Twas a spectre rung
That bell when it swung—
Swing-awang!
And the chain it squeaked,
And the pulley creaked,
Swing-awang!

And with every roll
Of the deep death toll,
Ding-dong!
The hollow vault rang
As the clapper went bang,
Ding-dong!

It was strange music to dance by; nevertheless, moving to it, round and round the wheel set with skulls, were well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and soldiers and sailors, and priests and publicans, and jockeys and jennies, but all without their heads. Some poor skeletons, whose bleached bones were ill covered by moth-eaten palls, and who were not admitted into the ring, amused themselves by bowling their brainless noddles at one another, which seemed to enjoy the sport beyond measure.

Larry did not know what to think; his brains were all in a mist, and losing the balance which he had so long maintained, he fell headforemost into the midst of the company of Dullahans.

"I'm done for and lost for ever," roared Larry, with his heels turned towards the stars, and souse down he came.

"Welcome, Larry Dodd, welcome," cried every head, bobbing up and down in the air. "A drink for Larry Dodd!" shouted they, as with one voice, that quavered like a shake on the bagpipes. No sooner said than done, for a player at heads catching his own, as it was bowled at him, for fear of his going astray, jumped up, put the head without a word under his left arm, and with the right stretched out, presented a brimming cup to Larry, who, to show his manners, drank it off like a man.

"'Tis capital stuff," he would have said, which surely it was, but he got no further than cap, when decapitated was he, and his head began dancing over his shoulders like those of the rest of the party. Larry, however, was not the first man who lost his head through the temptation of looking at the bottom of a brimming cup. Nothing more did he remember clearly, for it seems body and head being parted is not very favourable to thought, but a great hurry scurry, with the noise of carriages and the crackling of whips.

When his senses returned, his first act was to put up his hand to where his head formerly grew, and to his great joy there he found

it still. He then shook it gently, but his head remained firm enough, and somewhat assured at this, he proceeded to open his eyes and look around him. It was broad day-light, and in the old church of Kilnaslattery he found himself lying with that head, the loss of which he had anticipated, quietly resting, poor youth, "up on the lap of earth." Could it have been an ugly dream? "O no," said Larry, "a dream could never have brought me here stretched on the flat of my back, with the death's head and cro-marrow bones formenting me on the fine old tombstone there that was *faced** by Pat Kearney of Kilcrea—but where is the horse? He got up slowly, every joint aching with pain from the bruises he had received, and went to the pool of water, but no horse was there. "'Tis home I must go," said Larry, with a rueful countenance; "but how will I face Nancy?—what will I tell her about the horse, and the seven I. O. U.'s that he cost me?—'Tis them Dull Hans that have made their own of him from me—the horsetealing robbers of the world, that have no fear of the gallows!—but what's gone is gone, that's a clear case!"—so saying, he turned his steps homewards, and arrived at his cabin about noon without encountering any further adventures. There he found Nancy, who, as he expected, looked as black as a thunder-cloud at him for being out at night. She listened to the marvellous relation which he gave with exclamations of astonishment, and when he had concluded, of grief at the loss of the horse that he had paid for like an honest man I. O. U.'s, three of which she knew to be as good as gold.

"But what took you up to the old church at all, out of the road and at that time of the night, Larry?" inquired his wife.

Larry looked like a criminal for whom there was no reprieve: scratched his head for an excuse, but not one could he muster up so he knew not what to say.

"Oh! Larry, Larry," muttered Nancy, after waiting some time for his answer, her jealous fears during the pause rising like barriers—" 'tis the very same way with you as with any other man—you are all alike for that matter—I've no pity for you—but confess the truth!"

Larry shuddered at the tempest which he perceived was about to break upon his devoted head. "Nancy," said he, "I do confess:—it was a young woman without any head that——"

His wife heard no more. "A woman I knew it was," cried she, "but a woman without a head, Larry!—well it is long before Nancy Gollagher ever thought it would come to that with her! that she would be left dissolute and alone here by her *baste* of

* *Faced*, so written by the Chantry of Kilcrea for "fecit."

"And, for a woman without a head!—O father, father! and O mother, mother! it is well you are low to-day!—that you don't see this affliction and disgrace to your daughter that you reared decent and tender. O Larry, you villain, you'll be the death of your lawful wife going after such O—O—O—"

"Well," says Larry, putting his hands in his coat-pockets, "least said is soonest mended. Of the young woman I know no more than I do of Moll Flanders; but this I know, that a woman without a head may well be called a Good Woman, because she has no tongue!"

How this remark operated on the matrimonial dispute, history does not inform us. It is however reported that the lady had the last word.

THE RISING OF THE NILE.

Rich is the earth in streams,
O'er the green land unnumbered waters glide;
But brighter than the rest thy current gleams,
Egyptian tide!
'Time throws no shadow on thy silver crown,
O river of renown!

Rich are the ancient shores,
Made fertile by the flow, in piles that stand
To point how far the feeble spirit soars
Above the land:
Thy wave sublime o'ersweeps the marvellous ground,
A marvel more profound.

The Pyramids are there;
Yet once the sunshine fell upon the spot
On which they stand: forth went thy current fair,
And found them not.
Old as the earth they seem, but thou wert old
Ere man conceived their mould.

And when the traveller's eye
Shall find these sculptured glories (as it will)
Crumbled and dim, thy sands shall not be dry,
But sparkle still:
Along thy shores their ancient dust may fall,
But thou shalt flow o'er all.

Like sunshine on his sleep,
 Thy fountain flashed on the Explorer's sight.
 Oh! transport (won with toil), to see thee leap
 Into the light;
 The cradling turf to press—to stoop and drink,
 And breathe on that far brink!

But high and higher still,
 The wizard-water flows from hour to hour,
 Encircling rainless cities—as a rill
 Circles a flower:
 Behold, o'er all it flows—o'er branch and plain,
 That long had pined for rain.

And thousands at the sight,
 Childhood and holy age, have sought the brim
 Fringed by the lotus-lilies, blue and white,
 With heart and hymn
 To bless the rising river (come to save),
 And worship the fond wave.

The palace and the plough
 Are both forsaken; maidens from the banks
 Descend to bathe; others, with song and vow,
 Wind on in ranks;
 And still, o'er all the breezeless tide, the air
 Echoes some pealing prayer.

A hundred times the morn
 Hath tinged the living flood; which now rolls back
 Leaving rich verdure upon fields forlorn,
 Flowers on its track,
 Green health and plenty on the parched land,
 And fruit—on what was sand.

Howe'er thy rise be traced—
 If to Etesian air, that seaward blows;
 Or the wild rush, through many a sunny waste,
 Of Libyan snows;
 Such art thou now, O Nile! and such of old—
 Richer than streams of gold!

Delicious as at first,
 As in that early time, thy ripples run,
 When he who at the Nile allayed his thirst,
 Was Egypt's son;
 And when, where'er its sacred streams were found
 That was Egyptian ground!

LANAN BLANC.

THE LOST FRIEND.*

Oh, known the earliest, and esteemed the most,
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear !
 Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here !
 And morn in secret shall renew the tear
 Of consciousness awaking to her woes,
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
 And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

BYRON.

y younger days I visited the capital of Ireland, in company friend, whom I shall call Walsingham—a youth of rare superior acquirements, and generous disposition. We had sociates from infancy ; our parents had been on terms of ip prior to our birth ; the same preceptors had superintend-education ; and, to crown all, a similarity of pursuit, in riper served to bind us more closely together. For my own part, hed for Walsingham a regard nothing short of fraternal—a which I calculated on his one day claiming as his right, in ence of an alliance eagerly sought by him, and anticipated asure by all concerned ; and, on his side, it seemed the study fe to prove the sincerity and strength of his affection for me ie.

motives for visiting Ireland, at the period I allude to, were those of curiosity. Both had a passion for roaming, in order fy which, we had penetrated into the most retired fastnesses cottish Highlands—had visited the barren rocks of Zetland kneyn—and, latterly, nearly the whole of the Hebrides, from which (Islay) we ran across in a fishing skiff to the Irish nd after a due examination of the wonders of the Giant's ay, proceeded on to Dublin, with the intention of concluding racted excursion by a survey of that metropolis.

gh we carried introductions to several families in Dublin, consequence, had many pressing invitations to throw ourn private hospitality, we uniformly declined civilities that ed to curtail our liberty. We had entered on the excursion, the purpose of hunting out good cheer and frivolous amuse-ut to store our minds with information regarding the dis- traversed ; therefore, any engagements militating against suit were studiously avoided. True it is, that now and then ing was devoted to a lively party ; but the day was invaria-

From 'Tales of a Pilgrim.' By the late Alex. Sutherland.

bly spent in rambling round, or in examining objects worthy of observation within the metropolis. It was the indulgence of these prying, inquisitive habits, which eventually occasioned the misfortune I lament, and for ever interrupted my search after knowledge.

One day, on our way to the outskirts of the city, it chanced that we had to pass near to a church, remarkable, as we had been previously told, for the extensive vaults beneath it—most of which were appropriated for the reception of some of the noblest families in the realm. The doors of the edifice stood open inviting us to enter; and a short consultation with the sexton, whom we encountered in the porch, induced us to accept the invitation. The entrance into the vaults was at that moment unobstructed, the remains of a person of note being to be laid within them on the ensuing day; and, for a trifling gratuity, the porter of these dreary mansions agreed to let us behold them. Constitutionally gloomy, and looking upon everything in nature with the eye of a moralist and a poet, Walsingham expressed delight at his acquiescence; but the triumph of the grave was to me always a painful sight, and I followed unwillingly, and with a faltering step.

As we had been led to expect, we found the vaults capacious, and, from their branching off into various compartments, more like the catacombs of a great city, than places reserved for the interment of a few families. A cold damp air, sluggish and perceptibly unwholesome, saluted us on our entrance; and, sunk far below the surface of the ground, and remote from noisy streets, no sound disturbed the silence of the vaults, save ever and anon, when the crash of rotten boards and fleshless bones told that the noxious rat had taken up its abode among the coffins of the dead. The rat was a creature I instinctively detested; and the proximity of one of the species was of itself sufficient at any time to unnerve me; it was no ways surprising, therefore, that the pattering of multitudes, on the hollow-sounding shells that doubtless contained the food they subsisted on, created in my mind disgust towards the place. Walsingham, from feeling none of this intuitive horror, betrayed an evident unwillingness to give way to my entreaties, and depart with his curiosity ungratified; but, accustomed to acquiesce in whatever I proposed, he at length complied, and we speedily regained the world above, and the pure air of heaven. At parting, my companion put some brief question to the sexton; but, exulting in my liberation, I gave no heed to a circumstance so trivial.

During the excursion which this occurrence had induced us for a short space to procrastinate, Walsingham frequently reverted to the subject of the vaults—sometimes jesting with me on my pusillanimity in regard to vermin, at others moralising over what he

had recently beheld, in that sublime and eloquent strain of declamation for which he was remarkable. An accident I met with in the course of the day, however, changed the current of his thoughts. In scrambling over the rocks on the northern shore of the bay—to which we had directed our steps—I chanced to make an unlucky stumble, and so severely sprained my ankle, as to oblige us to conclude our ramble by a ride back to Dublin in a post chaise.

On the ensuing day, my twisted joint continued to give me acute pain, and the swelling had increased so prodigiously as to preclude all attempts at exertion. A surgeon was called in to examine it; and inferring from his declaration that I had to calculate on close confinement for at least a week, I entreated Walsingham not to let me draw too largely on his good nature, but to seek out of doors what amusement he listed, and only become my companion when he had nothing more interesting to occupy his time. After some demur, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and in a cursory way, he mentioned that he would take a short saunter in the course of the morning. In a few minutes he got up, took his hat, and with an assurance that two hours would be the duration of his absence, departed. It was the last time I looked upon him in life.

The two hours passed—dinner was served—long left untasted, and at length eaten with reluctance, and petulant reflections on his want of punctuality. Tea and supper in like manner appeared and vanished without his partaking of either; and finally, towards midnight, I saw myself under the necessity of retiring, without having an opportunity of exchanging the friendly expressions with which we usually separated. Then, and not till then, did my heart mis-give me, and a qualm of sickening apprehension pervade my frame. Dublin I knew to be a city noted for ruffian acts, and overrun with desperadoes given to robbery, and the shedding of blood: in his solitary wanderings my friend might have encountered a foot-pad; that he would endeavour to repel force by force, I could securely calculate on; and of the consequences of such temerity I trembled to think. Be this as it might, however, I had no means of relieving my anxiety. My injured limb fettered me to my apartment, and no other procedure was left but to seek my pillow, supported by the hope that some juvenile frolic had tempted him to overstep the boundaries of prudence, and that on the morrow he would meet me at breakfast, ashamed of his indiscretion, but unharmed by either bludgeon or knife. Such was the mode of reasoning by which I sought to cheat an anxious mind, but it failed to secure me sound repose. All night I tossed restlessly on my bed—now racking my brain with vague suppositions, or *heaving* *breathless* for the peal that was to announce his arrival;

anon enduring, in broken sleep, all the misery inflicted by extravagant and terrific dreams—those tormentors of the care-worn and sorrow-anticipating heart.

The morning arrived, but my friend arrived not with it; and though the light of day communicated a portion of hope for my sinking spirits, the anxiety I experienced continued of the most painful description. Holding myself as guilty of unpardonable negligence were I longer to hesitate in instituting inquiries regarding him, I wrote a few hurried lines to a gentleman who had been conspicuously attentive to us both; and in a short time had the satisfaction of seeing him appear, eager to assist me in whatever way we should think advisable. He strenuously recommended our immediate application to the police, at the same time volunteering to make it; and being unable to hit on a preferable expedient, I thankfully assented, and he set off on his mission.

Conscious that measures were in train to effect the restoration of my friend, I felt somewhat easier during the absence of my agent; but, the moment he re-appeared, my apprehensions of somewhat fatal having occurred returned with tenfold strength, for news of evil import sat depicted on his face. He had been to the headquarters of the police, and had made known his errand, but no elucidatory information had been tendered him in lieu; during the time he was unavoidably detained, however, a circumstance had taken place which promised to explain but too clearly the cause of Walsingham's mysterious disappearance. A man had come forward, and given testimony, that in the course of the foregoing night he had heard loud cries of murder proceeding from one of the bridges—that he had ventured as near to the spot as regard for his own safety warranted, and, while lying in ambush, beheld a band of ruffians consign to the waters of the river the body of a man whom they had doubtless plundered and massacred. To me this tale carried conviction the moment I was made acquainted with it. I had no hesitation in acknowledging Walsingham as the unfortunate therein described; and tears of anguish coursed down my cheeks, as hope took flight for ever. My Irish acquaintance showed every desire to sympathise with and console me; but the task was beyond his power. The only circumstance that afforded any solace was the assurance that the police would use every means to bring to condign punishment the authors of so barbarous a crime; and that no exertion would be spared to recover the body of the murdered man, and procure its identification. That painful office, I was aware, would devolve on me, as would the heart-breaking duty of communicating his untimely end to those who, like myself, were to *forget his worth only when their hearts forgot to beat.*

Several days full of wretchedness waned over ; my sprain became sufficiently reduced to admit of my going abroad ; but neither the murderers nor the murdered had, in the interim, been discovered, though the vigilance of the police had suffered no relaxation, and the river, in the immediate vicinity of the fatal bridge, had been several times trolled with grappling irons. At length I was given to understand that the body was found, and awaited my identification. It may easily be supposed that I required not a second summons to hurry off, in order to fulfil this the last duty, save one, I had to perform towards the departed. With knees knocking against each other, and tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth, I approached the bier on which lay the insensate remains. One of the attendants slowly rolled back the cloth that concealed them ; and with the resolute stare of desperation, I fixed my eyes on the death-set features. With what sudden revulsion did the blood rush back to my heart, when I beheld a countenance totally unknown, and so different from the mild and benignant lineaments of my friend, as to assure me, at a glance, that I was looking on a stranger ! It was the corpse of a man of stout, athletic frame ; his apparel, though soiled and torn, betokening the gentleman, and his mustachioed lip the profession he belonged to. The blow of a bludgeon had beaten in his skull near to the left temple, and evidently proved the primary cause of death, though the tattered state of his dress declared he had maintained a protracted struggle for life. Who he was I left for others to discover. Grief had rendered me so selfish, that I looked upon it as quite immaterial to me whether he was the son of a lord or of a beggar, now that I had ascertained he was not the friend I bewailed. This conviction rekindled a spark of sickly hope within my breast ; and, in a state of mind impossible to describe, I hastened from the scene.

What was it that at such a moment directed my steps towards the identical church under which lay the vaults mentioned in the commencement of this narrative ? Was it chance—an involuntary impulse, that acted as my guide ? or did heaven, as a punishment for my want of due resignation, decree that I should be the wretched instrument of bringing to light the awful cause of my friend's mysterious disappearance ! Be this as it may, almost unconscious of the way I had sauntered, I found myself perambulating under the walls of the cemetery within whose confines the church was situated. The chime of the clock, as it told an hour, at length roused me from the gloomy reverie in which I had been absorbed ; and noticing that the gate, as on our former visit, stood a-jar, I mechanically turned into the inclosure. The sexton likewise, as before, was there, engaged in his mournful occupation ; and the

same undefinable impulse, which had thus impelled me to invade his dreary realm, tempted me to address him. In the course of a few brief observations, I came to learn that Walsingham had a second time visited the vaults, and that on the day succeeding our first visit, and at the hour when they received the remains of the noble personage for whom we had seen a receptacle preparing within their dark recesses. A pang struck to my heart as I listened; and it was not diminished by the narrator going on to say, that during the ceremony of inhumation, the mourners had been alarmed by finding that foul air of the most unwholesome nature filled some of the cavities; and that in consequence of several of the more inquisitive having nearly suffered death by suffocation, the whole had made a hurried retreat, and the door of entrance been forthwith shut. In a trembling voice I inquired if he had noticed my friend subsequent to the event? but on this point he could not take upon himself to give a decided answer. He was too much occupied at the moment—had too many things to attend to, to have time for remarking every strange face that surrounded him; but certain sure he was, that he (Walsingham) must have left the vaults at the time the general flight took place: at all events, no man in his sober senses would have voluntarily permitted himself to be closed up in such a den, with the choak-damp as his enemy, and the noisome rat as his companion.

This mode of reasoning had rationality on its side, but it did not satisfy me, for suspicions of fearful import began to take possession of my mind. I recalled to recollection Walsingham's inquisitive disposition—the gloomy pleasure he professed to derive from meditating among the bones of the dead—and, above all, the intense hold these subterraneous repositories seemed to have taken of his thoughts. Nor did it escape me that nearly a week had elapsed since all access to or from the vaults had been cut off; and, consequently, that all earthly succour could prove of no avail to whomever they might inclose. But to remain longer in doubt was greater agony than to ascertain the truth at once; and, holding out a handful of silver, in a tone between entreaty and command, I requested the sexton to give me admission into the sepulchres without delay. The man looked at the money—then at me—then at the money again—threw down his mattock, and pocketing the bribe with a self-satisfied grin, proceeded to gratify what he doubtless thought a very singular humour.

Now that the catastrophe of my tale approaches, the pen trembles in my feeble grasp; a cold shiver, such as the first breath from that charnel-house occasioned, creeps over me; and the smell of earthworms and vermin seems to prevail throughout the chamber in

which I write. In order to dissipate the perpetual darkness to which these subterraneous apartments were subjected, my conductor brought from his dwelling, to which he had been obliged to repair for the key, a lanthorn, containing a lighted candle; but the faint beam it shed barely seemed to display the grim features of the place. The galloping and pattering of many tiny feet, and the crash of rotten boards and mouldering bones, proclaimed the numerical strength of the legion of rats our entrance disturbed, and put to flight from their unholy carnival. All was gloom within; and the cadaverous blast that rushed forth as the door fell back, was of itself sufficient, at any other time, to have made me retreat in dismay; but now my friend was paramount in my thoughts, and elevating the lanthorn, which had been consigned to my charge, I strode resolutely into the vault. Suddenly my feet became entangled in what I at first conceived to be a bundle of withered faggots, and thrown off my equilibrium by the interruption, I tottered, and sank down on one-knee. In that moment, the light flashing from the lanthorn I carried, fell on, and allowed me to perceive that I had stumbled over a human skeleton—as fresh and white as if the surgeon's knife had newly done scraping the bones, save that here and there the green mildew of putrefaction displayed itself in unseemly blotches. A cry of horror escaped me as I gazed on the grinning teeth and empty sockets; and it was echoed by the sexton, as he pointed with astonishment to the hair that still remained on the but half-stript skull. From the few words he made use of, I could infer, that he conjectured some of the coffins had been wrenched open by the rats, and the corpse dragged out and devoured. To me this seemed a very improbable circumstance; but I was too much agitated by the terrible phantoms of my own imagination, to contradict a supposition I would gladly have embraced. In the end, he left me, in order to procure me more light and assistance, to replace the bones once more within the shell from which he fancied they had been torn.

My perturbation of mind, during his absence, is not to be described. As my tremulous hand, from time to time, caused the beams from the lanthorn to waver, and play on the fleshless visage at my feet, fancy rioted in horrors; and I found it impossible to divest myself of the idea, that the dark curling hair that still covered the scalp, bore a close resemblance to that which shaded the temples of Walsingham. I felt inexpressibly relieved when the trampling of feet and the flare of several torches announced the return of the sexton. A troop of gaping idlers followed him; but to these I gave no heed.

To look for the coffin which had been violated was our first ob-

ject; but the search proved unsuccessful—no fractured shell was to be discovered; and eventually the general attention was directed to gathering up the bones of the unknown. In doing this, a shout of wonder escaped the whole party, when it was discovered that the tattered habiliments of a man half enveloped them; and this was repeated with many exclamations of amazement, when the sexton held up to view a gold watch he had found in the fob of the pantaloons, which though gnawed in every direction, still clung round the skeleton limbs. How did my every nerve quiver, and the sickness of death fasten on my heart, when I recognized it to be the identical watch worn by Walsingham on the day of our separation! It was a family piece, not to be mistaken, from having the arms of his house raised on the external case; and, shrieking like a madman, I proceeded to search for other proofs, till I gradually identified the remais of his pocket-book, the buttons of his coat, and, in short, almost every shred that yet adhered to the fleshless bones. What preternatural power supported me throughout this soul harrowing scrutiny, I cannot take upon me to say, but when it concluded—when all the relics were raked together, and fully displayed to my starting eyeballs, the icy fingers of death seemed to crush my heart—I uttered a loud long cry of despair, and sunk down into happy forgetfulness.

How or where the bones of my friend were consigned to the earth, I never dared trust myself to ask, for during the first month that succeeded their discovery, reason might be said to totter on her throne. The Irish gentleman who had been so attentive in the commencement of my afflictions, superintended their inhumation; and, farther than ascertaining that the thing was done, I sought to know no more. It was years before I could with any degree of composure, speculate on the circumstances attendant on his death; and it need scarcely be said, that any additional light thrown upon an event so mysterious, was merely the offspring of conjecture. The most rational supposition was, that, while in one of the obscure recesses into which his curiosity would likely allure him, he had inhaled the pestilent atmosphere that reigned within them, suffered partial suffocation, and so been unable to make his escape with the crowd, when the panic became general. From this trance he had been roused either by the efforts of nature, or by the gnawing of the vermin that were on the watch to devour him, and so dragged himself to that door, which was closed between him and the world for ever. There he had died—in what manner the human mind revolts from ever supposing; and there did I, a miserable wretch, find his bones, stript by the teeth of disgusting vermin, and with the green mildew of the grave already beginning to corrode them.

STANZAS

ON VISITING THE VITRIFIED FORT IN GLEN NEVIS.*

I BEND in wonder o'er the living fountains,
Like a lone spirit of the cataract,
Or gaze athwart Lochaber's savage mountains,
Measuring the ern on her majestic track ;
Or with the hawk, high in these shadowy regions,
Nestle amid the tempest, and the gleam
Of sunny clouds that, ranged in glorious legions,
Float onward like the phantoms of a dream.

Fondly I list the far and wild commotion
Of the strong wind, as o'er the hill he skiffs ;
Or drink the music as the mighty ocean
Rings like the voice of God among the cliffs,
In joy I see the dim waves dance and brighten
Around the marble hem of many an isle,
And the eternal mountains rise and whiten
'Mid light's high tract and summer's crimson smile.

But, ah ! the song is hush'd along the meadow
Mute is the shepherd's pipe upon the hill,
And time moves o'er our mountains like a shadow
Bidding the magic of the harp be still ;
And silence, like the robe of death or slumber,
Falls round the green sides of each fairy glen,
And, save the ruin'd cot or cairn's gray lumber,
Nought tells that Scotland's deserts had their men.

Yes, men of hardihood—the boast of story—
Once moved in pride through these unpeopled vales ;
There Beauty built her summer bower, and Glory
Leant on his sword and listen'd to her tales ;
And Music had her songs, that will not wither ;
The Bard his harp-strings and prophetic thought ;
And on those dreary slopes of rock and heather
The voice of Cona sung and Fingal fought.

* This is one of those mysterious ramparts of the gray times of tradition which are sprinkled over the wildest districts of the Highlands. It stands out three miles up the glen, crowning a high and steep ridge, and within gunshot of Ben Nevis, which, rising sheer from the valley to the height of 900 feet, overlooks it like a range of naked and gigantic battlements, whose anacles are often hid in the clouds. The above desultory thoughts were suggested to the author during a tour which he made with a few of his friends through that romantic region, in the summer of 1831.

Gone are our shellings, and our towers are hvs
 No more the hunters gather in the hall,
 To rouse the red deer in the misty corrie,
 Or hit the eagle o'er the water-fall.
 The rising beams of hope may come and gather
 O'er other lands ;—they will not visit us ;
 The gray stone looking through the silent hea'
 That fort exclaims it was not always thus.

Fortalice ! couldst thou tell thy story,
 Thou wert worth a pilgrimage,
 Or light up the tales of glory,
 Written on Oblivion's page ;
 But alas ! the tree is wither'd,
 Where the flowers of fame did wave,
 And thy tribes have long been gather'd
 To that general vault, the grave.

Many a warrior has been foster'd
 On those sky-dividing hills ;
 Many an army has been muster'd
 Where that glen its stream distils.
 Seek ye for the blast that rages
 Through its own blue depths sublime ?
 Picture then their wars and sages
 From the awful waste of time

All their names—and all their doing—
 All their sorrows, joys, and tears—
 All their rapine and their ruin—
 Slumber in the gulf of years :
 All the sights and signs they saw on
 Nature's old and shrivel'd scroll,—
 Dim forgetfulness hath drawn
 His black mantle o'er the whole !

Here, perchance, some seer of Rona
 Bade the spell prophetic blaze,
 And the warrior bard of Cona
 Sang the tales of other days ;
 While the sons of toil and hazard
 Round the mighty minstrel stood,
 And the hunters of the desert
 Felt their rugged souls subdued.

Fingal, when the minstrel's measure
 Bade the pipe of battle cease,
 Here has spread the board of pleasure
 To the gray-hair'd men of peace.
 And the generous shell has bounded
 Round and round the stately throng
 Till the wilderness resounded
 To the Bard's undying song.

Here the heroes oft have revell'd
 In the carnage of the foe ;
 Here the dark boar has been levell'd
 By some strong unerring bow ;
 Here a thousand trumps were sounding
 When they spread the snowy sail,
 Riders of the blue sea, bounding
 To the aid of Innisfail.

Daylight still is spread in glory
 O'er each mountain's lordly crest,
 On the precipices hoary,
 Hawk and eagle have their nest ;
 And the high breeze crisps the river,
 Stars yet bless each lovely spot ;
 But those men are gone for ever,
 And the gray hill knows them not !

They had cares and griefs bewildering
 They had hopes, and fears, and thrall,
 They had wives, and homes, and children,—
 But the tomb has claim'd them all !
 They have felt each stern dejection
 Which comes o'er the bounding heart,
 And they proved the keen affliction
 In the bitter hour to part.

Like their sires, they quaff'd life's chalice,
 Like their sires, death laid them down,
 Where the men of cot and palace
 Mingle without grudge or frown.
 Sorrow changed in them each feature,
 Busy brain and youthful pace,
 Stern necessity which nature
 Binds upon the human race.

They had hours of storm and meekness,
 Gloomy night and sunny day,
 Hours of trial, pain, and sickness,
 But their dreams have pass'd away.
 All have wandered into slumber,
 Silence rests above each head,
 Strange, that such a countless number
 Like the morning clouds has fled.

They have pass'd, and left their ashes
 Floating on each distant breeze,
 Like the wave that leaps and washes
 Long lost pearls from the seas.
 Time shall spread his wings asunder,
 And unveil the awful past,
 To Jehovah's trump of thunder
 They shall rise and live at last !

D. M.

TWO SCENES FROM THE CIVIL WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU."*

It was late on the night of an early day in spring—perhaps about two hours past midnight—and yet the inhabitants of a small lonely dwelling on the edge of a large piece of common-ground, lying about ten miles from Faringdon House, were all awake and up and, with anxious eyes, gazing from the small long windows upon the blank darkness that hung over the world. A single candle stood upon a plain oaken table in the midst of the room, by the light of which might be seen, at one of the windows, a small finely-formed female figure, which still preserved all the lines of exquisite beauty though a certain degree of stiffness, corresponding well with some deep wrinkles on the cheek, and the white hair that was braided from the forehead, spoke the passing of many years under the petrifying power of time since that form had been in its prime, and that beauty, which still lingered, had known its first expansion. Leaning over her shoulder was another figure so like the first, but with every grace which time had nipped in it just blown—with the cheek unwithered and the brow unseared—that it seemed a living picture of what the other had been some twenty years before—a portrait in a family picture-gallery, where human loveliness may see and moralize on all the graces that the eternal reaper has gathered as he flew.

At the second window was a somewhat untidy maid-servant, contrasting strongly, in her slatternly disarray, with the plain neatness which decked the two other figures, whose garb I shall not pause to describe: let it suffice that it was of white, and fashioned in the mode of the time, A. D. 164—, though either poverty, simplicity of taste, or deference to the puritanical mania of the day, had deprived it of every extraneous ornament.

The night upon which the whole party looked out, was dark and sad; for the moon had gone down, and the clouds over head though not particularly heavy, were quite sufficiently so to hide every star, and cast a deep grey shadow over the wide extent of undulating moorland which stretched away for many a mile within view in the day time. A few faint streaks of pale light upon the sky separated the darkness of the heavens from the darkness of the earth, and marked where the prospect ended; and thitherward were turned the eyes of all, watching, with straining and anxious

* From 'The Amulet,' 1832.

gaze, a particular point on the dim horizon, where, every now and then, bright red flashes, sudden and sharp, but circumscribed and momentary, broke upon the night, followed by a distant report as quick and transitory.

No one spoke while those flashes continued; but the silence itself seemed to show the intense anxiety which was felt, by the tenants of that chamber, in regard to the events of which they obtained so dim and unsatisfactory a view. At the end of five minutes, however, the sudden bursts of light entirely ceased; the reports were no longer heard; and the elder of the two ladies, turning away from the window, said, in a low voice, "It is over; God's will is wrought by this time!"

The younger said nothing; but, clasping her fair hands together, raised her eyes towards the dark heavens, while her full sweet lips moved silently, offering up a petition to that never-closed ear which hears the still voice of the heart's thoughts as plainly as the loudest-tongued appeal.

In a moment after, the clattering sound of horses' feet was heard coming quickly down the road. At first it was faint and distant—the dull heavy tramp of several fleet steeds galloping over moist ground; but soon it came nearer and nearer—left the turf of the common—clanged over the firm and stony road—came close to the house—passed it—and died away in the distance.

"They are flying!" said the younger lady, "Oh, my mother, they are flying! Surely some of the dark powers of the air must assist those blood-thirsty fanatics. They are flying: do you not hear the horses galloping on!"

"Nay, nay, Margaret," replied the other, "it may be the round-heads who fly. Though Goring and his cavaliers marched by here, we cannot tell what way the struggle may have turned, or on what side he attacked the rebels. So it may well be the traitors that fly themselves. But look out, look out: your eyes are younger than mine, and less dimmed with tears, perchance you may catch a passing glimpse that will give us glad news."

The younger lady pressed her eyes close to the window; and though, by this time, the first party of fugitives had passed the house, yet the distant sound of others coming nigh met her ear; and she continued to gaze upon the faint line of the road to the spot where the yellow glare of the gravel, which distinguished it from the ground about it, was lost in the general darkness of the common. At length three dark figures came forward with tremendous speed; at first so near together, and so hidden by the night, that she could hardly distinguish them from each other; but gradually the forms became more and more clear; and as they darted past the

house, she exclaimed in a glad tone, "They are the rebels, they are the rebels flying for life! I see their great boots, and their morions without crest or plume!"

"But they may be pursuing those who went before," said her mother, with a less elated tone, "they may be the followers and not the fliers, Margaret."

"No, no, they are flying, in good sooth!" replied the young lady, "for ever and anon they turn their heads to look behind, and still urge their horses faster at each look. But they are gone! And now pray God that victory may not cost us dear! I would that my brother were come back, and Henry Lisle."

"Fie, Margaret, fie!" said her mother, "give God undivided thanks; for if my son and your lover be both left upon the field of battle, we ought still to feel that their lives were well bestowed to win a victory for their royal master."

Margaret covered her eyes with her hands, but made no answer and, in a moment after, fresh coming sounds called her again to the window. It was a single horseman who now approached; and though he rode at full speed, with his head somewhat bent over the saddle, yet he continued his course steadily, and neither turned his look to the right or left. As he approached the house his horse started suddenly from some object left by the road-side plunged, and fell; and the rider, cast with frightful violence from his seat, was thrown on his head upon the ground. A deep groan was, at first, the only sound; but, the moment after, the horse which had borne him, starting up, approached close to the body of its master, and, putting its head to where he lay, by a long wild neigh, seemed, at once, to express its sorrow and to claim assistance.

"If it be Essex or Manchester, Fairfax or Cromwell, we must render him aid, Margaret," said the mother; "never must it be said that friend or enemy needed help at my door and did not meet it. Call up the hind's-boy, Bridget: open the door, and bring in yon fallen man."

Her commands were speedily fulfilled; for, though brought low in her estate, the Lady Herrick was not one to suffer herself to be disobeyed. The stranger was lifted from the ground, placed in chair, and carried into the house. His eyes were closed; and was evident to the elder lady, as she held the candle to his face that, if not killed, he was completely stunned by his fall. He was a hard-featured man, with short grizzled hair, and a heavy determined brow, on which the lines of habitual thought remained, even in the state of stupor into which he had fallen. He was broad made and muscular, though not corpulent, and was above the

die size without being tall. His dress consisted of a dark grey coat, which clove to him with the familiar ease of an old servant, and a brown cloak, which, in truth, had lost much of its freshness in his service. Above his coat had been placed a complete cuirass, the adjustment of which betrayed great symptoms of haste: and by his side he wore one of those long heavy blades of plain steel which had often been the jest of the cavaliers.

His head was uncovered either by hat or morion, and the expanse of his forehead, the only redeeming point in his countenance, was thus fully displayed. The rest of his face was not only coarse in itself, but bad in its expression; and when after some cold water had been thrown over it, he revived in a degree, and looked round, the large, shrewd, unsatisfactory eyes, which he turned upon those about him, had nothing in them to prepossess the mind in his favour.

The moment that consciousness had fully returned, he made an effort to start upon his feet, but instantly sunk back again into the chair, exclaiming, "The Lord hath smitten me, yet must I gird up my loins and go, lest I fall into captivity."

"Fear not, fear not!" replied Lady Herrick, whose humanity was somewhat chivalrous, "you are in safety here: wait for a while till you are better able to mount, and then get you gone, in God's name, for I seek not to foster roundheads more than may be. Yet stay till you can ride," she added, seeing his hand again grasp the chair as if to rise, "women should know no enemies in the hurt and wounded."

"Nay, but, worthy lady," replied the Parliamentarian, "should the crew of the Moabitish General Goring follow me even here to smite me hip and thigh, as they have vowed to do to all who bear arms for godliness' sake, or to bear me away captive—"

"Fear not, fear not!" answered the lady, "none should dare, by my hearth's side, to lay hands on one that common mercy bade me take in and shelter—fear not, I say. That is right, Margaret," she added, seeing her daughter pour some wine into a glass for the use of the stranger, "take that, it will revive you, and give you strength to speed on."

"Hast thou caught the stranger's horse, Dickson?" she demanded, turning to the boy who had aided in bringing in the Commonwealth-man, and who now re-entered the room after a momentary absence.

"He is caught and made fast below," replied the lad, "and here are my young master and Master Henry Lisle coming up from the court. They have beaten the roundheads, and killed Colonel Cromwell, and taken his whole army prisoners!"

Scarcely had he time to pour forth this rapid tide of news when the door was thrown open, and two young cavaliers, in broad hats and plumes, followed one another rapidly in, each taking with the lips of the two ladies that dear liberty consecrated to intimacy and affection. "Welcome, welcome, my gallant son!" cried the mother, as she held the first to her bosom.

"My own dear Margaret!" whispered the young gentleman who had followed, as he took the unresisting kiss which welcomed him back from danger and strife; but further gratulations of all kinds were suddenly stopped, as the eyes of the two cavaliers fell upon the stranger, who had now recovered strength to rise from his seat, and was anxiously looking towards the door beyond them.

"Who in the devil's name have we here?" cried Sir George Herrick, "what crop-eared villain is this?"

In vain his mother explained, and strove to pacify him. The sight of one of the rebels raised again in his bosom all the agitating fury of the fight in which he had been just engaged; and neither the prayers of his mother or his sister, the promise they had made to the stranger, or their remonstrances to himself, had any effect. "Ho! boy!" he exclaimed, "bid your father bring a rope. By the Lord of heaven, I will hang this roundhead cur to the oak before the door! Bring a rope, I say!" and, unsheathing his sword, he advanced upon the Parliamentarian, calling upon his companion to prevent his escape by the door.

The stranger said not a word; but bit his nether lip, and calmly drawing his tuck, retreated into one corner of the room, keeping a keen fixed eye upon the young cavalier who strode on towards him. Margaret, seeing that all persuasion was vain with her brother, turned her imploring eyes to Henry Lisle, who instantly laid his hand upon his companion's cloak. "What now?" exclaimed the other, turning sharp upon him.

"This must not be, George," replied the other cavalier.

"Must not be!" thundered Sir George Herrick, "but it shall be! Who shall stay me?"

"Your own better reason and honour, I trust," replied the other. "Hear me—but hear me, Herrick! Your lady mother promised this fellow safety to stay and to go; and upon her promise alone—she says—he staid. Had that promise not been given we should not have found him here. Will you slay a man by your own hearth, who put confidence in your mother's word! Fie, fie! let him go! We have slain enough this night to let one rebel escape, were he the devil himself!"

Sir George Herrick glared round, for a moment, in moody silence, and then put up his sword. "Well," said he, at length, "I

he staid but on her promise, let him take himself away. He will grace the gibbet some other day. But do not let me see him move across the room," he added, with a look of disgust, "or I shall run my blade through him whether I will or not."

"Come, fellow, get thee gone!" said Henry Lisle, "I will see thee depart:" and while his companion fixed his eyes with stern intensity upon the fire-place, as if not to witness the escape of the roundhead, he led him out of the chamber to the outer door.

The stranger moved forward with a firm calm step, keeping his naked sword still in his hand, and making no comment on the scene in which he had been so principal a performer. As he passed through the room, however, he kept a wary glance upon Sir George Herrick; but the moment he quitted it, he seemed more at ease, and paused quietly at the door while the boy brought forward his charger. During that pause he turned no unfriendly look upon Henry Lisle; and seemed as if about to speak more than once. At length, he said, in a low voice, "Something I would fain say—though, God knows, we are poor blinded creatures, and see not what is best for us—of thanks concerning that carnal safety which it may be doubted whether——"

"No thanks are needed," interrupted Henry Lisle, cutting across what promised to be one of the long harangues habitual with the fanatics of that day, "no thanks are needed for safety that is grudgingly awarded. I tell thee plainly, that had it not been for the lady's promise, I would willingly have aided in hanging thee with my own hands; and, when next we two meet face to face, we shall not part till the life-blood of one or other mark our meeting-place!"

"It may be so, if such be God's will," replied the Parliamentarian, "and now I pray the Lord to give me strength that I may never be found slack to do the work appointed me!"

"Thou hast never been so yet, though it be the work of the evil one," answered Henry Lisle, and then added, "I know thee, though none else here does, or it had fared harder with thee in despite of all promises."

"Thou knowest me!" said the stranger, without testifying any great surprise, "then thou doest the better deed in Israel: and I will trust, notwithstanding thy present malignancy, that the day of grace may yet come to thee. Farewell!"

Thus saying, he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounting somewhat heavily the horse which was now brought up for him, rode away across the common.

Time flew—years passed—the temporary success obtained by

General Goring over the forces of Oliver Cromwell was away and forgotten in a tide of brilliant triumphs won byliamentary general, who trod upon steps of victory to the ment of an empire. He had conquered his opponents by th he had conquered his partisans by hypocrisy ; he had su to his will, and, under the name of Lord General, ruled v power than a king. In the meanwhile, Sir George He Henry Lisle had fought to the last in the cause of thei monarchs : and their zeal—like that noblest of human ener—had grown but the stronger under the pressure of misfo distress. Amongst the various chances of the civil war, I had the day been appointed for the union of Henry I Margaret Herrick, and five times had some unforeseen mtervened to delay what all so much desired. Each day by, Lady Herrick, with means quite exhausted and hopes pressed, longed more and more to see her child united to : talent, and firmness, and resource ; and each battle that p Sir George Herrick, struck with a presentiment of approach thanked God that he had lived to place his sister's hand i his friend.

The last time the marriage was suspended was on the to Worcester field, where Sir George Herrick fell ; and He only escaped to bear his companion's last request to Marg without further pause or delay—without vain ceremonies o tears—she would give herself, at once, to her promised j Their wedding was a sad one—no glad peal, no laughing t nounced the union of the two lovers ; and, ere the day bridal was spent, Henry Lisle was a prisoner, journeying the tower of London. His trial was delayed some time ; l it took place it was soon decided. No evidence was wanti full conviction of loyalty to his king ; and the block was the doom pronounced upon him. A brief three day tween him and death ; and Margaret, who was permitt him, clung in agony to her husband's bosom. Lady He whom he had been more than a son, gazed, for some ti equal agony, upon his fine but faded countenance, which, toil, and anxiety, and long imprisonment, was still more cl the hopeless despair of her he loved. But suddenly, withou the mother turned away and left the prison.

It was in that great and unequalled hall, whose magnific has overhung so many strange and mighty scenes in English and whose record of brief and gorgeous pageants reads i homily on human littleness as even the dark memoria

tomb. It was in Westminster Hall, on the 16th day of December, that, with the clangour of trumpets and all the pomp and splendour both of military and civil state, a splendid procession moved forward to a chair or throne, raised on some ornamented steps at the further extremity of the building. Judges, in those solemn robes intended to give dignity to the judgments they pronounce; and officers, dressed in all that glittering panoply destined to deck and hide the rugged form of war, moved over the echoing pavement between two long ranks of soldiers, who kept the space clear from the gazing and admiring multitude. But the principal figure of the whole procession, on which all eyes were turned, was that of a stout broad-built man, with a dingy weather-beaten countenance, shaggy eyebrows, and a large red nose. His countenance was as unprepossessing as can be conceived; nor was his dress, which consisted of plain black velvet, at all equal to those which surrounded him. But there was something in his carriage and his glance not to be mistaken. It was the confidence of power—not the extraneous power of circumstance and situation, but of that concentrated internal strength which guides and rules the things around it. Each step, as he planted it upon the pavement, seemed destined to be rooted there for ever; and his eye, as it encountered the glances of those around, fell upon them with a calm power which beat them to the dust before its gaze. Passing onward through the hall, he ascended the steps which raised the chair of state; and, turning round, stood uncovered before the people. The two keepers of the great seal, standing on his right and left, read a long paper called the Institute of Government, by which, amongst other things, the Lord General, Oliver Cromwell, was named Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England. The paper was then signed, an oath was administered, and, putting on his hat, the figure which had advanced to the chair sat down, amidst the acclamations of the people, while all the rest continued to stand around uncovered.

Various other ceremonies were performed; and then the Great Usurper, rising from his seat, led back the procession towards the door of the hall; but scarcely had he traversed one half of its extent, when a woman, who had been whispering to one of the soldiers who lined the way, pushed suddenly past, and cast herself at Cromwell's feet. "An act of grace, Lord Protector!" she exclaimed, "an act of grace, to bring a much-needed blessing on the power you have assumed!"

"What wouldst thou, woman?" demanded Cromwell; "somewhere I have seen thy face before; what wouldst thou? If thy petition be conceived in godliness, and such as may be granted with

safety to these poor disturbed realms, it shall not be refused on such a day as this."

"When Colonel Cromwell failed in his attack on Farringdon House," said Lady Herrick—for it was she who knelt before him—"and when General Goring surprised and cut to pieces his troop at night near Warnham Common"—Cromwell's brow darkened but still she went on—"he fled from a disaster he could not prevent; and was cast from his horse, stunned, at the door of a widow woman, who gave him shelter. He was the enemy of her ancestors, and flying from a battle in which her own son had fought and yet she gave him rest and comfort, and opposed that very son who would have shed his blood by her hearth. There, too, Henry Lisle interposed to save his life and was successful: otherwise Lord Protector, I tell thee, thou wouldest never have sat in that seat which thou hast taken this day. Condemned by your judges for acting according to his conscience, I now ask the life of Henry Lisle, in return for the life he saved. Grant it—oh, grant it, as you are a man and a Christian!"

Cromwell's brow was as dark as thunder; and after gazing on her for a moment in silence, his only reply was, "Take her away the woman is mad—take her away and put her forth; but gently—bruise not the bruised—so—now let us pass on, for, in truth we have been delayed too long."

Put out of the hall by the soldiers; her last hope gone; her heart nearly broken for her child and her child's husband, Lady Herrick wandered slowly on towards that sad place where she had left all that was dear to her. The gay and mighty cavalcade, which conveyed the usurper back to his palace, passed her by like one of those painful dreams which mock us with sights of splendour in the midst of some heavy woe; and before she had threaded many more of the solitary streets, robbed of their population by the attractive ceremony of the day, a single trooper galloped up, gazed on her a moment, and rode on. At the Tower no formalities were opposed to her immediate entrance of the prisoner's chamber—she walked to it at once; the door itself was open; an unsealed paper lay upon the table; Henry held Margaret in his arms; and tears, which she never before had seen in his eyes, now rolled plentifully down his cheeks, and mingled with those of his bride; but, strange to say, smiles were shining through those tears, and happiness, like the rainbow-sun, beamed through the drops of sorrow!

"Joy, mother, joy!" were the first and only words: "joy, mother, joy!"—Henry is pardoned!"

THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

Where olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that blew
There sat, beneath the pleasant shade, a damsel of Peru :
Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,
Came glimpses of her snowy arm and of her glossy hair ;
And sweetly rang her silver voice amid that shady nook,
As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden brook.

'Tis a song of love and valour, in the noble Spanish tongue,
That once upon the sunny plains of Old Castile was sung,
When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout below,
Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away the foe.
Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth anew
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side,
And sent him to the war, the day she should have been his bride,
And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the right,
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of sight.
Since the parting kiss was given, six weary months are fled,
And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth,
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward the north ;—
Thou lookest in vain, sweet maiden ; the sharpest sight would fail
To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale ;
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely beat,
And the silent hills and forest tops seem reeling in the heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair, sad face is gone ;
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly on,—
Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully and low,—
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see along that rugged path, a fiery horseman ride ;
See the torn plume, the tarnished belt, the sabre at his side ;
His spurs are in his horse's sides, his hand casts loose the rein ;
There's sweat upon the streaming flank, and foam upon the mane ;
He speeds toward that olive bower, along the shaded hill :
God shield the hapless maiden there, if he should mean her ill !

And suddenly the song has ceased, and suddenly I hear
A shriek sent up amid the shade—a shriek—but not of fear ;
For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak
The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak :
“ I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
And I am come to dwell beside the olive grove with thee.”

BRYANT.

THE TEMPLE OF BUTTERFLIES.

THE Chevalier de Boufflers, whom Delile characterized as "the honour of knighthood and the flower of Troubadours," the erotic poet, the agreeable novelist, so long the delight of the salons of Paris, was by turns an abbot, a colonel of hussars, a painter, an academican, a legislator, and, under all these characters, the most gay, careless, and witty, of French cavaliers.

I was long acquainted with this highly gifted man. I saw him in 1780 at the beautiful estate of Chanteloup, near Amboise, whither the Duke de Choiseul, then an exile from the court, attracted many of the most distinguished men of France, whether for birth or merit. It was the focus of the most brilliant wits and beauties of the day. The Duchess de Choiseul, whose memory is still cherished on the lovely banks of the Loire, had a friendship for the Chevalier de Boufflers which did her honour; he was her companion in her walks, in the chace, and still more frequently in her visits to the cottages of the peasantry, to whom this accomplished and excellent woman constantly administered comfort and assistance.

Madame de Choiseul, who was, in her youth, intimate with Buffon, had imbibed from that celebrated man a strong taste for the observation of natural objects. Her library contained a complete collection of natural historians, ancient and modern.

This delightful and exhaustless study had inspired Madame de Choiseul with a new and fanciful idea. Opposite to the windows of her own room she had erected a temple of gauze of antique form, and sheltered by an ample roof; during the summer she amused herself with collecting in this airy palace all the most beautiful butterflies of the country.

The Duchess alone had a key of the Temple of Butterflies, which was peopled by the assiduity of the village girls of the neighbourhood. They strove, by presenting to her continually some new species, to obtain the privilege of speaking to their beloved patroness, and they were sure to receive a reward proportioned to the beauty and rarity of their offerings.

Boufflers was frequently a witness to the Duchess's assiduous cares about her favourite temple. "Chevalier," said she to him, with a smile, "I run no risk in introducing you among my butterflies; they will take you for one of themselves, and will not be frightened."

On one occasion, when Madame de Choiseul was compelled by illness to keep her room for some weeks, she gave the key of her temple to the Chevalier, who found ample compensation for the

trouble of his charge, in the pleasure of receiving the country girls who daily came to recruit the numerous family of butterflies. He encouraged them to talk about their rural sports, and their love affairs, so that he was soon master of the chronicles of all the surrounding villages. In this way he frequently caught ideas and expressions with which he afterwards adorned his poems.

It was, however, remarked that Boufflers almost always preferred the butterflies brought by the prettiest girls: his scrutiny turned rather upon their features, their natural and simple graces, than upon the objects it was his office to select. An engaging face, a graceful carriage, or a well-turned person, was pretty sure not to be rejected. Thus the beautiful temple declined in splendour, but fewer poor little girls went away disappointed; and the Duchess's bounty passing through the easy hands of the Chevalier, was diffused more widely, and gladdened more hearts.

Among the villagers who came to offer the fruits of their chase, he had frequently remarked a girl of about fifteen, whose large deep blue eyes, jet black eyebrows, and laughing mouth, graceful and easy carriage, and sweet, soft voice realized the most poetical descriptions of rural beauty. To crown her attractions, he found that she was the daughter of a forester of Amboise, and that her name was Aline. This pretty name was the title of a tale of his, which had been greatly admired. It may be imagined that he felt a peculiar interest in this young girl, and with what pleasure he rewarded her, in the Duchess's name, and how he took advantage of the pretext afforded by the beauty of any of her butterflies, to double the gift. Boufflers soon drew from her the secret of her heart; he learnt how she loved Charles Verner, son of the keeper of the castle, but that his father opposed their union on account of the disparity of their fortunes. Boufflers who thought love levelled all distinctions, secretly resolved to serve the young Aline. He sent for Charles Verner, found him worthy to be the possessor of so lovely a creature, and spoke in his behalf to the Duchess, who wishing to have some fair pretext for contributing towards the marriage portion of the Chevalier's protegee, made it known in the neighbourhood, that at the end of the season she would give a prize of twenty-five louis d'ors to the girl who brought her the greatest number of rare and beautiful butterflies. The emulation excited among the young villagers may easily be imagined; and whether it was that the fresh verdure of Aline's native forest of Amboise was propitious to her, or whether she was more agile and dexterous than the others, it fell out that she often presented Madame de Choiseul, through her kind protector, with the butterflies upon which Reaumur had fixed the highest value.

One day when the Duke and Duchess, accompanied by the train of nobles who formed the usual society of Chanteloup, were walking in that part of the park bordering on the forest, Aline, with a gauze net in her hand, and panting for breath, came running joyously up to Boufflers, and said to him, with that innocent familiarity he had encouraged in her, "Look, Monsieur le Chevalier, what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them." This speech was susceptible of an application so curiously fitted to the known character of Boufflers, that every body laughed. He took the butterflies from Aline's hands, and told her they were really of a rare and most valuable kind; one, especially, which, with its four azure wings of enormous size, studded with flame-coloured eyes, and its long black proboscis, supplied the only deficiency in the temple, and completed the Duchess's immense collection. It was instantly decided that Aline had won the promised prize; she soon afterwards received it from the hands of Madame de Choiseul, and Boufflers added a golden cross, which Aline promised to wear as long as she lived.

It was now the middle of Autumn, and as the pleasures of Paris became daily more brilliant and inviting, the Chevalier de Boufflers could not resist their attractions, though he left the delightful abode of Chanteloup with regret. Before he went away he saw the maiden who had so deeply interested him, and obtained from the father of her lover the promise that he would consent to their marriage as soon as Aline had a sufficient portion. He recommended her warmly to the Duchess's kindness, and departed for the capital.

A short time after, the Duke de Choiseul quitted a world in which he had exercised such vast power, and so courageously withstood his numerous enemies. His widow was compelled to sacrifice nearly the whole of her own fortune, to pay the debts contracted by her husband, who had outshone all the nobles of the court in magnificence. She sold the estate of Chanteloup to the Duke de Penthièvre, and went to live at Paris. Aline, thus deprived of her patroness, lost all hope of being united to her lover, whose father remained inflexible, and the young man, in a fit of desperation, enlisted in a regiment of dragoons. Boufflers heard of this. By a fortunate chance the Colonel of the regiment was his near relative and friend, and Charles did so much credit to his recommendation, that he soon rose to the rank of Marechal des Logis. On his first leave of absence, he hastened to Chanteloup, where he found his fair one provided with a sufficient portion by the Chevalier's generosity; the old keeper no longer withheld his consent, and the lovers were speedily united.

Twenty years passed away, and France fell into the confusion of political dissensions, and at length, into all the horrors of the first Revolution. Boufflers, though friendly to the opinions which were then propagated by the true lovers of liberty, was compelled, after the deplorable 10th of August, 1792, to quit France and take refuge in Berlin. Prince Henry and the king of Prussia, after keeping him for some time with them, gave him an estate in Poland, where, like a true French knight, he founded a colony for all the emigrants who were driven from their unhappy country. But in spite of all the advantages, and all the consolations he received in foreign lands, he never ceased to sigh after Paris. Thither his family, his friends, his most cherished habits, all called him. The compliments paid him on his poems, only served to remind him of the lovely and captivating women who had inspired them; those on his novel, of the delights of Chanteloup, of the amiable Duchess de Choiseul, (who had survived her husband only a few years,) and of the Temple of Butterflies.

The storm of the Revolution having subsided, many proscribed persons obtained leave to return to France; among these was Boufflers, who left Poland, travelling homewards through Bohemia, Bavaria, and Switzerland. He wished to revisit the beautiful shores of the lake of Geneva, where, thirty years before, he had passed a time which he never recurred to without delight. He therefore stopped at Lausanne, and fearing lest his name might expose him to some disagreeable curiosity or supervision, he had furnished himself with a passport under the name of Foubers a French painter. In this character, which he had more than once assumed before, he presented himself in the first houses of Lausanne, where he was received with all the attentions due to genuine talent. The rage for M. Foubers, and for his fine miniature portraits, was universal. As he was anxious to obtain beautiful subjects, he was constantly told that he ought to paint the Countess de Lauterbach; she was described to him as a lady of French origin, and the widow of a Bavarian general, who, at his death, had left her considerable property, including a magnificent estate, situated on the banks of the lake, at a few miles distance from Lausanne. At a fete given by one of the principal inhabitants of Lausanne, the beautiful Countess of Lauterbach was present, and more than justified all his expectations.

He was introduced to the Countess, who appeared struck by the sound of his voice, and agitated by some emotion which she strove to dissemble. They entered into conversation, and Boufflers expressed the most earnest desire to paint from so fine a model. After a moment's reflection, the Countess accepted his offer; and, as

if struck by some sudden thought, fixed a day for Foubers to go to her house, at the same time expressing her pleasure at being painted by a French artist.

On the day appointed, a caleche stopped at the door of his lodging, and conveyed him to the Chateau de St Sulpice, situated on the banks of the lake, opposite to the superb amphitheatre traced by the Alps on the horizon. Boufflers arrived; he crossed an outer court, passed through a handsome hall, and entered a vast saloon, in which every thing announced opulence and taste. On one side of the room hung a full-length portrait of the late Duchess de Choiseul, seated near the Temple of Butterflies, with a volume of Boufflers' works in her hand. The Chevalier could not control the emotions which agitated him and forced tears from his eyes. "What recollections!" exclaimed he involuntarily: "this Countess de Lauterbach must certainly be of the Choiseul family. I shall like her the better." Whilst he gave himself up to these reflections, a chamberlain came to tell him that his lady would be occupied for a short time, that she begged M. Foubers to excuse her, and desired him to ask whether he would be pleased to walk into her plantation *a la Francaise*. Boufflers followed his conductor through a long suite of apartments, where he entered an avenue of limes, and at the first turning, he saw, under the shade of some large trees, a temple of gauze precisely like the Duchess de Choiseul's. The temple was filled with butterflies of every species, and over the door was an inscription in verse which Boufflers had formerly written over the entrance to the temple at Chanteloup, and he stood before it agitated, yet motionless with astonishment, and thought himself transported by magic to the banks of the Loire. But his surprise was increased, and his emotion heightened, when he saw advancing towards him a young girl of fourteen or fifteen, in the dress of the villagers of Lorraine, whose features, shape, and gait were so precisely those of the girl he remembered with so affectionate an interest, that he thought it was she herself that stood before him, and whose deep rich voice met his ear. "Your servant, Monsieur de Boufflers," said she, with a curtesy, and presenting to him a little gauze net; "what do you think of my butterflies? you are such a fine judge of them."—"What are you—angel—sylph—enchantress?"—"What! do you not remember Aline, the daughter of the forester of Amboise, who used so often to bring you butterflies?" "Do I dream!" said Boufflers, rubbing his eyes, and, taking the child's hand, he pressed it to his lips: "Aline, lovely Aline!—it cannot be you?" "How! it cannot be I?—Who then won the prize for the finest butterflies?—Who received from the hands of the Duchess a prize of twenty-five louis,

and from yours this golden cross, which I promised to wear as long as I live, and which I have never parted with for an instant?" "I do indeed remember that cross—it is the very one! Never was illusion so perfect—never was man so bewildered. Your elegance betrays you. No, you are not a mere country girl. Tell me, then, to whom am I indebted for the most delicious emotion I ever felt in my life?—Whence do you come?—Who are you?" "She is my daughter," cried the Countess de Lauterbach, suddenly stepping from the concealment of a thicket, and throwing herself into the arms of Boufflers. "My dear protector—kind author of my happiness and of my good fortune—behold the true Aline, the wife and widow of Charles Verner, whose only daughter stands before you. Your emotion, however strong, cannot equal mine." "How, madame! are you that simple village girl? Good and beautiful as you were, you had a right to become what you now are. But tell me, how happened it that for once, fortune was not blind?—have the kindness at once to satisfy my curiosity." "Listen, then," replied the countess with confiding delight, "and you shall hear all."

"Charles, in whom you took so generous an interest, having distinguished himself by repeated acts of bravery, obtained a commission shortly after our marriage. The war which broke out between France and Germany, called him to the field, and I followed him. He afterwards rose to the rank of colonel of cavalry, when he saved the life of the count de Lauterbach, commander of a Bavarian division on the field of battle; but in this act he received a mortal wound, and with his last breath recommended his wife and child, then an infant, to the General's care. Count Lauterbach thought that in no way could he so effectually prove his gratitude to his preserver, as by becoming the husband of his widow, and the father of his child. After a few years of a happy union, he died, leaving me a large fortune, and a revered and cherished memory. At that time," added the countess, "I knew that you had been compelled to quit France, and to take refuge in Prussia: I left no means untried to discover the place of your residence; but your change of name, your travelling as a French painter, as you have so often done, always prevented my accomplishing the most ardent wishes of my heart. Judge then what was my emotion on meeting you the other day at Lausanne. I instantly determined to prove to you, in some degree at least, my joy and gratitude; and taking advantage of my daughter's age, and of her perfect resemblance to that Aline who owed to you the hand of Charles Verner, and all that she has subsequently possessed or enjoyed, I made use of your own colours; I copied the most beautiful scene of your elegant

story which I have read so often—in short, I tried to bewitch with your own enchantments; have I succeeded?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Boufflers, pressing the mother and daughter to his heart, "never shall I forget this ingenious fraud; it is that the memory of the heart is indestructible in women; I see that the little good one may be able to do to the simplest girl, may become a capital which gratitude will repay with interest."

STANZAS

THE beautiful summer is gone!
 It is gone with its balms of delight,
 And its memory we linger on
 Like a dream that has blest the lone night;
 As some radiant, celestial thing,
 Whose path is to mortals unknown,
 It has pass'd on its perfumed wing—
 The beautiful summer is gone!

We dream of its loveliness yet,
 We dream of its fair, sunny flowers;
 Its repose we can never forget,
 Like the thoughts of our childhood hours;
 There's a voice amid nature's decay—
 So solemn, so mystic, and lone—
 That speaketh of bliss pass'd away—
 The beautiful summer is gone!

And there have been friends of our heart,
 Who, in spring, were beloved and gay,
 From whom we hoped never to part,—
 But they have departed for aye!
 Oh! memory clings to them yet,
 While feeling they once were our own,
 With such pangs as our spirits regret
 The beautiful summer that's gone.

Their hopes and their joys were bright
 As the buds and the flowers of spring,
 And each feeling was circled with light,
 Like the gleam of an angel's wing.
 But these are all wither'd and fled,
 The hue and the fragrance are flown;
 And they now repose with the dead,
 Like the beautiful summer that's gone.

THE CZAR AND CZAROWITZ.

During the tumults in Russia, when the Princess Sophia's intrigues to avail herself of Iwan's imbecility were defeated by Peter the Great, several ancient Boyars withdrew to their country-houses in disgust or fear. Mierenhoff, one of this number, had a mansion about twelve versts from the metropolis, and resided in very strict retirement, with his only daughter Feodorowna. But this beautiful young Muscovite had accompanied her father with more reluctance than he suspected, and contrived to solace her solitude by frequent visits from her affianced husband, Count Biron, one of the Czar's body-guard. Though her lover laid claim to a title so sacred, his attachment to the imperial court, and the kind of favoritism he enjoyed there, had created a jealousy not far from rancour in Mierenhoff. Mixing private feuds with political secrets, he devised a pretext to dismiss the young captain of the guard from all pretension to his daughter; but the young couple revenged themselves by clandestine disobedience. On one of the nights dedicated to their meetings, the Boyar chose to visit his daughter's apartment with an affectation of kindness. She, apprised of his intention only a few moments before, conveyed her lover into a large chest, or press, in the corner of her room, and closing the lid, covered it with her mantle, that he might obtain air by lifting it occasionally. But the Boyar unhappily chose to take his seat upon it; and after a long stay, which cost his daughter inexpressible agonies, departed without intimating any suspicion. Feodorowna sprang to raise the lid of her coffer, and saw Biron entirely lifeless. What a spectacle for an affianced wife!—but she had also the feelings of an erring daughter, conscious that detection must be her ruin. She had strength of mind enough to attempt every possible means of restoring life; and when all failed, to consider what might best conceal the terrible circumstances of his death. She could trust no one in her father's household, except his porter, an old half-savage Tartar, to whom he had given the name of Usbeck, in allusion to his tribe. But this man had taught her to ride, reared her favourite wolf-dog, and shown other traits of diligent affection which invited trust. Feodorowna descended from the lofty window of her room by the ladder Biron had left there: and creeping to the porter's hut, awakened him to crave his help. It was a fearful hazard, even to a Russian female, little acquainted with the delicacies of more polished society; but the instinct of *uncorrupted nature is itself delicate*, and the Tartar manifested it by listening to his distressed mistress with an air of humble re-

spect. He followed to her chamber, removed the dead body from its untimely bier, and departed with it on his shoulder. In an hour he returned, but gave no answer to her questions, except that "Al was safe." She put a ring containing a rich emerald on his finger, forgetting the hazard and unfitness of the gift. His eye flashed fire; and making a hasty step nearer, he seemed disposed to offer some reply; but as suddenly turning his back, and showing only half his tiger-like profile over his shoulder, he left Feodorowna in silence, and with a smile in which she imagined strange meaning.

The absence of the captain of the imperial guard could not be undiscovered long, and it was not difficult for his family to trace his nightly visits to his bride. But there all clue ceased; and after some mysterious hints at the secret animosity of her father, the search seemed to die away. An extraordinary circumstance renewed it. Biron's body was found near the imperial city, with a small poignard buried in it, bearing this label round the hilt—"The vengeance of a Strelitz."—The sanguinary sacrifice of the Strelitz regiment by Peter's orders, for their adherence to his sister Sophia, appeared to explain this inscription; and the friends of Count Biron instantly ascribed his fate to the scattered banditti formed by the survivors of this proscribed regiment. Feodorowna, though not the least surprised at the incident, was the only one who rejoiced, as she felt the security it gave to her secret. Her father preserved an entire silence, and impenetrable indifference on the subject. The emperor, notwithstanding the eccentric zeal of his attachments, chose to leave his favourite's fate in an obscurity he thought useful to his politics, and scandalous to his enemies.

Six months passed in secret mourning on Feodorowna's part; and her father usually spent his evenings alone after his return from hunting. One night, as he sat half-dreaming over his solitary flagon, he saw a man standing near his hearth in a dark red cloak, with a fur cap bordered with jewels, and a black velvet mask over his face. The Boyar had as much good sense as any Russian nobleman of that age, and as much courage as any man, alone, or with only his flask by his side, can reasonably show. And probably he owed to his flask the firmness of his voice, when he asked this extraordinary visitor whence he came. The stranger familiarly replied, that he could not answer the question.—"Have you no name?"—"None, Boyar, fitting you to know!—You have a daughter,—I desire a wife; and you have only to name the price you claim for her."—The Muscovite blood of Mierenhoff rose at this insolent appeal, and he snatched up the silver whistle by which he usually summoned his attendants. "Sound it, if you will," said the strange visitor, "your servants will have no ears, an

ine have more than an equal number of hands. Mierenhoff—collect this badge”—and as he spoke, he raised his sleeve, and discovered the form of a poignard indented in his arm. At the sight of this brand, which he well knew to be the symbol of the Strelitz confederacy, Mierenhoff bowed his head in terror and silence. The unknown repeated his proposal for a wife, demanding an instant answer. The Boyar, full of astonishment and dismay, endeavoured to evade the demand, by alleging the impossibility of answering so promptly for his daughter. “I understand your aims, Mierenhoff;—your daughter herself shall determine, if I am allowed to speak with her alone one quarter of an hour.” Some more conversation passed, which determined Mierenhoff’s compliance. The Strelitz, for such he now considered his guest, rose suddenly from his chair. “I do not ask you,” he said, “to connect me to your daughter’s apartment—I know where it is situated, and by what means to enter it. Neither do I ask you to wait here silently till my return. *You dare not follow me.*” He spoke with; and had the Boyar dared to follow him, his surprise would not have been lessened by the unhesitating boldness of the stranger’s steps through the avenues of his house, and the intricate staircases that led to Feodorowna’s chamber.

The young Countess was alone in sorrowful thought when her extraordinary visitor entered. His proposal was made to her in terms nearly as concise as to her father. When she started up to claim help from her servants, he informed her that her father’s life and reputation were at his mercy, not less than her own; adding, “You are no stranger to the *vengeance of a Strelitz.*”—Feodorowna shuddered at this allusion to the fate of a man whose widow she considered herself, and his next words convinced her he not only knew the circumstances of Biron’s death, but all the secrets of their interviews. In little more than the time he mentioned, he returned to the Boyar’s presence, and announced his daughter’s assent. She agreed that the unknown bridegroom should not remove his abode from her father’s roof, nor visit it oftener than once in every month, unless she voluntarily consented to accompany him. He further conditioned, that the priest should be provided by himself, and the ceremony unwitnessed, except by the father of Feodorowna. To these, and to any other conditions, Mierenhoff would have acceded willingly, hoping to elude or resist them when the day arrived. When the stranger rose to depart, he pointed to a time-piece which ornamented the Boyar’s table. “I depend on your honour; and I did not, I know my own power too well to doubt your obedience. Count twenty movements of this minute hand before you quit your seat after I am gone.” So saying, he disappeared, and

the father-in-law elect of this mysterious man remained stupid with consternation and amaze till the period expired.

What passed between the father and daughter cannot be explained. If he was surprised at her ready acquiescence, she was no less indignant at his tame surrender of his only child, to a ruffian who had demanded her, she supposed, as the seal of some guilty confederacy. But this supposition wronged her father. Cowardly, yet not cruel, and ambitious, without sufficient craft, the Boyar was only enough advanced into the mysteries of the Strelitz faction to know, that his own danger would be equally great, whether he betrayed the conspirators or the government. This man had passed unopposed among his servants, had learned all the secrets of his house, and must consequently possess means to purchase both. He felt himself surrounded by an invisible chain; and by a mist which magnified, while it confused his fears. The Countess Feodorowna, from whom he had expected the most eager questions and piercing complaints, was silent, sullen, and entirely passive. When the next midnight arrived, she sat by her father's side, with her arms folded in her fur pelisse, and her loose hair covered with a mourning veil, while the Strelitz entered with a Greek priest. The rites of the Muscovite church were performed without opposition; and the father, with a sudden pang of remorse and horror, as if till then he had believed the marriage would have been prevented by some unknown power, resigned Feodorowna to her husband. She clung to the Boyar, earnestly insisting on his part of the contract, while this mysterious son-in-law professed his faithful respect for all his promises. "Depend on my word," he added; "you will never be removed from your father's house, except to take your seat on the throne of all the Russias."

This was the first intimation ever given by him of his expectations or his rank; and certain flattering hopes, which had always clung to the Boyar's fancy, seemed on the verge of probability. Perhaps this pretended Strelitz was the Czar himself, whose fondness for adventure and skill in political intrigue, had induced him to assume the garb and stamp of the confederacy he meant to baffle. Feodorowna was not without ambition, and the diamond bracelet which her new husband placed on her wrist was worthy to bind an Empress's hand. Every month, on the second day of the new moon, he appeared at her father's supper table, and departed before day-light; but by what means he gained ingress and egress was not to be discovered. The servants of the Boyar professed *entire* ignorance, nor did he venture to prosecute his inquiries very *strictly*. But his daughter's curiosity was more acute, and notwithstanding the solemn oath imposed on her to forbear from

questions, and to respect the mask which covered his face, she resolved on trying the effect of female blandishment. Gradually, and by very cautious advances, she tempted the Strelitz to exceed his studied temperance at a supper prepared with unusual care. Her music and her smiles were not wholly without effect, and he suddenly said, "Do you know, Feodore, I had never seen, or desired to see you, if Biron had not talked of your beauty with such passionate fondness among my guards? He piqued my fancy, for he seemed to act the part of the English Athelwold to the island-king Edgar, and his fate was not far unlike."—At this allusion to her first husband's affection and tragic end, Feodorowna shrunk in horror, scarcely suppressed by the secret hope this speech justified. He spoke of his guards, and compared himself to a sovereign prince—The inference was natural, and the pride of her heart increased the beauty of her countenance. He filled another cup of cognac to the brim, and holding it to her lips, bade her wish health to the Emperor of Russia at the same hour next night. There was a cold and stony dampness in his hand, which did not agree with the purple light in his eyes. He quitted her instantly, for the first cock had crowed, and day was breaking; but she resolved that day should end her uncertainty. Dull in intellect and selfish in heart, her father had little claim to her confidence; but his life, perhaps her sovereign's, might be involved in the desperate plots of the Strelitz-faction. She covered herself in a common woollen garment, and a peasant's hood; determining to seek the Emperor in Moscow, and beg a pardon for her husband and her father as the price of her discovery. Thus resolved, and not without hope of a still higher price, she left her chamber unseen, and visited the hut of his Tartar-servant. She asked him whether he dared depart from her father's house, and accompany her to Moscow on foot. The old man answered by filling a wallet with provisions; and digging up a square stone which lay under his pillow, took three roubles and the emerald ring from beneath it, and put them into his mistress's hand. "This is all you have in the world, Usbeck!" said the young Countess, "and I may never repay you."—"No, not all," he answered; "I have still the axe which split the trees for you when you ate the wild bees' honey."—There needed no farther assurance of his faith to the child of his master.

The travellers entered Moscow before noon, but the Emperor was absent from his palace. "What is your business with him?" asked a man of meagre and muscular figure, who stood in a plain mechanic's dress near one of the gates. Feodorowna answered, that she had a petition of great importance to present to him. The stranger perused her countenance, and advised her to wait till the

captain of the guards appeared. "That would avail nothing," said she; "I must see him, and deliver this paper into his own hands."—"Why not into mine?" returned the questioner, rudely snatching the paper, and thrusting himself behind the gates: but not so rapidly as to escape a blow levelled at his head by Usbeck. "Keep that blow in mind, my good friend," said the thief, laughing—"I shall not forget my part of the debt." And slyly twitching the long lock which hung behind Usbeck's ear in the Black Cossack's fashion, he disappeared.

Feodorowna stood resolutely at the gateway of the palace, still expecting to see the Emperor, and determining to communicate all that had happened to herself, her first husband, and her father. Presently the artisan returned again, and laying his hand familiarly on her arm, whispered—"The Emperor is in the guard house, follow me!"—There was an expression, an ardent and full authority in his eye, which instantly announced his rank. She was going to kneel, but he prevented her. "Be of good cheer, Feodorowna!—your husband is greater and less than he appears. Return home, and drink the Emperor of Russia's health to-night, as he commanded."

Usbeck stood listening anxiously near his mistress; and when she turned to him with a smiling countenance, beckoned her to follow him. But it was too late: a guard of twelve men had drawn up behind, and now surrounded them. They were forcibly separated, and each conveyed to prison, where sentinels, regularly changed, attended till about the eleventh hour of the next day, when two persons in the habit of Russian senators entered, and conducted Feodorowna to another room in the fortress. This room was filled with senators; and a bishop, whose face she recognized, stood near a couch on which a young man sat with silver fetters on his hands. His dress was slovenly and squalid, but his person tall and well-made; his complexion healthfully brown, and his eyes and hair of a brilliant black. Another man, whose form and countenance were entirely muffled, stood behind the groupe, but sufficiently near to direct and observe them. Count Tolstoi, the chief senator, obeyed a glance from his eye; and addressing himself to the manacled prisoner, said, in a low and respectful voice, "Does your highness know this woman?"—He answered in German, and the muffled man gave a signal to the bishop, who approached the couch, and joining the hands of Feodorowna to the prisoner, declared their marriage lawful from that hour, but from *that* only. Though the face of her husband had been concealed from her during their mysterious intercourse, Feodorowna knew the strong stern voice, the dark hair and eyes, and the perfect symmetry of

this unknown prisoner; and her heart smote itself when the letter she had written to the Emperor was read aloud to him. He made no reply, and the witnesses of this strange ceremony laid before him another paper, stating, that finding himself unqualified for government, he disclaimed all right of succession to the crown, acknowledging his brother Peter its lawful heir. He signed it with the same unbending countenance: and the standers by having each repeated an oath of allegiance to the chosen successor, departed one by one, solemnly bowing their heads to the bishop and the muffled man who stood at his right hand. They, with Feodorowna, were then left alone in the room, until a signal bell had sounded twice. A man whom she knew to be Field-Marshal Wreyde, entered as it tolled the last time, bearing a silver cup and cover. His countenance was frightfully pale, and he staggered like one convulsed or intoxicated. The prisoner fixed his eyes sternly on Feodorowna, and bowing his head to the muffled stranger, took it with an unshaking hand, and emptied it to the last drop. While he held it to his lips, the Bishop opened a long official paper, but the prisoner interrupted him: "I have already heard my sentence of death, and know this is its execution." Even as he spoke, the change in his complexion began, and Feodorowna, uttering dismal screams, was forced from his presence. Five days after, she was carried in a covered litter to the church of the Holy Trinity, where a coffin lay in state under a pall of rich gold tissue. Her conductor withdrew into the darkness of the outer aisle, leaving her to contemplate the terrible conclusion of her father's ambitious dreams, and the last scene of human greatness. But she was yet uncertain how far the guilt of the detected faction had extended, and whether he who lay under the splendid pall, and had once called himself her husband, was the treacherous Governor of Siberia, Prince Gagarin, or a still more illustrious criminal. There was no name upon the velvet covering of the coffin, no banner, no armorial bearing; and the attendant, seeing the silent and stony stupor of the miserable widow, conducted her compassionately back to the covered litter. It conveyed her to a convent, where, a few hours after her arrival, a white veil was presented to her, with this mandate, bearing the imperial signet of Peter the Great.

"The widow of Alexis, Czarowitz of Russia, could enter no asylum less than the most sacred and distinguished convent of the empire. It is not her crime that he instigated foreign sovereigns and Russian renegades to assassinate his father, depose his mother-in-law, and expel his kindred. Neither is it her crime that her father was the dupe of a faction, whose only purpose was to elevate a man fond of the vices of the lowest herd, and therefore fit to be

their leader. Nor can a woman, bold enough to risk the life of her husband, blame a father, whose justice required him to sacrifice his son. He spared him the shame of a public execution, and gave him a title to the tears of a lawful widow."

Thus perished Alexis, heir-apparent of the widest empire, and the most celebrated sovereign then existing in Europe. The decree that consigned him to death, was passed in the senate house of Moscow by all the chief nobility and clergy, the high officers of the army and navy, the governors of provinces, and others of inferior degree, unanimously; but referring the mode to his sovereign and father, whose extraordinary character, combining the sternness of a Junius Brutus with the romance of a Haroun Alraschid, enabled him to fulfil the terrible office of his son's judge. But even Peter the Great had not hardihood enough to be a public executioner; and his unhappy son, though his sentence might have been justified by the baseness of his habits and associates, was never openly abandoned by his father. His death was ascribed to apoplexy, caused by shame and fear, at the reading of his sentence; and the Czar with his Czarina Catherine attended the funeral. Feodorowna died in the convent of Susdale, of which the former Czarina, mother of the Czarowitz, was abbess when he perished; and Usbeck, her faithful servant, easily escaped from the prison of the Emperor, who did not forget his blow. Once on his way from Moscow to Novogorod, attended only by four servants, Peter was stopped by a party of Rashbonicks, and leaping from his sledge, with a pistol cocked, demanded to know what they desired. One of the troop replied, he was their lord and master, and ought to supply the wants of his destitute subjects. The Emperor knew Usbeck's voice, and giving him an order for a thousand rubles on the Governor of Novogorod, bade him go, and remember how Peter of Russia paid his debts, either of honour or of justice.

NATURE'S FAREWELL.

"The beautiful is vanish'd, and returns not."

COLERIDGE'S WALLENSTEIN.

A YOUTH rode forth from his childhood's home,
Through the crowded paths of the world to roam,
And the green leaves whisper'd as he pass'd,
"Wherefore, thou dreamer! away so fast?"

"Knew'st thou with what thou art parting here,
Long would'st thou linger in doubt and fear;"

Thy heart's free laughter, thy sunny hours,
Thou hast left in our shades with the Spring's wild flowers.

" Under the arch, by our mingling made,
Thou and thy brother have gaily play'd ;
Ye may meet again where ye roved of yore,
But as ye have met there—Oh ! never more !"

On rode the youth—and the boughs among,
Thus the wild birds o'er his pathway sung :—
" Wherefore so fast unto life away ?
Thou art leaving for ever thy joy in our lay !

" Thou may'st come to the summer wood again,
And thy heart have no echo to greet this strain ;
Afar from the foliage its love will dwell,
A change must pass o'er thee—Farewell, farewell !"

On rode the youth—and the founts and streams
Thus mingled a voice with his joyous dreams :—
" We have been thy playmates through many a day,
Wherefore thus leave us ?—Oh ! yet delay !

" Listen but once to the sound of our mirth ;
For thee 'tis a melody passing from earth !
Never again wilt thou find in its flow
The peace it could once on thy heart bestow.

" Thou wilt visit the scenes of thy childhood's glee,
With the breath of the world on thy spirit free ;
Passion and sorrow its depths will have stirr'd,
And the singing of waters be vainly heard.

" Thou wilt bear in our gladsome laugh no part ;
What should it do for a burning heart ?
Thou wilt bring, to the banks of our freshest rill,
Thirst which no fountain on earth may still !

" Farewell !—when thou comest again to thine *own*,
Thou wilt miss from our music its loveliest tone ;
Mournfully true is the tale we tell—
Yet on, fiery dream !—Farewell, farewell !"

And a something of gloom on his spirit weigh'd,
As he caught the last sounds of his native shade,
But he knew not, till many a bright spell broke,
How deep were the oracles nature spoke !

F. HEMANS.

THE RETURN.

Oh! bid him reverence, in his manhood's prime,
His youth's bright morning dream.

DON CARLOS.

"ART thou come with the heart of thy childhood back,
The free, the pure, the kind?"
—So murmur'd the trees in my homeward track,
As they played to the mountain wind.

"Hast thou been true to thine early love?"
Whisper'd my native streams,
"Doth the spirit, rear'd amidst hill and grove,
Still revere its first high dreams?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent halls?"
Thus breathed a voice on the thrilling air
From the old ancestral walls;

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead
Whose place of rest is nigh?
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed?
With the mother's trusting eye?"

Then my tears gush'd forth in sudden rain,
As I answer'd—"O ye shades!
I bring not my childhood's heart again
To the freedom of your glades!"

"I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,
O bright rejoicing streams!
Light after light in my soul hath died,
The early glorious dreams!"

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd,
The prayer at my mother's knee—
Darken'd and troubled, I come at last,
I hou home of my boyish glee!"

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears
To soften and atone;
And, O ye scenes of those blessed years!
They shall make me again your own!"

F. HEMANS, *

JEALOUSY.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.

OTHELLO.

"My dear Charles, how very agreeable you are this morning," said Julia Melville ironically to her lover, as he sat reading with great apparent intensity in the drawing room; "you have absolutely made my head ache with talking so much!"

This playful appeal had no effect upon the young man so addressed, though he sat at a window, the delicious view from which might have banished gloom from the brow of any but a lover. It looked out upon a velvet lawn of the brightest green, beyond which rose a fine diversity of champagne country, dying away tint by tint until it softened into the horizon. Around him clusters of rose and honey-suckle peeped their fragrant heads in at the casement, as if to woo his attention; and a beautiful thrush hidden amongst the green branches of a magnificent walnut tree, was singing blythe notes of joy; but it was all of no avail. Julia however was not thus to be baffled: she sat down to the piano, and running her fingers lightly over the keys, sung one of his most favourite airs. Still no alteration. "What can you be reading in which you are so much interested?" said she, peeping over the back of his chair. "Humph! Othello! a pretty study, truly. By the bye, Charles, that Miss Grey with whom you danced so frequently last night, is a pretty girl; did not you admire her?"

He raised his eyes for a moment, and looked alternately on her arch countenance and on the sky, as if to ascertain whether the blue of her eyes did not rival the vaulted canopy above; and their lustre the rain drops that still sparkled on the flowers; but he replied coldly, "almost as much as you appeared to admire her brother;" and again returned to the perusal of his book. "Very well spoken, my lively automaton," said Julia, quietly drawing a chair near to him, and seating herself; "and now that I have made you speak, pray let the spirit move you to answer me—do you mean to be serious?"—"Perfectly so, ma'am."

"Ma'am! that's a bad beginning—Well, sir, (as politeness seems the order of the day) to proceed; will you have the goodness to inform me if one of your soliloquizing fits of jealousy is on the tapis, because, if so, I will make my will, leaving you as a legacy my good temper, and take my exit."

"The fact is, Julia, you are far too lively; whoever you may be dancing with, be he sage or fool, do I hear and see you laughing (perhaps at my expense,) never once heeding me, who am all the while in an agony, and replying to my partner's questions in the most outre manner—it is really intolerable to see you joking with all the young puppies of the day, and looking as merry as if you had not a care upon you."

"A most eloquent harangue, Charles, upon my word, and very well worthy both of the orator and audience: pray, sir, what other charges have you to prefer before I begin my exculpation?" No reply. "Well, then, in the first place, I don't like to see people dance with countenances as serious as if they were just returned from an execution; so if I dance with the sage, I laugh for them, if with fools, at them; so ends the solution to problem the first.—Secondly, do not be alarmed lest I laugh at you, for then others might laugh too, and I should not like that.—Thirdly, I look merry because I have no care; how should I, when my dear Charles is so kind and indulgent."

"Well, but Julia, you might receive my attentions with a little more civility, and dance with me at least, three or four times in the course of the evening, instead of which you always contrive to shuffle me off, and dance with some stupid dandy or other that makes my blood boil when I see him hand you out."

"Stop, stop, Charles, what a string of nonsense is your touchy brain making you talk—dancing rooms are too full of sharp eyes for me to think of receiving any extra civility from you: fancy the *wall-flowers* engaged in an interesting conversation, all quite confidential, and pursued in a most audible whisper, thus,—'Do you know, my dear ma'am, Miss Melville is in love!'—'In love? bless me, I thought she looked rather pale, who is the happy man?'—'Mr Charles Seymour!'—'Indeed! I am surprised at her choice?'—That, you know, would be very pleasant for me to hear; I should colour up (very naturally) with indignation, and all would be out; the old ladies would whisper the matter (confidentially) all round the room, and you and I should look pretty fools.—No, no, Charles, though I have not yet lived so many long years in the world as you have, I must do myself the credit to say that I know better how to behave in it."

"Well, but indeed, dear Julia, if you could feel how I am tortured."

"And if you could feel how I am tortured," interrupted she, "when I see the man who knows I have preferred him to all others, *thus giving way to unkind, ungenerous fears, methinks his conduct would be somewhat different.*"

As she spoke, a large tear fell on the delicate little hand on which her cheek rested, and went like a dagger to the heart of her lover. "Forgive me, dearest Julia, I own I am wrong, but promise me you will not dance to-night with young Grey!"

"If I have a reasonable excuse for refusing; but I cannot promise to make myself ridiculous by affronting any young man: do but confide in me as I have believed you, and all will be well."

He promised—kissed the tear off her cheek, and they parted to meet in the evening at a ball.

The day passed rapidly away, and the night of trial came. Arrayed with simplicity and taste, Julia repaired to the ball-room, where was already a brilliant assemblage of beauty and fashion, and where not only Charles was waiting to receive her, but the much dreaded young Grey. "Remember the ides of March are come," she whispered, as she was led out to dance. Charles smiled, and nerved up his heart; and as he gazed on her graceful figure swimming through the mazes of the dance, he felt quite at ease. But she stopped: he saw her talking cheerfully to her partner, heard her laugh, grew agitated, and replied to a lady who remarked, "how beautifully the musicians perform."—"Ah! I knew how it would be, I cannot bear it." The lady pursed up her mouth at his odd reply, and left him (as she thought) either mad or a fool, to pursue his cogitations, and to tell some friend confidentially, what a queer young man he was. Julia smiled at him, and again he determined to take it all as a matter of course, and remember what she had said to him in the morning; but again she danced with young Grey; again he heard her laugh, and again the demon jealousy gained full control over him; and in the height of his resentment at what he termed her unparalleled cheerfulness, he resolved to fly from her for ever, rather than be thus tortured.

On the following day Charles did not come; but the next, as Julia was pursuing a solitary walk in the garden, and wondering at the cause of his absence, she was accosted by, "I am come, Miss Melville, to take my leave of you!"

"Indeed! Mr Seymour," said Julia, with an involuntary start, "and, pray, may I ask whither you are bound?"

"I set off for the Continent to-morrow morning."

"And, pray, as you have been thus far explicit, what may have caused so sudden a resolution?"

"My father has long wished me to travel for two or three years; but I could never make up my mind until now—in short, Julia——"

"In short, Charles, you are flying off at a tangent, and are come

to the noble and manly resolution of going to cure jealousy in the sultry climes of Italy, or perhaps to cool your over fertile imagination in the Tiber or the Tagus, or some classic stream, on whose banks you will wander and murmur your complaints to sweet echo ; and who, when you exclaim with that same pitiful countenance ‘ungrateful,’ will reply by way of consolation, ‘*great fool !*’

“ Julia, you are too bad ; I have borne with your jokes, but I cannot bear with insult, and——”

“ And you, Charles, you are too touchy ; I have borne with your nonsensical jealousy, because I thought in the main you were a good-hearted youth : and really, now I think of it, a continental trip might be of some service to you at any rate, you would come back more learned, and of all things I should like a learned husband ; you know, Charles, you could teach me so much, and then you’d tell me of,

‘ Most disastrous chances
Of moving accidents by flood and field,’

and all that, and I should love you

‘ For the dangers you had passed,
And you’d love me that I did pity you.

Really now your eyes roll so, I think you look something like Othello !”

“ Thank you, Miss Melville, for the comparison ; but I am serious : your conduct last night convinced me that you could not, even for my sake, forbear giving way to your high spirits, and indulging in your jokes with Mr Grey ; and once again——”

“ And once again, Charles, I will endeavour to procure for you a birth in St Luke’s, since I find you incurable ; and seriously, I think you had better take off your hat, you look rather warm.”

“ Miss Melville,” said Charles, gravely, “ I had flattered myself into a belief that I possessed some interest in your heart ; this cool raillery has undeceived me ; and tell me, have I not reason to be jealous ?”

“ Charles,” she replied, while her lively tone of repartee was exchanged for one of reproach, “ this is not the first nor the fiftieth time that you have put that question, and I as frequently have answered it : but I cannot submit to be thus daily catechised ; if you are resolved to doubt me, the sooner we part the better ; but we part friends,” said she, averting her face, and stretching out her hand. Charles seized it ; he was on the point of imploring her forgiveness, as he had done fifty times before, but his evil genius presented to him the

ll, and all the torture he had endured, and imprinting on it a
 id kiss, though his lips trembled, he hastened from the garden
 thout adding a word.

Julia's heart beat high as she heard his rapid step die away. She
 tened. He called loudly for his horse, and she stirred not till
 e clatter of hoofs, at full gallop, had sunk into silence. "He is
 ne!" she murmured, and she threw herself into a garden seat,
 it to weep, but to make up her mind to forget him. "I will for-
 t him;" she said, "and yet he cannot be gone; but 'tis no mat-
 r, he surely cannot leave me thus! but, pshaw! I'll think of him
 more," and she rose to attend to her flowers. A horse was
 ard along the road. "It must be he, he is returned; but if it
 s, I shall scorn to speak to him;" but her colour rose, and she
 ood to listen. The horse passed, it was not he, and again she dis-
 ained to think of him; but the next minute, and the next hour,
 e was still wondering if he was really gone, and the next week all
 is pense was over, and she heard that a letter had actually been re-
 eived from him, dated Paris. Still, however, (though she resolved
 ot to think of him,) she thought he might repent, and write to her,
 ince he was obliged to perform his promise to his father and go.
 But weeks and months rolled on, and no letter came, and hope de-
 erred began to sicken her heart, and his lock of hair, which she
 as sure she did not now value, was carefully locked up, to be
 ooked at only once—a day.

Months passed on, and Julia heard nothing of him, except that
 in his letters he usually sent his compliments to the Melvilles.

About twelve months after Charles's departure, Julia Melville
 was summoned to the melancholy office of attending the last mo-
 ments of a beloved friend. She was a young widow with one little
 girl, about a year and a half old, and as the dying woman pressed
 her friend feebly to her heart, she whispered, "My Julia, promise to
 be a mother to my little cherub; and you, my child, this will in fu-
 ture be your mamma." Julia promised, and as she kissed the
 tears from the cheek of the now smiling mother, she felt thankful
 that even in this hour of trial she had it in her power to impart
 consolation. The shades of death ere long passed over the placid
 countenance of her friend, and with the most affectionate interest
 she took charge of her protégé. Her thoughts were now directed
 into a new channel; but still, with the usual perverseness of human
 nature, the more she determined to forget her own source of uneasi-
 ness, the more the subject seemed to press upon her mind, and the
 less she heard of Charles, the more she thought and wondered, and
 now longed and thought; and though she repeated to herself a hun-
 dred times a day, "How foolish I am to think about him;" her re-

veries always ended with a sigh, and "perhaps after all, poor fellow, he is sorry."

In the meantime Charles was pursuing his studies on the Continent, but he was not at ease; there was a gnawing at his heart, in the shape of conscience, which whispered, that he had been too hasty in his conduct towards Miss Melville, and he once seriously thought of returning, but pride in alarm took up arms, and drove poor conscience from the field, so he e'en pursued his journey, visiting most of the principal towns in France, Italy, and Germany, and was in a fair way of returning, as Julia had told him, with more learning than he carried out. At Dresden he was joined by a friend who had been his companion during his stay in Paris, and as they were both in pursuit of the same thing, information, and were of congenial tastes, they were both pleased in the opportunity of being comrades during a very interesting tour.

As they were one day wandering through the fine Gallery of the Duc de C——, where were assembled some chefs d'œuvres both in painting and sculpture, they both, as with one consent, stopped at a picture in which a lovely female formed the principal figure. It was a St Cecilia, pale, but strikingly beautiful. The young men gazed for some time in profound silence, each wrapped in his own meditations. At length young Arlincourt exclaimed, "By heaven! 'tis as like as if she had sate for it!" Charles started, and asked with great earnestness, "To whom do you allude?"—"To a Miss Melville," replied Arlincourt, gravely; "and the most lovely creature I ever beheld—after I left you at Paris I went to England, and met her at lady E——'s: if I had had leisure I should have fallen desperately in love with her; but as it was, she received my attentions with great coolness—by the bye, Charles, you must know her; for on my mentioning your name, she asked several questions respecting you, which I of course replied to with as much nonchalance as I could muster; though I felt deucedly mortified at her apparent interest in such a handsome young fellow as you are, Charles, when I was trying to play the agreeable to her!"

"Yes," replied Charles, in a sort of audible soliloquy, "it is wonderfully like her, but too pale, she——"

"Too pale," interrupted Arlincourt; "not pale enough, for by Jove she was as pale as yonder marble statue; she was thin, too, and looked as if she was in sorrow."

"Did she?" said Charles; "and did you make no inquiry about this syren?"

"Yes, I asked young Grey if he knew whether she was ill; and he said he supposed she was pining after some faithless swain;

this, and a look of mighty significance, was all the information I could obtain."

Charles turned away, and busied himself in examining a small picture, but presently returning, and endeavouring to look very indifferent, he continued, "Oh, pray, Arlincourt, what questions did Miss Melville ask about me, and what did you answer?"

"Why, my dear fellow, in the first place she asked how you were? and I replied, perfectly well."

"You should not have said so," interrupted Charles hastily, "I was not well."

"She asked me, secondly, were you cheerful? Now, my dear Seymour, what could a young fellow do, when he found himself in the back ground, but tell a white lie, and so I replied, you were the merriest fellow I ever met, quite the life of Paris; I heard, or thought I heard, a sigh, and so the conversation ended. I began to imagine I had carried her by a coup d'esprit; but unfortunately she became taciturn, and complaining of a violent headache, I lost my pains and my partner at the same time—but my dear Charles, what is the matter? you look as pale as she did; I thought you would not care to hear all this now!"

"Oh, Arlincourt, you have ruined me, I must set off instantly!" Arlincourt was in a moment enlightened. "Do, do, my dear friend! depend upon it you will be in time, or she would not have been so pallid; be off, and Cupid and fortune attend you!" So saying, he dragged Charles home, who prepared to set off on the following morning, leaving pictures, and statues, and all the course of study he had proposed to pursue, to some wight, who had the good luck neither to be in love, nor to have run a wild-goose-chase into foreign parts in search of a remedy for jealousy. Leaving Charles to pursue his journey to England as rapidly as lame horses and contrary winds would permit him, while he railed at both, we return to Julia.

After her conversation with young Arlincourt, respecting Charles, she was more than ever resolved to forget him; but (most provokingly) something was always occurring to bring him to her mind. Either his name was mentioned, or she had plucked a rose from his favourite bush, as it happened to be the finest in the garden; or, in arranging her wardrobe, she met, quite unexpectedly, with his portrait, and as she glanced her moist eye upon it, she thought it impossible that such a noble face and form, could contain an ungenerous mind, and though Arlincourt had said he was gay and merry, she need not believe it, and she thought of Posthumus and Imogen, and made up her mind that he would come back

at last, though, if he did, she meant to be as cold and distant as ever woman was.

In this mood, she strolled out one fine summer's morning in the garden, with her little charge, who was her constant companion; the child was lovely, and her light curling hair shaded her laughing eyes, which seemed to rival the deep blue of the iris. Julia seated herself in a little arbour, which was overgrown by a luxuriant woodbine, turning its strong fibres around a delicate jessamine, and seeming to kiss the pure white flowers that peeped from their green recesses, offering a luscious tribute to the industrious bee. There was scarcely a breeze stirring; the mid-day sun seemed to have silenced all nature, even the gay butterfly that had been flitting away its little span of life amidst the roses, rested as if fatigued with its exertions. Julia felt unusually sad, and her young playmate was wandering about to pluck the prettiest flowers for her "dear mamma," as she now constantly called her protectress. The distant sound of a horse at full gallop was borne on the lazy air; it approached nearer and nearer, and Julia's heart beat, she knew not why. It stopped at the garden gate, which was violently opened, and at the same instant her little playfellow ran towards her, exclaiming loudly, "Dear, dear mamma, here is a gentleman." She started from the arbour, and turning the angle of a walk, encountered Charles. He had caught the child's words, and gazing for an instant on Julia, as he would have pierced into her soul, uttered! (his whole frame trembling with agitation) "Mamma, oh, Arlincourt!" and turning away, rushed from her presence, threw himself on his horse, which he had just quitted with all the animation of hope, and heedless of her voice as she exclaimed "Charles! I entreat you stop and hear me," rode off at full gallop, and in half an hour arrived, to the utter astonishment of his whole family, breathless, and looking as if he had just escaped from Charon's ferry boat. "Dear Charles!" and "Poor Charles!" and "How ill you look!" and "What can have brought you home?" were dinned into his ears by his mother and sisters, until he fairly wished himself on the banks of the Styx. The first greetings over, he pleaded fatigue as the cause of his pallid appearance, and off trotted mamma to the house-keeper, to see for something for her dear boy, and off ran his sisters for something to show him: one however remained, and he took the opportunity to say, with a contortion of countenance intended for a smile, and a prelude exclamation, between a grunt and a groan, "Humph! so Miss Melville is married!"—"Married, Charles? indeed she is not."—"But she is though," said Charles, "and has a child, and an ugly little thing it is too."—"Ugly? it is a perfect beauty; it is not hers, it is the child of her

deceased friend Mrs C——, and, if I am any judge, I should say, Julia's heart is still with one who does not at all deserve it, from his unkind treatment!" Charles understood her look, started from his seat, rang the bell impetuously, and, without waiting to have it answered, rushed down stairs, nearly upsetting in his progress, his mother, sisters, and the footman, who were hurrying from all parts of the house to see what was the matter; called for his horse, ran to the stable, saddled it himself, threw himself on his back, to the utter astonishment of the whole establishment, from the mistress down to the groom, galloped off, and in a short time was at the feet of Julia, whom he still found in the arbour. The "ugly little thing," who had caused poor Charles such a sudden reversion of feeling, was no longer there. "Dearest Julia," he exclaimed, "forgive me, I entreat you, do but say you still love me, and, trust me, you shall never again have cause to complain of my jealousy; oh, if you but knew what I have suffered during this cruel absence, you would surely pity me. Arlincourt, you were right; she is indeed pale as a marble statue, and the loveliest of beings," he continued, as he gazed on her, "she must, she will forgive me!"

During this harangue, Julia had in some degree recovered her self possession, and willing to try him, said, with apparent earnestness, "Arlincourt! have you seen him lately? I thought him a delightful young man, so full of vivacity and good humour; and indeed, Charles, if you have had him for a companion you have been fortunate."

Charles started up in actual horror, and exclaimed, "Good heavens! am I again the dupe of my own intolerable impetuosity! is it then for Arlincourt that this cheek is thus pallid, this form thus altered! oh, Julia! how have I been deceived."

"Do you think it probable, Mr Seymour," replied Julia, with half a smile and half a sigh, "that I should have pined for one who, I had the pleasure to hear, was 'quite the life' of such a gay place as Paris?"

"You have been most grossly deceived, Julia; that villain Arlincourt has reported falsely of me for his own base purposes; but we shall answer for his conduct—No, Miss Melville, I wandered through Paris with feelings of—— but 'tis folly to plead thus, where I am despised, betrayed," continued he, turning to depart.—"Stop, Mr Seymour," said Julia, laying her white hand upon his arm. He stopped and fixed his eyes upon her countenance, the pallidness of which was giving way to the delicate hue of the pale ink acacia, "I see, poor Charles," she continued, "that you have not left your evil genius amongst the nymphs of Arcadia, nor bewitched it to the Dryads of the Tiber, but already, at our very

first meeting, are indulging in a fit of jealousy, your 'eye in a frenzy rolling,' merely because I was so polite as to inquire at your friend. Now if this be done for effect, allow me to assure you it has but a poor one; if reality, you are the most absurd lover ever created; so now, sir, give your evidence, and I will pronounce a verdict accordingly."

There was so much of Julia's accustomed tone and manner this, that Charles began to think he was still the chosen swain of her affections—in a short time he felt fully convinced of the matter; they were soon after married, and lived very happily.

To say that Charles was never jealous again, would be averring too much for human weakness; but whenever he found the demon stealing his hand over him, he thought on all the torture he had before caused himself, and on investigation of the circumstances invariably ascertained the fault but lay in his own imagination.

Diamond Magazine.

THE ICEBERG.

'Twas night—our anchor'd vessel slept
 Out on the glassy sea;
 And still as heaven the waters kept,
 And golden bright—as he,
 The setting sun, went sinking slow
 Beneath the eternal wave;
 And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
 Over the monarch's grave.

There was no motion of the air
 To raise the sleeper's tress,
 And no wave-building winds were there,
 On ocean's loveliness;
 But ocean mingled with the sky
 With such an equal hue,
 That vainly strove the 'wildered eye
 To part their gold and blue.

And ne'er a ripple of the sea
 Came on our steady gaze,
 Save when some timorous fish stole out
 To bathe in the woven blaze,—
 When, flouting in the light that played
 All over the resting main,

He would sink beneath the wave, and dart
To his deep, blue home again.

Yet, while we gazed, that sunny eve,
Across the twinkling deep,
A form came ploughing the golden wave,
And rending its holy sleep ;
It blushed bright red, while growing on
Our fixed half-fearful gaze ;
But it wandered down, with its glow of light,
And its robe of sunny rays.

It seemed like molten silver, thrown
Together in floating flame ;
And as we look'd, we named it, then,
The fount whence all colours came :
There were rainbows furl'd with a careless grace,
And the brightest red that glows ;
The purple amethyst there had place,
And the hues of a full-blown rose.

And the vivid green, as the sun-lit grass
Where the pleasant rain hath been ;
And the ideal hues, that, thought-like, pass
Through the minds of fanciful men ;
They beamed full-clear—and that form moved on,
Like one from a burning grave ;
And we dared not think it a real thing,
But for the rustling wave.

The sun just linger'd in our view,
From the burning edge of ocean,
When by our bark that bright one pass'd
With a deep, disturbing motion ;
The far down waters shrank away,
With a gurgling rush upheaving,
And the lifted waves grew pale and sad,
Their mother's bosom leaving.

Yet, as it passed our bending stern,
In its throne-like glory going,
It crush'd on a hidden rock, and turn'd
Like an empire's overthrowing.
The up-torn waves roll'd hoar,—and, hush,
The fur-thrown undulations
Swell'd out in the sun's last, lingering smile,
And fell like battling nations.

J. O. ROCKWELL.

AN INCIDENT AT GIBRALTAR.

BY H. D. INGLIS.*

THERE needs no extraordinary incident to impress upon the traveller a recollection of Gibraltar. Even if Spain were a country devoid of interest, a journey across the Peninsula would be repaid by the first view of this celebrated spot. For my own part, if I had never seen Emily Waring,—or rescued her lover from his great peril,—or been present at the trial of the unhappy Donovan,—this majestic object would, nevertheless, be distinguished among the many scenes upon which I have looked with wonder and delight, as that one, which is the most vividly pictured upon my memory.

But, with my recollections of Gibraltar, some passages of human life are mixed; and when, a year ago, I visited this spot for the second time, the glorious scene that burst upon me as I sailed through the Straights,—the Barbary mountains on one hand,—the Bay of Algesiras and the Sierra of Granada on the other,—the placid waters of the Mediterranean spreading towards the east, and the gigantic rock guarding its entrance, were lost in the recollection of mingled sorrow and joy that annihilated ten years; and placed me again, beside Emily Waring, and showed me—but I will not anticipate.

In the year 1821, in the month of June, I sailed from England with the *Levant Packet*, in the intention of spending a few weeks in Cadiz and Gibraltar, and of then proceeding to Corfu. I think it was the 15th of June, when I stepped upon the mole of Gibraltar; and the same evening I presented my letters to Sir G—— D——, then Governor; and to Colonel Waring, of the Royal Engineers, to whose family, indeed, I am distantly related. Sir G—— D—— invited me to a ball, to be given at the Government House the following evening; and Colonel Waring,—as fine an old man as ever served the king,—shaking me heartily by the hand, and discovering a family likeness, told me I had arrived at a most fortunate time, for that his daughter Emily would next week be united to Captain L——, of the Royal Navy.

“He’s a noble fellow,” said the Colonel, “else he should not have my girl;—dine with us to-morrow, and you’ll meet him, and stay and sup with us; you must see Emily; and take care you don’t fall in love with her.” The injunction was necessary; for never do female charms appear so seductive, as when we know that *they* all but belong to another: and Emily Waring was the only truly *lovely* girl I have ever beheld. I will not attempt any description

* From ‘*The Winter’s Wreath.*’ 1832.

of her countenance; the most captivating is the most indescribable; and of her figure I will only say, that to an almost infantine lightness, were added those gracious contours that belong to maturer years. Captain L——, I found all that the Colonel had depicted him.

Next evening, I went to the ball at the Government House; and while Emily Waring was dancing with her betrothed, I chanced to observe the eyes of a gentleman intently fixed upon the pair; he was evidently deeply interested; and in the expression of a very handsome countenance, it was not difficult to discover, that the most deadly jealousy was mingled with the most intense admiration. "Who is that gentleman?" said I to a friend whom I had accidentally discovered among the officers of the garrison. "His name," said he, in a whisper, "is Donovan; you have of course remarked that his eyes constantly pursue the Colonel's daughter and her partner; there are some curious facts, and rather unpleasant suspicions, connected with the history of this Donovan. I need scarcely tell you what are his feelings towards Miss Waring and Captain L——; that he loves the one, and hates the other; and yet, you will be surprised to be told, that Donovan and Captain L—— are apparently the best friends in the world. Three years ago, Donovan saved the Captain's life, by an act of extraordinary daring; and although Donovan has, since that time, twice forced Captain L—— to fight a duel with him, under the most suspicious circumstances, and, as every one believed, with the express intent of shooting him, Captain L—— still remembers the benefit conferred upon him, and persists in believing in the nice honour of Donovan, and in his friendship."

Donovan now approached the spot where we stood, and our conversation was interrupted; but when it was afterwards renewed, my friend informed me, that Donovan had formerly been married; and that some years ago he was put upon his trial on suspicion of having poisoned his wife; and that, although he was acquitted, strong doubt yet rests upon the minds of many. "He has high interest," added my friend, "and holds an important Government employment; and etiquette obliges the Governor to invite him."

This ball took place on Thursday; and on Monday morning, Emily Waring and Captain L—— were to have been united. On Friday, and on Saturday, I dined with Colonel Waring, his daughter, and Captain L——; who on Saturday evening, said, in taking leave, that he had promised to dine the next day with Donovan. I noticed a cloud—a shade not of displeasure, but uneasiness, pass over Emily's countenance; and the Colonel said, "*Emily looks as if she thought you ought not to run away from*

us to-morrow; and besides, I cannot bring myself to like Donovan." "He is misunderstood," said Captain L——, "I can never forget," continued he, turning to Emily, and taking her hand, "that but for Donovan, this could never have been mine; I could not refuse him." "Well, well," said the Colonel, "we'll see you at all events in the morning;" and we took leave.

Next morning we went to parade, which, in Gibraltar, is the morning lounge. When it was over, the Colonel complained of fatigue, and returned home; I seated myself beside the statue of General Elliot; and the two betrothed strolled into the Alameda, that most charming labyrinth of geranium, and acacia, and orange trees; and they staid in it so long, that I left my seat, and returned to the Colonel's house, where I afterwards dined. We expected that Captain L—— would have passed the evening with us after leaving Donovan; but he did not appear. The Colonel was evidently piqued; and Emily betrayed some uneasiness—and perhaps, a little disappointment. I took my leave about eleven; and promised to accompany the wedding party at nine o'clock next morning to the Government house, where the ceremony was to take place. I was punctual to my time; Emily looked, as a lovely bride ought to look—modest and enchanting; the Colonel was impatient; for Captain L—— had not arrived. It was now nine o'clock; half-past nine—ten o'clock came; but the bridegroom was still absent. The Colonel's pique began to yield to uneasiness; Emily's uneasiness was changed for agitation. I offered to go to Captain L——; and I learned at his hotel, that he had not been seen since five o'clock the day before. A message was then sent to Mr Donovan, who returned for answer, that after dinner, he and Captain L—— walked up the rock; but that having taken different paths, they had missed each other; and he had not seen Captain L—— since.

I need not describe the change, which a few hours had wrought upon Emily. I saw her sitting in her bridal dress, pale and tearless; and the old Colonel stood beside her: one hand inclosed his daughter's; and with the other he brushed away the tear that now and then started to his own eye. At this moment, the Governor Sir G—— D—— was announced; and the Colonel and myself received him. "The unaccountable disappearance of Captain L——," said he, "has been made known to me some hours ago; I have used every means to penetrate the mystery, but without success; the sentinels on the eastern piquet saw him pass up in company with Mr Donovan; and under all the circumstances, I have thought it my duty to order Mr Donovan's arrest."

By a singular, and, for Mr Donovan, unfortunate fatality, the court, for the judgment of civil and criminal causes, commenced

t Gibraltar on the day following; and from some farther which had been tendered, it was thought necessary to send over to trial. There was no direct evidence; but there were strong presumptions against him. His hatred of Captain as proved by many witnesses; the cause of it, the preference Waring, was proved by her father; the circumstances; the two duels were inquired into; and the result of the militated more strongly against the character of Mr Donovan had even been expected. It was proved, moreover, that Mr Donovan left his house in company with Captain L——, and a concealed stiletto; and it was proved that they were together, walking towards the eastern extremity of the rock more than half a mile beyond the farthest piquet. The perhaps requires to be informed, that the highest summit of Gibraltar is its eastern extremity, which terminates in a point of fifteen hundred feet; and that about half a mile beyond the last sentinel, the road to the summit branches into two; each gaining the height by an easy zig-zag path; the other, the angle of the rock, and passing near the mouth of the ravine.

It was of course irregular, upon the trial of Mr Donovan, to introduce the former trial, but this had no doubt its weight; and he was adjudged guilty of murder, and sentenced to die. The sentence was pronounced on Friday, and on Monday it was to be put into execution.

The morning of the day arrived, Mr Donovan desired a confession; and his confession was to this effect; that innocent of the crime on suspicion of which he was about to lose his life, punishment was nevertheless justly due, both on account of the former murder of which he had been acquitted, but in which he had in reality been guilty, and on account of the crime he had meditated, though not perpetrated, against Captain L——. He admitted, that he had resolved upon his destruction, that in order to accomplish his purpose, he had proposed a walk to the summit of the rock; and that his design had been frustrated by Captain L—— having taken a different path, and having arrived at the summit.

One night, while lying in bed, and revolving in my mind the extraordinary events of the last few days, I could not resist the impression, that Donovan was guiltless of the blood of Captain Waring. Why should he have confessed only to the intention, if he was guilty of the act? why confess one murder and not another, and a vague suspicion floated upon my fancy, that Captain Waring might yet be living. In this mood I fell asleep; and

dreamed that Donovan stood by my bed-side: I thought he said, three several times, and in a tone of great solemnity, such as might be the tone of one who had passed from the state of the living, "I suffered justly: but I did not murder *him*—he yet lives." I am far from meaning to infer, that the dream is to be looked upon as any supernatural visitation; it was the result, and a very natural result, of my waking thoughts: nevertheless, it impressed the conviction more strongly upon my mind; and when I awoke, and saw the gray dawn, I started from my bed with the resolution of acting upon its intimation.

I crossed the draw-bridge, which was then just lowered, traversed the Alameda; and followed the path that leads to Europa point. Some houses skirt the southern side of the rock near to the sea; and several boats were moored close to the shore. No one was stirring; it was not then five o'clock, for the morning gun had not fired; but I stepped into a boat; unfastened its moorings; and rowed under the great rock towards the eastern extremity. I soon doubled the south-eastern point, and found myself in front of the great precipice; and now I backed from the rock, keeping my eyes steadfastly fixed upon the fissures and projections; and the reader will scarcely be inclined to credit me, if I assert, that when I first descried, upon a distant projection, something that bore the resemblance of a human figure, I felt more joy than surprise, so strongly was I impressed with the belief, that Captain L—— might yet be living. A nearer and closer inspection almost convinced me that I was not deceived; and I need scarcely say, that my boat shot swiftly through the water as I returned towards Europa point.

It is unnecessary that I should detail the farther steps that were taken, in order to discover whether the information I had given was correct, or the means resorted to, to rescue Captain L—— from his perilous situation, or the measures which were adopted to restore him to consciousness and strength. I can never forget the visit I made to the house of Colonel Waring, the evening upon which it had been slowly broken to Emily that Captain L—— yet lived. Never did smiles and tears meet under happier auspices,—for joy had unlocked the fountain that sorrow had choked up; and every tear was gilded by a smile. As for the old Colonel, his delight knew no bounds,—he alternately shook me by the hand, and kissed the wet, though smiling cheek of his daughter. "I am not a man of many words," said he, "but by G—d, all I can say is this, that if Captain L—— had perished, you should have been the man."

It was some days before Captain L—— was sufficiently recovered to see his bride. I was present at the meeting. It was one of

those scenes that can never pass from the memory of him who has witnessed such. Never was happiness so prodigal of tears; never were tears less bitter. It was now evening; we had left the house, and were seated in the Colonel's garden, which overlooks the Alameda, and the bay of Algeiras, which lay in perfect calm, coloured with the gorgeous hues reflected from Andalusian skies. Captain L— had not yet been requested to relate those particulars which he alone knew, but he guessed our wish; and when Emily had seated herself in an obscure corner of the summer-house, he gave us the following relation.

"I left Griffith's hotel about five o'clock, to dine with poor Donovan, as I had promised: he received me, as usual, with apparent kindness; but during dinner, he was often abstracted,—there was evident agitation in his tone and manner,—and for the first time in my life I felt uncomfortable in his company. After dinner he proposed a walk; I left the house first; and chancing to glance in at the window as I passed round the angle, I saw him place a short dagger in his bosom. Suspicion then, for the first time, entered into my mind; and the manner of Donovan, as we ascended, was calculated to increase it. You recollect, that about half a mile beyond the highest piquet station, the road to the eastern point branches into two. I proposed that we should go different ways. Donovan took the zig-zag path; I followed the narrow steep path, intending to shun another meeting, and to scramble down the southern side. In passing the entrance to the excavations, I noticed that the iron gate was open,—left open probably accidentally—and the coolness of these subterranean galleries invited me to enter. While walking through them, I stopped to look out at one of the port holes;* and seeing, upon a little platform of the rock, about nine feet below, some stalks of white narcissus,† I felt a strong desire to possess myself of them,—in fact, I thought Emily would like them, for we had often, when walking on the rock, or rowing under it, noticed these pretty flowers in inaccessible spots, and regretted the impossibility of reaching them. Betwixt the port hole and the platform there was a small square projection, and a geranium root twining round it, by which I saw that I could easily and safely accomplish my purpose. I accordingly stepped, or rather dropped upon the projection, and, only lightly touching

* It may be necessary to inform the reader, that the excavations of Gibraltar are immense passages, or, as they are there called, galleries, hewn in the centre of the rock. These are carried within the face of the great precipice, and at short intervals there are openings, or port-holes, for cannon.

† Every projection and every nook in the face of the precipice, is adorned with these beautiful and sweet-smelling flowers.

it, descended to the platform. Having possessed myself of the flowers, I seized the projection, to raise myself up; but, to my inexpressible horror, the mass gave way, and, with the geranium-root, bounded from point to point, into the sea. The separation of this fragment left the face of the rock entirely bare,—without point, fissure, or root; it was at least nine feet from the spot where I stood to the lower part of the port hole. It was impossible, by any exertion, to reach this; and the face of the rock was so smooth, that even a bird could not have found a footing upon it. I saw that I was lost,—I saw that no effort of mine could save me, and that no human eye could see me; and the roaring of the waves below, drowned all cries for succour. I was placed about the middle of the precipice, with seven or eight hundred feet both above and below. Above, the rock projected, so that no one could see me from the summit; and the bulging of the rock on both sides, I saw must prevent any one discovering me from the sea, unless a boat should chance to come directly under the spot.

Evening passed away, it grew dark; and when night came I sat down upon the platform, leaning my back against the rock. Night passed too, and morning dawned—this was the morning when Emily would have given herself to me; the morning from which I had in imagination dated the commencement of happiness. I renewed my vain efforts; I sprang up to the port-hole; but fell back upon the platform, and was nearly precipitated into the ocean; I cried aloud for help; but my cry was answered only by some monkeys that jabbered from an opposite cliff. I thought of leaping into the sea, which would have been certain death; I prayed to God; I fear I blasphemed; I called wildly and insanely, called upon Emily; I cursed, and bewailed my fate, and even wept like a child; and then I sunk down exhausted. Oh! how I envied the great birds that sailed by, and that sank down in safety upon the bosom of the deep. The history of one day is the history of all, until weakness bereaved me of my powers. Hunger assailed me; I ate the scanty grasses that covered the platform, and gradually became weaker; and as the sufferings of the body increased, that of the mind diminished. Reason often wandered; I fancied that strange music, and sometimes the voice of Emily, mingled with the roar of the waves. I saw the face of Donovan looking at me through the port-hole; and I fancied that I was married; and that the flowers in my bosom were my bride, and I spoke to her, and told her not to fear the depth, or the roar of the sea. I have kept the flowers, Emily; I found them in my bosom when I was rescued; here they are," said Captain L—, rising, and laying them upon Emily's lap. But the recital had been too much for

things; she had striven to repress them, but they could bear no control; "hated flowers!" said she, as throwing herself on the neck of her betrothed, she found relief in a flood of tears. "sweet girl, my dear Emily," said the Colonel, as he gently raised her from her resting place, and pressed her to a father's bosom, "tis past now; and I propose that next Monday we'll"—but he had left the summer house—"next Monday," resumed the Colonel, addressing Captain L——, "we'll have the wedding."

And so it was. Oh! how soon are sorrows forgotten. I saw her led to the altar; I saw her afterwards a happy and beloved

Between my first and second visit to Gibraltar, the Colonel paid the debt of nature; but Emily's house is always my home. And her as beautiful as ever; as gentle and good; as much

Emily Waring, I shall never see thee more; then God bless thy husband, and thy children!

A SUMMER DAY.

THERE was not on that day a speck to stain
The azure heaven: the blessed sun alone
In unapproachable divinity,
Career'd rejoicing in the fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the line of bending shore,
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory: all the flocks
Of ocean are abroad: like floating foam
The seagulls rise and fall upon the waves:
With long protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling; even the insect swarms,
From the dark nooks and coverts issued forth
To sport through one day of existence more.
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seem'd now as if it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the rock and shores,
The forests, and the everlasting hills,
Smiled in the joyful sunshine; they partook
The universal blessing.

SOUTHEY *

* 'Madec.'

THE JUBILEE.*

SOME years have elapsed (I am sometimes tempted to forget how many) since I endeavoured to compensate the deficiencies of a neglected education on my own side the Tweed, by voluntary studies at the university of Edinburgh. As a relaxation from severer pursuits, and an excuse for rambles in a country whose novelty alone was attraction enough to an untravelled Englishman, I occasionally accompanied a young artist of liberal education and pleasing manners, with whom I was acquainted, in his sketching expeditions in the romantic neighbourhood of his native city, the very contiguity of which to a great town rendered it more piquant and striking.

In one of these excursions, when, by the uncommon fineness of the weather and greater distance of the style of scenery requisite for his purpose, we were tempted to proceed beyond the brief limits of an autumnal day, instead of returning by the light of a rather waning moon to Edinburgh, G—— proposed that we should take up our quarters for the night at a neat little mountain inn, much frequented at various seasons by fishers and grouse-shooters, and affording, in consequence, accommodations of a description its unpretending aspect would scarcely have led one to expect. On nearing this rustic hostelry, kept by an *antique* of the true Meg Dods character, we were a good deal surprised to hear, issuing from its usually quiet haven, sounds of the most exuberant and unrestrained mirth, blending with, and nearly overpowering, the discordant strains of a brace of evidently belligerent fiddles.

"A penny wedding—by all that's lucky!" exclaimed my companion. "At least you, sir, as a stranger, will no doubt think one night's rest well sacrificed for a peep at these fast-waning saturnalia."

"Pray, explain," said I, delighted to witness, under any circumstances, so lively a scene of national festivity: "what do you mean by a 'penny wedding?'"

"Why, Sir, in pastoral and primitive districts—which, strange to say, though within a dozen miles of a capital, these hills seem likely long to remain—when a couple, of the lowest order, of course, are too poor to muster the sum requisite for marrying, their neighbours and acquaintance good-humouredly set on foot a subscription, out of which is first defrayed such a merry-making as you see going on

* From 'The Literary Souvenir,' 1832.

yonder, while the surplus generally suffices to place the improvident pair beyond immediate want. It is not, you will say, a very eligible mode of settling in the world, nor is it so considered in these days, even among themselves. It is generally, indeed, more a frolic of the neighbouring young people, at the expense of some pair of elderly paupers, determined to marry *for worse*, instead of better, *man*, as it once was, a creditable scheme of establishment for a deserving young couple."

As he spoke, we descended the green shoulder of one of the pastoral hills, whose recesses of unsuspected beauty we had been all day exploring, and came full upon the little inn, its front beaming with unwonted illumination, and steam—savoury as the chaldron of Meg Merrilees, amidst which my English organs readily detected the national perfume of "mountain dew"—issuing from every open door and window.

The fiddles, whose dismal scraping accorded ill with the accompaniments, might almost have been dispensed with, so completely were they drowned by yells and shrieks of frantic merriment, and so well was the time of the tune marked by the snapping of fingers and thumping of heels on the sanded floor of the kitchen. I scarcely know which expressed most surprise, my face, as I caught, over the shoulder of a tall, white-headed old Bluegown (the fac-simile of Edie Ochiltree), a glimpse of the scene within, or that of Luckie Cairns, the usually staid and somewhat aristocratical hostess, when the nakedness of her, for once, disorderly house was discovered to a couple of stranger gentlemen. She soon, however, recognised the old acquaintance, G——, and addressed to him—though with the tail of her eye all the time on the "Englisher"—her characteristic apology.

It began, *more Scotico*, with a question, and with what G—— called "the first word o' flytin'."

"Lord guide's! Mr G——, what's brought you here the day, wi' your pents and your nick-nacks, and a stranger comrade wi' ye, that's used to things wiselike, nae doubt,—and the house a' disjeskit this gait, wi' the first and last ploy the callants e'er got me to countenance within my door? And they hadna hae gotten it now, but the wily lady, Sanders, took it aye up and down wi' the gentle's fish to the carrier's, and their letters frae the post, and they persuaded me he was a kind o' serving body o' my ain; and traiking Tibbie had sell't my butter and eggs may-be thretty years and mair; so what could I do but let my house be made a public ae night in the thretty?—and gentles to light on't, for a clean bed and hot supper! It's a judgment on me for being sae simple!"

"Keep yourself easy, Luckie!" answered G——, in her own

style. "My friend here can get clean beds and hot suppers in England, but penny weddings are scarce enough, even in Scotland."

"The scarcer the better," said the hostess, drawing herself up with the demure look of one scandalized with unwonted revelry. "And now, sirs, what can I do for ye? There's no a bed in the house up but my ain; and tho' I wad gie ye't, I couldna promise ye peace to lie in't, for the fiddles 'll be scaiching, and the folk skirling, and the reels daddin, till far i' the night; and the smell o' the punch 'll be just poison to the gentleman frae England. Ye'll no be that ill for supper, for I've a curn mutton pies by ordinar', that I seasoned mysel, and there's a creel fu' o' trout walloping down bye at the burn that wad pleasure a Provost. Come slipping ben to my ain wee room, and ye's get a' the comfort I can gie ye, afore the folk's supper comes on;—and for beds—I'll send the lass to the Minister's, and get ye gude quarters for a word."

"I know the Clergyman," said G——, seeing me hesitate. "His sons and I were at school together, and my first sunshiny holidays were spent among the hills we traversed to-day. I *should* like to see the Manse once more, and a welcome will not be wanting, unless Mr Maxwell should be strangely altered."

"He is altered, honest man!" said the landlady, heeding only my comrade's last words—"grief's a great alterer! o' auld folk especially! and it's fifty year come Monday, since the minister was placed in the parish, and thirty come the time, since he married me and puir John Cairns docely and Christian-like, in that very spence whar thae daft deevils are making a mock o' marriage atween twa auld randy ne'er-doweels! But its dinn now, and what's the use o' reflections? Come your ways, gentlemen, to your supper."

It was with reluctance that I postponed, even to so important an affair—to a hungry prospect-hunter—the gratification of my curiosity. But reconciled to the landlady's fiat by the trout and mutton-pies, and the comfort and cleanliness which reigned in her sanctum sanctorum, G—— and I did ample justice to the savoury repast, and its crowning tumbler, whose whisky even I, a novice could discern to be mountain-born, and guiltless of the Exchequer.

"I see ye're nae great hand at the whisky, sir!" said the hostess in answer to an equivocal shake of the head with which an Englishman generally salutes the indigenous flavour of genuine peat-reek: "but tak my word for't, ae devil dings out anither, and if ye're to be dancin' and daffin yonder, and the room reeking o' punch like a killogie, ye'll ken a' the less for being a thought primed yoursel; and ye'll dance a' the better for't, I'se warrant,"—turning

with a smile to G——, “a spur in the head’s worth twa in the heel!”

So saying, the good lady, desirous to profit in her domestic affairs, by the interval between the claims of her very opposite customers, snatched up the candle, and marshalled us to the scene of a festivity, to which, at the distance of a mile at least, our ears might have proved sufficient guides.

The hoarse squeak of the wary and muggy fiddlers was now well nigh drowned by the far more efficient “lilt” of some stentorian voices, on whose organs the “barley bree” had produced an exactly opposite effect; and the figure of one round rosy shepherd, who with bonnet “ajee” and picturesquely disposed plaid, sang, danced, and snapped his fingers, surrounded by a ring of admiring rivals, would have been worthy the pencil of a Teniers or a Wilkie.

His partner in the reel was no less a personage than the blushing bride—a weather-beaten crone of some sixty winters’ bronzing; and as, exhilarated by the unwonted stimulant of applause, she strove to keep pace with the agile movements and giddy whirlings of her *vis à vis*, peals of unbridled laughter shook the quiet hostelry to its very base.

The bridegroom again, an old Chelsea pensioner, whose once steady, soldier-like frame retained some shadow of military bearing, spite of the joint inroads of palsy and potations, was doing his best to keep his equilibrium, as like “Panting Time,” he toiled after the winged heels of a mountain fairy of sixteen, whose shy but earnest gaze at the strangers, and bounding rapidity of motion, reminded me at once of the roe on her native hills.

Moved by compassion for this ill-matched couple, and well aware of the popular course on such occasions, G—— dashed at once into the old man’s place in the dance, and began threading its mazes with the blushing, but evidently flattered damsel, making me a sign to follow his example; a hint which neither my proficiency in the national dance, nor the charms of the bride, were sufficient to warrant my taking. I slid down unobserved beside some of the few elders present, whose shrewd remarks, and good-natured participations in the “daffin” of the youngsters, were not the least pleasing part of the motley scene. I had never before seen a body of Lowland peasantry collected in holiday attire, and certainly their general good looks, neat shoes and stockings, and above all, the prevalence of decidedly dark hair and complexion (among the men especially), gave the lie to many a Southern quip, at the expense of the bare-footed daughters and carrot-headed sons of Scotia.

The dance by this time—thanks to the punch, which had been

freely circulating—was getting, as Burns says, “fast and furious.” Gleams of broad national humour flashed through the habitual gravity of the demurest blue-bonneted peasant of the group; and for awhile there was abundance to excite both the Scottish feelings and constitutional gaiety of the young painter, and the natural curiosity of an English stranger. But giddy at length with the endless reels, deafened with the mirthful accompanying shrieks, half stifled with heat, and the fumes of the national beverage, we both felt it high time to breathe a purer air; and were in the act of quietly withdrawing (after laying on the pewter plate appropriated for the offering, our mite towards the hopeful infant *menage*), when we ran against our hostess, arriving for the special purpose—a very unwonted one in her vocation—of turning us out of doors.

“I was just coming, sirs, to gie ye a bit word o’ counsel. I’m sure ye’ll no take it ill at my hand; but it’s time the like o’ you were sitting, for the maut’s getting abune the meal yonder, and they tine respect whiles, and it’s no wise-like to be late in a minister’s house, on Saturday night at e’en. Mr G—— kens that!”

“No, indeed—you’re quite right,” answered the painter, “and indeed we were going away fully satisfied, when we met you.”—“Aweel, gang your ways like gude gentlemen, and I’ll gie yon daft chiefls their supper, and hae them a’ out o’ my house by the clap o’ eleven. There sall naeboddy say they saw a Sabbath morning within’t, tho’ I wadna wonder if some o’ the ill doers were aff to the hill or some gait out o’ hearing, to make a night o’t. There’s some folk canna hae their sairing either o’ daffin or drink, the mair’s the pity!—Hech! but ye’ll be weel aff that’s quiet down by!”

“I’ll call and settle the reckoning another time, Mrs Cairns,” said my friend.

“Ay, ay,” answered she, more chary of her time than her money, “ony day when ye’re daunerin out amang the hills. Ye’re awin me a day in hairst ye ken for this!”

Never was the pure healthful mountain breeze more welcome than when it swept across our flushed and feverish brows on emerging from the steaming cauldron within; or the silence of night more grateful than after the din of plebeian revelry in its most discordant form. But there reigned within the little parsonage, an atmosphere holier and more healthful still! A more powerful contrast, a stranger juxtaposition of the lights and shadows of Scottish life, could scarcely be conceived, than presented itself between the orgies, and sounds and scents, and coarsely heaped banquet we had left behind, and the hallowed stillness, untainted (nay, from the open lattice, perfumed) air of the minister’s modest apartment, a

the inviting aspect of the little supper table, on whose snow-white linen yet reposed the Bibles and Psalters, recently used, in the household's evening devotions. In these we had been (perhaps from G——'s sense of incongruity in thus intruding) too late to partake, but the spirit which had animated and hallowed them still lingered on the venerable minister's brow, the flush of devotion on whose aged cheek rebuked more strongly than a thousand homilies the feverish glow of revelry on ours, compared or rather contrasted with the "rabble rout" of reeling, romping nymphs we had left (the *élite*, it must be remembered, even of peasant maidens, were absent, of course, from such a scene). The slender, retiring figure of the good pastor's blooming grand-daughter seemed robed in almost angel purity; and all, in short, derived romance, as well as interest from the utmost power of contrast.

But there was that about our host which needed no such heightening. Even amid the sacred class of Scottish pastors, he rose pre-eminent,—pre-eminent in trials, and in the submission which disarms them. Of a large and flourishing family, one daughter alone, the mother of the girl before us, survived; and she, separated from her grey-headed father, by the waters of the great Atlantic, could only cherish him by proxy, in the person of this interesting child.

It was not till after his hospitality had been requested for us that G—— heard from the landlady the extent of the pastor's bereavements, and he would gladly have wished to spare the father's feelings by suppressing all acknowledgment of former acquaintance. But in a parent's memory the playmates of buried children have an almost filial hold; and the first words of Mr Maxwell on receiving us, were—"You are welcome once more to Boneil, Willie! you've been twenty years a stranger."

"Not a willing one, sir, I am sure!—but my studies in England and Italy, and professional duty, not only occupied me, but kept me ignorant, till now, of the sad blanks it has pleased Providence to make on your hospitable board. Had I been aware of them, I would not have intruded now to renew, by my presence, those griefs which I could not alleviate." "And wherefore no? Willie?" said the old man, in a tone that went at once even to a stranger's heart—"My brave boys are gone before me, it is true, leaving their old father to buffet awhile with the billows. But praised be He who lent them!—they were such as a father can speak of with pride; and to do so with one who knew and loved them, is a privilege rarely enjoyed. This gentleman, perhaps," turning courteously to ward me, "will excuse the overflowings of a parent's heart, at sight of one whose fair delicate brow he has often blessed, along with

the dark curling heads he has lived to see laid in the dust. Tall and pale, and unlikely to live, ye were then, Willie! but ye have proved the reed that the tempest spares when oaks are rended! —But we'll talk of our Lilly now," said the old man cheerfully, shaking the fair hand of his grandchild as she stooped to collect the sacred volumes. "I think her mother must have been about her age when you knew the Manse; saw ye ever two creatures liker?"

The entrance of a worthy old sister of our host's, who, on hospitable thoughts intent, had disappeared on our entrance, turned the conversation to more general topics—among other to the penny-wedding.

"I am glad," said Mr Maxwell, "I was spared the degradation of my office, by the residence of one at least of the hopeful pair in a neighbouring parish; and I wish the idle frolic which united them had been carried on further from my door. I am no enemy to occasional rejoicings, and love to see innocent mirth; but the sport these poor wretches have been called to make, will end I fear like that of Samson, and bring an old house upon their heads.

"However, sir," turning to me, "that you may not suppose all our junketings are of so boisterous and equivocal a character, I hope you will stay over Monday, and help me to thank my kind people for insisting on keeping my fiftieth anniversary among them. I am sure, Willie, I may count upon you, for auld langsyne!"

"Ay, that you may, sir, come what will of palette and pupils," exclaimed the young artist: and my acceptance, if less enthusiastic, was not the less cordial. To see, in the midst of a grateful and affectionate flock, the faithful pastor of half a century, is a sight not often to be enjoyed, or lightly to be forfeited—and I too would have perilled fame or business, had they been mine, on the issue.

A Scottish Sabbath has been often described, but never, methinks, so as fully to convey to a stranger its exquisite stillness, and the palpable elevation of all in nature above the diurnal level of our "working-day world." It is not alone the absence of all sounds of labour or revelry, the softened tread of the rude hind, the subdued laughter of unconscious infancy; but the very whisper of the brooks and waving of the woods, seem attuned to soberer and holier harmonies. The busy highway and toilsome furrow, are alike deserted, while a thousand quiet hedge-row paths, teem and glitter with long files of holiday-suited elders, and white-robed youth and childhood. If airs of Paradise do indeed ever penetrate our world's dense atmosphere, and breathe sweet influences from on high on

privileged mortals, it is surely on a summer Sabbath amid the green hills and pastoral vales of Scotland.

The little church of Boneil, primitive as though, instead of being near a metropolis, it had been perched on some lone isle of the Hebrides, was filled to excess on the present interesting occasion, with a congregation as perfectly in keeping with the scene and situation, as it was novel and striking to me.

There was not a face in the assembly—a sprinkling of rustic *noblesse* in the gallery hardly excepted—which could have been assigned by a physiognomist to any vocation save a rural one. “In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread,” was legible on the toil-furrowed cheek of all who had reached maturity. But it was a graciously mitigated sentence, long merged in the cheerfulness of man’s congenial occupation. “Keepers of sheep, descendants in more than their calling from righteous Abel,” formed the larger part of the aged pastor’s flock; and their blue bonnets, chequered plaids, and above all, inseparable comrades, even in church, the collies or sheep-dogs, looking almost as sensible as their masters, and banishing by their exemplary demeanour all idea of intrusion on the sanctity of the place, afforded a picture not often exhibited to Southern or even Lowland eyes; and which, with scarlet plaids, still thinly sprinkled here and there, over locks of silvery whiteness, and on one or two fair unbonneted female heads in innocent girlhood, their golden tresses, confined and set off by a simple black velvet ribbon, the modern substitute for the poetical “snood,” wanted only the figure of the venerable minister himself, rising like some fitly adapted pillar of a time-worn edifice, to crown and complete its harmony.

When he did rise, at length, manfully struggling for utterance, breaths were held in, and the very dogs recalled their dreaming fancies from the dun hill side, lest a start or suppressed bark, should disturb the solemn silence. The beautiful Twenty-third Psalm, always so great a favourite in a pastoral assembly, came more home to their feelings than ever, “when its green pastures and still waters” were applied, as they evidently were by the venerable reader, to his own tranquil sojourn of a lifetime in the glen of Boneil. The allusion to a darker valley, the inevitable, and not very distant termination of a lengthened pilgrimage, woke a yet tenderer chord; and when these words were sung, as the psalmody of Scotland so impressively is, by young and old, it was not the voice of the grey-haired contemporary parish clerk alone that betrayed signs of emotion!

The text was the simple words of the Psalmist—“I have been young, and now am old;” and perhaps its most affecting commen-

tary might have been found in the time-worn figure in the pulpit, whose manly proportions age and grief had sapped, without being able to obliterate. But when the good man sketched with faltering voice, an unpremeditated picture of that gradual pilgrimage from youth to age, every step of which many of his hearers had taken side by side with this tried veteran in the path of duty and affliction; when the young heard him allude with a parent's tenderness to follies they felt years could alone teach them entirely to abjure; and the old saw his venerable face lighted up with joys he had taught many, like himself, to draw from above,—tears, fast and frequent as from dropping eaves, attested the sympathy that reigned between the good shepherd and his flock.

“My brethren!” said he, in a conclusion, accelerated evidently by overpowering emotion on both sides, “Forty years long did the Israelites in the wilderness tempt and provoke Moses, rebelling against his authority, calling in question his kindness, and disobeying, nay, blaspheming his God,—yet in his heart he loved and prayed for them still; beseeching, that if need were, his own name might for their sakes be blotted out of the Book of Life! Fifty years long have you, amid much human imperfection and human infirmity, cherished and borne with me—cleaving to my doctrine, following, as God gave ye grace, my counsel, and sympathising to the utmost of your ability, in my welfare and my sorrows—judge then if my love to a people like this, surpass not the love of woman; yea, all save that love which shall embrace us both in its everlasting arms. May we all meet at the judgment seat above! I, to render an account of my ministry—you, to re-echo, if it shall please the merciful Judge to pronounce it, the lenient sentence—‘Thou hast been faithful over a very little, enter into the joy of thy Lord!’”

The effect of this appeal may be better imagined than expressed. G—— and I did not breathe freely, till, by climbing the highest hill within reach, we had attuned our minds to an elevation somewhat akin to that of the half emancipated pilgrim. The evening calm, which succeeded the converse of the pastor about his absent (rather than deceased) children, the family thanksgiving for blessings granted and withheld—for comforts to cheer, and trials to wean the immortal sojourner from his exile below, will never, while memory holds her seat, pass from her inmost record.

I awoke on the morrow, fancying all nature decked in tenfold beauty for the joyful anniversary; my own spirits elated with a healthful gladness which courtly fetes may take away, but could never yet bestow. The privileged guests for the day (G—— and myself included) were the elders, most of whose fathers had pre-

sided at the minister's ordination—the schoolmaster, who, in the absence of nearer and dearer, had long been to him as a son; and the doctor, who, under a dress and exterior rugged as those of his shepherd neighbours, veiled a skill beyond their simple wants, and few and far between ailments.

But a self-invited member was soon added to the group, in the person of a young neighbour laird, who made sport an excuse (with those who required any) for farming his own moderate patrimony, and enjoying, unfettered by the *etiquettes* of society—so called—the style of life most congenial to his age and disposition. At the breakfast-table, young Boneil, for so from his property he was styled, walked in, with his heartfelt congratulations, and a bag full of grouse, shot before town dandies had well composed themselves to their first sleep.

"Any other day of the year, Mr Maxwell," said the frank young sportsman, "I would have dropped in at dinner, and taken my chance of a welcome. But this is a sacred one, and I would like to have my intrusion sanctioned beforehand. If you think me worthy (and if you don't, you'll say so, in spite of all your hospitality) to rejoice with you on your fifty years' retrospect of duties fulfilled and good deeds done—remember, you'll find it a hard matter ever to shut the door on me or my pretensions again."

"God forbid I should, Norman," said the old man, shaking his manly visitor by the hand; "a kind heart and a leal one, are aye welcome! Fifty years back, your father bore both, and his son is no changeling! Stay with us now, or return, as it best suits you."

"Oh! I dare not stay!" cried the young man, with a significant smile at Lilly and her aunt; "I should be sadly in the way. Besides, I spied a roe in the glen this morning, and must have another hit at the venison. What say you to a pasty, Miss Anne, between this and noon yet?"

"I'll say for her, Norman, that it will be like the savoury meat of Beau, that old Isaac valued for the hunter's sake, if ye get it; and if not, we've the will for the deed, and that's just the same. And now off with ye—else your pies in the bush will stand in the way of aunt Anne's puddings in hand!"

"There goes as fine a lad as ever lived," said the pastor, as he went out. "If he were my own son, I could scarce love him better."

I looked up, and chanced to meet the delighted glance of the retreating Lilly; and it told me, as plain as a thousand words, that the old man might, ere long, take to his heart a grandson!

Another testimony of grateful affection followed hard on the sportsman's morning tribute. A parcel and letter were put into the

hands of the minister, from the worthy nobleman whose exemplary tutor he had been, at an age when few are able to guide themselves. The letter overflowed with expressions of still youthful kindness and gratitude. The parcel contained a snuff mull of beautiful workmanship, inlaid with all the valuable Scottish stones produced on the noble donor's estates.

"If I have any good in me," said the writer, in honest sincerity of acknowledgment, "you dug it out from its native bed like these long-overlooked gems, which but for the hand which set them where they are, might have been still trodden underfoot, or slumbering in their dark hill-sides for ever. When you look on this box, think on your own workmanship, and add one more to the thousand pleasing reflections which make this day a day of pride to all, save your own modest self."

It was not in man to be unmoved by a tribute like this, and from the Duke of —, the very model and pattern of a pious and patriotic noble.

"Too much, too much!" sighed the meek man, as he read, "God made him what he is! education can do little for hearts and heads like his!"

The Lily was called, and her eyes sparkled through tears as they glanced on the splendid present and ducal epistle; but they did not glisten, nor her soft cheek glow, as while coming every feather on the dark glossy wing of young Norman's sylvan tribute.

Lilly, too, had her present on the way; one to whose safety, in her eyes, that of empires was as nothing: and never was the delay occasioned by traiking Tibbie's late tumultuous nuptials more acutely felt, than when noon arrived, bringing duly Norman's precarious prize, the roe, but no tidings of the fair fabric of Lilly's afterdinner glory—*videlicet*, a huge cake, from the city, which was first to grace with appropriate devices her grandfather's honoured board, and then to gladden, with undreamt-of sweets, the eyes and palates of the whole Sabbath school. The sight of the groups, who in holiday attire were already parading in joyful anticipation, deepened her anxieties; and the joy of eighteen, like the joy of eighty, had thus its inevitable drop of alloy!

The Manse, meantime, teemed all the morning with unbidden yet privileged guests. Neighbouring pastors came to congratulate the willing fellow-labourer, under whose fatherly shadow themselves had grown insensibly grey—with whom they had "taken sweet counsel and walked in the house of God as friends"—and with whom they hoped, though in all humility, to stand side by side at the great account. Couples married by him in the earlier periods of his incumbency, still lived to thank him for half centuries of

happiness; while children and grandchildren, christened by his hand, and made Christian by his precept and example, came with them to add their grateful acknowledgments. Widows, whose hearts had been bound up by one acquainted with grief, brought all they had—a prayer and a blessing to swell the general tribute: while the Sabbath school children tottered under the load of a Pulpit Bible, purchased out of the hoarded halfpence of the good man's own overflowing liberality.

With this juvenile offering he was fairly upset; and always easily overcome by aught associated with his own childless hearth and early-removed olive plants, he thanked them with tears alone, and deputed the glad Lilly to invite them all to tea on the green. This she could do with an easy mind, for Tibbie had at length arrived, —the enormous weight of the cake balanced, though imperfectly, in her panniers, by two of the hugest ewe-milk cheeses that ever owed their existence to mountain gratitude!

Our party, swelled by a few guests of the better order, at length sat down to dinner; and never did feast (for a feast it was, fit for the court of aldermen!) yield more unmingled satisfaction. The old man, exhilarated by the spontaneous burst of affection with which his Anniversary had been hailed, felt a buoyancy of spirit to which he had for years been a stranger. G—— and I were excited to the utmost by so unwonted a celebration. The Dominie himself, through the week the “observed of all observers,” looked up in delighted admiration to his *own* exemplary Teacher; while the rough diamond of a Doctor eyed him with the exact counterpart of the expression with which his dog, of the true shepherd breed, fixed his eyes in mute devotion on his master's well-known countenance. All felt, that like the good Centurion in Scripture, he had but to say to any of them, “Do this, and he doeth it; come, and he cometh.” Their hearts, under Providence, were in his hand, and they felt it was well it should be so!

But there was in young Norman's reverential gaze, something deeper and more filial than any, and strange to say! on this day alone, when all seemed elated and emboldened, it was tempered for the first time with fear. For Norman had a suit to prefer, before that evening should close, on which hung his own and another's happiness; and not all the softened feelings of the day of jubilee would, he feared, reconcile the old pastor to the thought of parting with his Lilly! How this was to be brought about or even hinted at, was more than even a lover could devise,—so to Providence he left it, as he had been taught by his pastor to leave all besides.

And strangely was the knot cut, and the difficulty removed ere the thought *had well passed* from the young man's troubled mind:

—Among the healths of that eventful evening,—“absent friends,” the one ever dearest to the hearts of Scotsmen, was not forgotten; and then for the first time, did the pious father allow himself to whisper a regret that his daughter, the only stay of his old age, should dwell divided from him by duty, in the new world. True, she was solacing by her kindness, and cheering by her society, the labours in Christian usefulness of a worthy countryman whom the spiritual necessities of his exiled Scottish brethren had induced to forego home and kindred for their sakes. But they had been long, long absent on this labour of love, and a father’s heart would yearn, on the proudest day of his life, for a glimpse of his long banished only child!

The vain wish had crossed like a passing cloud, the rarely dimmed serenity of his mind, and left but a halo behind,—when, as Lilly, loaded with the huge remnants of her cake, and assisted by Norman, who was leaving the house to prepare for her juvenile fete—two plainly dressed, but respectable looking people, opened with something of strange familiarity the garden gate, and asked if Mr Maxwell was at home.

“He is,” replied Norman, answering for the bashful and surprised girl,—“but very particularly engaged with friends, who would be loath to part with him to-night, even on business.”—

“Lilly, my own Lilly!” sobbed out the female traveller, clasping her daughter to her heart—and then finding breath to say,—how is my dear father?”—“Oh, well! well!” cried the delighted girl, hanging round her father’s neck in frantic joy,—“come and see him directly!”

“Not just directly, my own Lilly!” said he, composedly;—“seventy-four is no age for surprises, even joyful ones—Sir,” (turning to Norman, who stood *studying*, all lovers will guess how earnestly, the parents on whose fiat hung his life), “my wife had set her heart on reaching home on her father’s day of jubilee. We had a quick passage and a safe one, God be praised! to Liverpool, and travelling day and night, were set down by coach this morning at B——. How to get on in time was the difficulty—but the back woods have made us good walkers, and here we are, not too late for a grace-cup of thanksgiving to Him who has brought us safe to our father’s door, and to friends, who will make us welcome for his sake!—Please, sir, to pave the way for our meeting.”

Norman hailed the omen, and came as deliberately as joy would let him, into the room. “There are strangers without, sir, who wish to speak with you; and as they have tidings from New Brunswick, perhaps your friends will consent to spare you, though unwillingly.”

From New Brunswick!" exclaimed the old man, hastily rising, sinking down again from the painful agitation,—"*you* have and spoken to them,—is all well? Norman, my son, tell me y."—"All well even as your heart could wish—but there are e without, who could tell you better, far better than any words, at those you love!"—"Are they still without, oh, bring them pray—our friends will excuse." "But will you promise?"—old man cast a bewildered gaze around—caught a glimpse of y's beaming face, as it peeped eagerly in at the half-open door, exclaiming, "My bairn! my bairn!" sank back insensible on chair!

He bore him gently out to the open air, whose reviving freshness, still more, the voice and aspect of his darling daughter, soon ored him to himself. Who could describe their meeting, half tell as one throb of long-severed hearts will bring it home to y bosom? Suffice it to say, it was a meet consummation for an Anniversary!

ODE TO A DEAD BEAUTY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ANDREA DE BASSO.

Rise from the loathsome and devouring tomb,
Give up thy body, woman, without heart,
Now that its worldly part
Is over; and deaf, blind, and dumb,
Thou servest worms for food;
And from thine altitude
Fierce Death has shaken thee down, and thou dost sit
Thy bed within a pit.
Night, endless night, hath got thee
To clutch and to engulf thee;
And rottenness confounds
Thy limbs and their sleek rounds;
And thou art stuck there, stuck there, in despite,
Like a foul animal in a trap at night.

Come in the public path, and see how all
Shall fly thee, as a child goes shrieking back
From something long and black,
That knocks along the wall.
See if the kind will stay
To hear what thou wouldst say;
See if thine arms can win
One soul to think of sin;

See if the tribe of wooers
 Will now become pursuers ;
 And if, where they make way,
 Thou'lt carry now the day ;
 Or whether thou wilt spread not such foul night,
 That thou thyself shalt feel the shudder and the fright.

Yes, till thou turn into the loathy hole,
 As the least pain to thy bold-facedness.
 There let thy foul distress
 Turn round upon thy soul,
 And cry, O wretch in a shroud,
 That wast so headstrong proud,
 This, this is the reward,
 For hearts that are so hard,
 That flaunt so, and adorn,
 And pamper them, and scorn
 To cast a thought down hither,
 Where all things come to wither ;
 And where no resting is, and no repentance,
 Even to the day of the last awful sentence.

Where is that alabaster bosom now,
 That undulated once, like sea on shore ?
 'Tis clay unto the core.
 Where are those sparkling eyes,
 That were like twins o' the skies ?
 Alas, two caves are they,
 Fill'd only with dismay.
 Where is the lip, that shone
 Like painting newly done ?
 Where the round cheek ? and where
 The sunny locks of hair ?
 And where the symmetry that bore them all ?
 Gone, like the broken clouds when the winds fall.

Did I not tell thee this, over and over ?
 The time will come, when thou wilt not be fair
 Nor have that conquering air ?
 Nor be supplied with lover ?
 Lo ! now behold the fruit
 Of all that scorn of shame :
 Is there one spot the same
 In all that fondled flesh ?
 One limb that's not a mesh
 Of worms, and sore offence,
 And horrible succulence ?
 Tell me, is there one jot, one jot remaining,
 To show thy lovers now the shapes which thou wast.

Love ?—Heaven should be implored for something else ?
 For power to weep, and to bow down one's soul.
 Love ?—'Tis a fiery dole ;
 A punishment like hell's.
 Yet thou, puff'd with thy power,
 Who wert but as the flower
 That warns us in the psalm,
 Didst think thy veins ran balm
 From an immortal fount :
 Didst take on thee to mount
 Upon an angel's wings,
 When thou wert but as things
 Clapp'd on a day, in Egypt's catalogue,
 Under the worshipp'd nature of a dog.

Ill would it help thee now, were I to say,
 Go, weep at thy confessor's feet, and cry,
 " Help, father, or I die :
 See—see—he knows his prey,
 Even he, the dragon old ;
 Oh, be thou a strong hold
 Betwixt my foe and me !
 For I would fain be free,
 But am so bound in ill,
 That, struggle as I will,
 It strains me to the last,
 And I am losing fast
 My breath and my poor soul, and thou art he
 Alone canst save me in thy piety."

But thou didst smile, perhaps, thou thing besotted,
 Because, with some, death is a sleep, a word ?
 Hast thou, then, ever heard
 Of one that slept and rotted ?
 Rare is the sleeping face,
 That wakes not as it was.
 Thou shouldst have earn'd high heaven,
 And then thou mightst have given
 Glad looks below, and seen
 Thy buried bones serene,
 As odorous and as fair
 As evening lilies are ;
 And in the day of the great trump of doom,
 Happy thy soul had been to join them at the tomb.

Ode, go thou down, and enter
 The horrors of the centre.
 Then fly again, with news of terrible fate
 To those who think they may repent them late.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE MASQUERADE.*

BY MRS HOPLAND.

"You surely will not persist, Emma, to refuse accompanying Lady Forester and her party to the masquerade?" said Alicia Clinton to her young friend, with a look of supplication. "I certainly shall, my dear." "But she has sent you a ticket, my dear girl; and she has persuaded my grandmamma there is no harm in it, and so decidedly renewed my wishes on the subject, that really —" "Do not finish your sentence by saying '*really* you intend to go.' Remember, dear Alicia, the peculiarity of your own situation. An affianced bride, long parted from the chosen of her heart, and newly arrived in this great mart of pleasure, is placed in a more delicate and perilous situation than a wife; for although her bonds are equally sacred, they are less obvious. Do not go." "You speak, Emma, with as much seriousness as if I were going to do a positively wrong thing,—to be guilty of some unfeminine impropriety of the most reprehensible nature. Surely I have a right to a little innocent amusement, when I go in good company?" "Very true, Alicia; but you also know that different definitions are given by different persons to words and things, and that no young woman who has given herself to another can act always upon her own conviction. No person for a moment will doubt that our fancy balls in the country, where each assumed a character, were as innocent as they were gay; but I apprehend a London crowd of people in masks, who are thereby privileged to address you, be they who they may, is a very different affair, and might subject a gentlewoman of correct manners to very embarrassing feelings." "Impossible! when she is with a party. I promise you not to leave Lady Forester for a moment: no, I'll hang upon her like a drowning creature, rather than subject myself to any attentions that could by possibility give future pain to your brother." "But will you be able to do that? You have often compared Charles, in days past, to Captain Wentworth, in the admirable novel of '*Persuasion*,' not only on account of his person and profession, but for that acute sensibility, and even fastidious perception, of the honourable, modest, and virtuous, in female character; and whilst admiring him have said, '*would I were like Anne Musgrave, for his sake.*' Now do you, *can* you think, that on the eve of her lover's return from a long and dangerous voyage, *she* could have *given* even her wishes to a masquerade?" "No, Emma, she

* From '*Friendship's Offering*,' 1830.

ould not, I grant you; but we know that when the story commences she was five or six years older than I am; and these amers of the human breast,' disappointment and comparative erty, had impaired her spirits, diminished her beauty, and rendered her a pensive, gentle, stay-at-home sort of a person. Now, 'as I may, I cannot become like her, for I have had indulgent mds, a plentiful fortune, and an attached lover; I cannot become compliant, and meek, and dejected, do what I will." "But I can be, and have been, constant, tender, and affectionate. You capable of the heroism of self-denial, of sacrificing the love of iration, and the stimulus of curiosity, to a deeper and more eared motive of action!"

As Emma uttered the last words she withdrew, perceiving she made an impression on her gay friend, who soon began thus to loquise. "If I thought dear Charles would come to-day, or to-morrow, it is true I should not think of going: but seamen are so certain, and I may never have another opportunity; for he is particular, and thinks so much of me, that I question if he would deem me safe, even in his own protection; he is so ardent, sincere, so unlike every body one sees ——"

The tide of tender recollections now beginning to flow in the young beauty's bosom, would have soon restored her to her wonted moods, if the cunning tempter had not arrived at this moment, influenced her decision by reiterating her former entreaties, adding the blandishments of well-acted interest in her lovely young friend,—who was little aware that her company was sought only to add brilliance to the dowager's evening parties, but for purpose of ensnaring her person and fortune, as the prize of one of her ladyship's favourites.

A short period intervened between the time when Alicia's nise was exacted, and that when she was to be called for, that found herself much at a loss how to procure a dress, such as could approve herself, or please her new and her former friend adopting. "I will not be a flower-girl," said she, "for every day says the rooms will overflow with them; and Lady Forester would laugh at me as a nun, or a tragic muse, or a quaker: and were I were Thalia, or Rosalind, or Perdita, or a sultana, or Diana, Emma might see something in my dress that would painful to her; and she is so good, and loves me so truly, I could bear to wound her. I could better bear the sneer of Lady Forester, when she talks of blue-stockings ladies, and sentimental literary misses, than grieve dear Emma."

In this dilemma her grandmother suggested the idea of her wearing the dress of one of her female ancestors, as she appeared

at the court of George the Second, and which had been carefully preserved in the family since that time. It was accordingly tried on by an ancient waiting-woman, proud of understanding bygone fashions; and was found to be not only splendid in general effect, but exceedingly becoming, and so perfectly adapted to her height and shape, that Emma herself declared it unexceptionable.

Thus attired, Alicia joined the motley party of Lady Forester, who appeared in the costume of Maria Theresa; and she proceeded to the masquerade, assuming no particular character, and of course affecting no theatrical graces; but by no means unconscious of the elegance of her figure, and the graces of her manners, and under the full persuasion that the novelty of the scene on which she was entering, and the abilities of those with whom she must mingle, would not fail to elicit her talents, and render her wit still more conspicuous than her person. She concluded that all the former abodes of gaiety in which she had found herself happy, and the cause of happiness to others, must be eclipsed for ever by this.

But, alas! those spirits that 'live i' the sunbeam' of young hearts, and light young eyes with rapture, refused on this eventful evening to visit Alicia. When she indeed found herself one in the midst of a crowd, at once brilliant and low, the motley group, in their numbers and incongruity, oppressed her spirits; and she felt much more inclined to moralize on their characters, than laugh at their absurdities. This feeling increased whenever a domino appeared, for to the wearers of this dress her active imagination appended the office of an inquisitor; and she shrunk from every one that approached, as if he had the power to read alike her thoughts and her situation, and report both to her disadvantage.

She was compelled to resign her reflections, and exert herself to recover those powers of mind, and, if possible, obtain that vivacity, for which she was so generally admired; but her efforts to this end were paralysed by the fulsome adulation of a grand Turk, who belonged to the party, and the teasing attentions of a beau of the last century, who considered himself privileged to address her. As neither of them had either wit, or even the technicalities which belonged to the forms they assumed, effrontery and stupidity appeared to Alicia their only characteristics; but she had not the power of even satirizing these tormentors, for the Hungarian queen, her chaperone, did not allow her the power of addressing her. Under the pretext of supporting her character, she threw her on the attentions of one or other so decidedly as to render her sense of impropriety extremely painful.

This increased to alarm, when she found the disciple of Lord Chesterfield vanished, and the officious Turk her sole attendant, at

the very time when she lost Lady Forester, and the humble companion who accompanied her. As she insisted on following them immediately, she was compelled to accept the stranger's arm and guidance, and hear with burning cheek and heaving bosom his self-gratulations on her soft compliance, no longer uttered in the feigned voice he had previously adopted. Tears of vexation and self-reproach rose to her eye, which she cast round in vain for her conductress to this now hateful scene, when she was interrupted in her path by a mask, who appeared to personate a dumb slave, and, being arrayed in the Turkish costume, by his gestures invited her conductor to follow him.

Glad of any interruption, Alicia expressed her willingness to do so; but the representative of an imperial despot determinately resisted her entreaties in this respect, and dismissed the slave, who lost not a moment in darting through the crowd, and with more courage than complaisance compelled Lady Forester to return with him. Alicia's short but pointed reproof effectually silenced the sarcasms the *friend* was prepared to pour on our mortified heroine; in consequence of which, that amiable personage determined to mortify her, by remaining at the place till the latest moment, being fully aware of Alicia's desire to quit it.

Whatever might be her wishes, or those of the Turk, her friend, it was evident that their designs were in a great measure neutralised by the intrusion of the dumb slave, who seemed determined never to leave them, and who stood a battery of observations directed at him, if not to him, with a *sang froid* that really communicated the idea that he was deaf, as well as dumb. At length, however, he made a sudden start, and ran off, to the evident pleasure of the party; but Alicia had by this time so far recovered her self-possession, and was so certain, from the extreme thinness of the rooms, that she must be soon relieved, that she determined to sustain with calmness the remainder of that wearisome time she was called on to endure.

At length their carriage drew up, and under the sickly daylight of a cold spring morning, Alicia drove home, exhausted and harassed, with feelings estranged from her companions, and penitent towards her beloved Emma.

As she arrived at the door of her revered relative, a post chaise and four drove from it: the circumstance struck her as extraordinary, and she eagerly inquired of the servant in waiting who was in the carriage that had driven thence. "Captain Alderson, ma'am; he arrived last night after you were gone. Miss Alderson is up and in the breakfast parlour."

Thither Alicia went in extreme agitation. Joy that her lover

had arrived, sorrow that she had been absent, and anger that he could have left the house without seeing her, were strangely mingled in her bosom; but fear for the consequences of that conduct which had cost her already so much vexation, was her predominant sensation. Seizing the hand of Emma, she exclaimed—"Tell me in a moment what is the meaning of all this? Charles (poor Charles, from whom we have been so long parted!) has been here and is gone!" "Yes, he arrived unfortunately before you had left us half an hour. I was very sorry you lost the pleasure of receiving him, for he is looking so well, and is every way so entirely himself; so kind, and frank, and noble-hearted." "But why did he go? How could he go without seeing me, knowing that I came to London to meet him?" "He had promised a sick boy, his midshipman, not to part from him till he had given him in charge to his own widowed mother at Tunbridge. He sent an express to this lady, and ordered a post chaise to be here at six, before he came hither. It stood at the door half an hour, in the hope of your arrival, when, finding the patient became feverish from anxiety, he set out—a little vexed at your delay—but losing his own troubles in his cares for the invalid. You know how tender he is towards all who suffer."

Alicia threw down her mask, hastily unclasped her necklace, and, throwing herself into the arms of her friend, burst into a passion of tears. At length she exclaimed—"And from such a man as this, so generous to others, so disinterested for himself, so confiding in me, I could fly to mingle in a crowd of strangers, to hear nonsense I despised, and witness folly I could not—" "Were you not amused, then, after all?" "No! not for a single half hour: beyond the first five minutes (in which the novelty of the scene struck me), I found it insupportably dull. I tried to fancy I was in the carnival of Italy, of which one has read so much; but it would not do: there was no exhilarating sun above me, no flashes of merriment or beams of wit around me, and I was teased to death with two stupid coxcombs, who—" "Were driven away by a third."

These words were not spoken by Emma. Alicia started, looked up, and with inexpressible emotion beheld Charles himself before her. The cause of his return was soon explained: he had met the anxious mother whom he sought, placed her son in her care, and returned immediately. Alicia heard this account—and her head again sunk on the bosom of Emma, anxious to hide there the traces of her past tears, and the blushes which now lighted her pale cheeks. The lover complained of his reception, adding that she "could give a better to a black slave." "Ha!" cried Alicia, "is

st folly already known to you?" The lover threw himself at
 et, in such an attitude as to show that he had himself been
 endant under that disguise.

ia's countenance was half smiles, half tears, as she extended
 ms to raise him. She felt assured that Charles had read the
 cation of her heart, and approved her manners, though he
 blame her appearance at the masquerade; and in this sweet
 ion she almost forgave herself, though she ingenuously told
 icitude of Emma to save her from committing an action,
 in her present circumstances, might be deemed one of folly
 kindness. "My sister's kindness was worthy of herself,
 neficial to me," returned the lover: "for finding her ticket
 mantle piece, I was induced to avail myself of it, unknown
 one but my own servant, and by taking the only dress I
 procure, to effect relief to you from evident annoyance. I
 regret an incident which enabled me to read a new page in
 art of her to whom I have been so long and profoundly at-
 ; but never again may I have the pain of fearing to find its
 nt gaiety misconstrued, or its purity sullied, by the unfemi-
 surdities of a public masquerade."

CHANGE SWEEPETH OVER ALL.

CHANGE sweepeth over all ;
 In showers, leaves fall
 From the tall forest tree,
 On to the sea
 Majestic rivers roll—
 It is their goal.

Each speeds to perish in man's simple seeming—
 Each disappears :
 One common end o'ertakes life's idle dreaming,
 Dust, darkness, tears.

Day hurries to its close—
 The sun, that rose
 A miracle of light,
 Is captive to night ;
 The skirt of one vast pall
 O'ershadows all.

Yon firmamental cresset lights forth shining—
 Heaven's highest born
 Droop on their thrones, and, like pale spirits pining,
 Vanish with morn.

O'er cities of old days
 Dumb creatures graze :
 In dust are hid.—
 Yea, the sky-searching tower
 Stands but its hour ;
 Because their wide-stretched beds are ever shifting—
 Sea turned to shore,
 And stars and systems thro' dread space are drifting
 To shine no more.

Their names die, who erst smote
 Nations remote,
 With panic, fear, or wrong—
 Heroic song
 Grapples with time, in vain,
 On to the main
 Of dim forgetfulness for ever rolling—
 Earth's bubble's burst ;
 Time o'er the wreck of ages sternly tolling
 His last and worst.

The world waxeth old—
 Heaven dull and cold ;
 Nothing lacketh a close
 Save human woes—
 Yet they too have an end !
 Death is man's friend,
 Doomed for a while his heart must go on breaking
 Day after day,
 But Light, Love, Life, all—at last forsaking,
 Clay claspeth clay !

WM. MOTHERWELL—

TO AN INFANT AT ITS BIRTH.

HAIL ! little tender flower
 So beautiful and bright,
 Whose bud has scarce an hour
 Oped to the sun's sweet light.

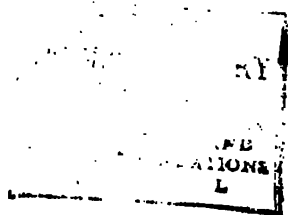
Midst storms thou'st shown thy head :
 And wintry nipping frosts
 Thicken around thy bed,
 Arrayed like threat'ning hosts.

But guardian hands are near
 To mantle thee around,
 Lest winds in wild career
 Should cast thee to the ground.

Then, tender flower, arise,
 Nor droop thy lovely head—
 Shoot upwards to the skies,
 Nor storms around thee dread.

And though the garden'd earth
 May cease supporting thee—
 Immortal is thy birth,
 Thine age eternity !

And though thy lowly form
 In blighted ruin lies,
 Thou'lt yet survive the storm
 And bloom in paradise.





VALENTINE'S DAY.

thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is n the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen! Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? at a name, typifying the restless principle which impels us to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a late, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, one, nor Cyril; nor the consigner of undipt infants ornaments, Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who nothens, Origen; nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Whitgift. Thou comest attended with thousands and ds of little Loves, and the air is 'Brush'd with the hiss wings.' Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy pread instead of the crozier, the mystical arrow is borne be-

words, this is the day on which those charming little leped Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every urning. The weary and all for-spent twopenny post-beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. ly creditable to what an extent this ephemeral courtship n in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, sent of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual ons, no emblem is so common as the *heart*,—that little red exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the bestuck g heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories tions than an opera hat. What authority we have in nythology for placing the head-quarters and metropolis id in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is ar; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any e we might easily imagine, upon some other system ht have prevailed for any thing which our pathology he contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect of feeling, "Madam, my *liver* and fortune are entirely posal;" or putting a delicate question, "Amanda, have iff to bestow?" But custom has settled these things, d the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while unate neighbours wait at animal and anatomical dis-

ry sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural eed in interest a knock at the door. It "gives a very

echo to the throne where Hope is seated." But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations the welcome comest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on to-day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, "That is not the post, I am sure." Visions of Love, of Cupid's Hymens!—delightful eternal common-places, which "have been and will always be;" which no school-boy nor school-man can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections—what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type of some youthful fancy, not without verses—"Lovers all, A madrigal or some such device, not over abundant in sense—young Love demands it,—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.

All Valentines are not foolish; and I shall not easily forgive you, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B. —E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen unseen, from his parlour window in C—e-street. She was all juvenescence and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humour. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none, his name is known at the bottom of many a well executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favour which she had done him unknown; for when a kindly face greets us, though it is passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day, three years since. He wrought, unseen and unsuspected, a wonderful work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but of the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar.) There was Pyramus and Thisbe, as *besure* Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swam more than sang in Cayster, with mottoes and fanciful devices, such as becomed,—a work in short of magic. Iris dipt the wood. 'T

on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice—(O ignoble trust!)—of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by and by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine, and his true church.

CHARLES LAMB.

SONNET.—MY SISTER.*

I HAD a sister once, and she was fair
 E'en as the rose that o'er our lattice peeps,
 With soft blue swimming eyes, long silken hair,
 And heart as light as zephyr; but she sleeps,
 Where the wild wind alternate riot keeps
 With warring ocean, and her smile no more
 Lights up our wintry hearth—my mother weeps
 O'er her sad fate, but tears, alas! are vain,
 They cannot wake to life the stricken flower,
 Or bid her jocund voice ring out again
 As it was wont, in childhood's happy hour.
 The leaves of summer now are on the wane,
 Cold winter's blast unrobes the leafy spray,
 E'en so our dearest friends by death are borne away.

J. NORVAL.

* From a little volume, entitled 'Childhood, and other Poems: By J. Norval.'

THE PAINTER'S REVELATION.*

'I CANNOT paint it!' exclaimed Duncan Weir, as he threw down his pencil in despair.

The portrait of a beautiful female rested on his easel. The head was turned as if to look into the painter's face, and an expression of delicious confidence and love was playing about the half parted mouth. A mass of luxuriant hair, stirred by the position, threw its shadow upon a shoulder that but for its transparency you would have given to Itys, and the light from which the face turned away fell on the polished throat with the rich mellowness of a moonbeam. She was a brunette—her hair of a glossy black, and the blood melting through the clear brown of her cheek, and sleeping in her lip like colour in the edge of a rose. The eye was unfinished. He could not paint it. Her low, expressive forehead, and the light pencil of her eyebrows, and the long, melancholy lashes were all perfect; but he had painted the eye a hundred times, and a hundred times he had destroyed it, till at the close of a long day, as his light failed him, he threw down his pencil in despair, and resting his head on his easel, gave himself up to the contemplation of the ideal picture of his fancy.

I wish all my readers had painted a portrait, the portrait of the face they best love to look on—it would be such a chance to thrill them with a description of the painter's feelings. There is nothing, but the first timid kiss that has half its delirium. Why—think of it a moment! To sit for hours gazing into the eyes you dream of. To be set to steal away the tint of the lip and the glory of the brow you worship! To have beauty come and sit down before you, till its spirit is breathed into your fancy, and you can turn away and paint it! To call up, like a rash enchanter, the smile that bewilders you, and have power over the expression of a face, that, meet you where it will, laps you in Elysium!—Make me a painter, Pythagoras!

A lover's picture of his mistress, painted as she exists in his fancy, would never be recognized. He would make little of features and complexion. No—no—he has not been an idolater for this. He has seen her as no one else has seen her, with the illumination of love, which, once in her life, makes every woman under heaven an angel of light. He knows her heart, too—its gentleness, its fervour; and when she comes up in his imagination, it is not her visible form passing before his mind's eye, but the apparition of her

* From 'The Legendary.' Boston, 1838.

invisible virtues, clothed in the tender recollections of their discovery and developement. If he remembers her features at all, it is the changing colour of her cheek, or the droop of her curved lashes, or the witchery of the smile that welcomed him. And even then he was intoxicated with her voice—always a sweet instrument when the heart plays upon it—and his eye was good for nothing. No—it is no matter what she may be to others—she appears to him like a bright and perfect being, and he would as soon paint St Cecilia with a wart as his mistress with an imperfect feature.

Duncan could not satisfy himself. He painted with his heart on fire, and he threw by canvass after canvass till his room was like a gallery of angels. In perfect despair, at last, he sat down and made a deliberate copy of her features—the exquisite picture of which we have spoken. Still, the eye haunted him. He felt as if it would redeem all if he could give it the expression with which it looked back some of his impassioned declarations. His skill, however, was, as yet, baffled, and it was at the close of the third day of unsuccessful effort that he relinquished it in despair, and, dropping his head upon his easel, abandoned himself to his imagination.

Duncan entered the gallery with Helen leaning on his arm. It was thronged with visitors. Groups were collected before the favourite pictures, and the low hum of criticism rose confusedly, varied, now and then, by the exclamation of some enthusiastic spectator. In a conspicuous part of the room hung 'The Mute Reply, by Duncan Weir.' A crowd had gathered before it, and were gazing on it with evident pleasure. Expressions of surprise and admiration broke frequently from the group, and as they fell on the ear of Duncan, he felt an irresistible impulse to approach and look at his own picture. What is like the affliction of a painter for the offspring of his genius? It seemed to him as if he had never before seen it. There it hung like a new picture, and he dwelt upon it with all the interest of a stranger. It was indeed beautiful. There was a bewitching loveliness floating over the features. The figure and air had a peculiar grace and freedom; but the eye showed the genius of the master. It was a large, lustrous eye, moistened without weeping, and lifted up, as if to the face of a lover, with a look of indescribable tenderness. The deception was wonderful. It seemed every moment as if the moisture would gather into a tear, and roll down her cheek. There was a strange freshness in its impression upon Duncan. It seemed to have the very look that had sometimes beamed upon him in the twilight. He turned from it and looked at Helen. Her eyes met his with the same—the self-same expression of the picture. A murmur of pleased recognition.

stole from the crowd whose attention was attracted. Duncan bowed into tears—and awoke. He had been dreaming on his easel!

‘Do you believe in dreams, Helen?’ said Duncan, as he led her into the studio the next day to look at the finished picture.

LANGSYNE.

LANGSYNE!—how doth the word come back
With magic meaning to the heart,
As memory roams the sunny track,
From which hope's dreams were loath to part!—
No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we freak and pine.
Were life spun out a thousand years,
It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm,
When, tottering by a mother's knee,
Each sight and sound had power to charm,
And hope was high, and thought was free.
Langsyne!—the merry schoolboy days—
How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,
The raptures of Langsyne!

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound, I hear
The rustling of the summer grove;
And view those angel features near
Which first awoke the heart to love
How sweet it is in pensive mood,
At windless midnight to recline,
And fill the mental solitude
With spectres from Langsyne!

Langsyne! ah, where are they who shared
With us its pleasures bright and blithe?
Kindly with some hath fortune fared;
And some have bow'd beneath the scythe
Of death; while others scatter'd far
O'er foreign lands at fate repine,
Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,
To muse on dear Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the heart can never be
Again so full of guileless trust;
Langsyne! the eyes no more shall see,
Ah no! the rainbow hopes of youth.
Langsyne! with thee resides a spell
To raise the spirit, and refine.
Farewell!—there can be no farewell
To thee, loved, lost Langsyne!

DELTA.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A BISHOP

Here followeth the History of Hatto, Archbishop of Mentz.

It happened in the year 914, that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho surnamed the Great was Emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the Bishops after Crescens and Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the Archbishops after St Bonifacius the thirteenth.—This Hatto in the time of this great famine afore-mentioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a Barn, and, like a most accursed and merciless caltiff, burnt up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelate to commit that execrable impiety was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were despatched out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to Mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corn. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks' quarrel, did not long suffer this heinous tyranny, this most detestable fact, unpunished. For he mustered up an army of Mice against the Archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the Prelate thinking that he should be secure from the injury of Mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine near to the town, betook himself into the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troops of Mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swam unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those silly creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and gnawed his very name from the walls and tapestry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the Mice is shown to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious Prelate, being situate in a little green island in the midst of the Rhine near to the town of Bingen,* and is commonly called in the German Tongue, the *Mowas-Turm*.—*CONYAT'S Credities*, p. 571, 572.

Other Authors who record this tale say that the Bishop was eaten by Rats.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'Twas a pitious sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay,
He bade them to his great Barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;

And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the Barn and burned them all.

"I faith 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of Rats that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent
man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame

As he look'd there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm,
"My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

* Hölle Bingen.

Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be,
"Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly," quoth he,
Ten thousand Rats are coming this way,—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday."

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and windows in the wall.

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied
"Tis the safest place in Germany,
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the water deep."

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
[he, As louder and louder drawing near
The saw of their teeth without he could hear

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour.
And down from the ceiling and up through
the floor,

He laid him down and closed his eyes;—
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

From the right and the left, from behind and
before,
From within and without, from above and
below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

He listen'd and look'd;—it was only the Cat:
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she was screaming, mad with fear
At the army of Rats that were drawing near.

They have whetted their teeth against the
stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones,
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

SOOTHED by the self-same ditty, see the infant and the sire;
That smiling on the nurse's knee, this weeping by the fire;
Where unobserved he finds a joy to list its plaintive tone,
And silently his thoughts employ on sorrows all his own.

At once it comes, by memory's power, the loved habitual theme,
Reserved for twilight's darkling hour, a voluntary dream!
And as with thoughts of former years his weakly eyes o'erflow
None wonder at an old man's tears, or seek his grief to know.

Think not he doats because he weeps; conclusion, ah! how wrong!
Reason with grief joint empire keeps, indissolubly strong;
And oft in age a helpless pride with jealous weakness pines,
(To second infancy allied) and every woe refines.

He ponders on his infant years, when first his race began,
And, oh! how wonderful appears the destiny of man!
How swift those lovely hours were past, in darkness closed how soon!
As if a winter's night o'ercast the brightest summer's noon.

His wither'd hand he holds to view, with nerves once firmly strung,
And scarcely will believe it true that ever he was young.
And as he thinks o'er all his ills, disease, neglect, and scorn,
Strange pity of himself he feels, thus aged and forlorn.

The Bachelor's Wife.

THE STORY OF THE CROSS-BONES.

IN an obscure corner of the town of Galway stands a house of extreme antiquity, over the door of which are still to be seen a skull and cross-bones, remarkably well sculptured in black marble. This house is called "The Cross-bones," and its tragical history is as follows :

In the fifteenth century, James Lynch, a man of old family and great wealth, was chosen mayor of Galway for life ;—an office which was then nearly equal to that of a sovereign in power and influence. He was revered for his inflexible rectitude, and loved for his condescension and mildness. But yet more beloved,—the idol of the citizens and their fair wives,—was his son, according to the Chronicle, one of the most distinguished young men of the time. To perfect manly beauty and the most noble air, he united that cheerful temper, that considerate familiarity, which subdues while it seems to flatter,—that attaching grace of manner which conquers all hearts without an effort, by its mere natural charm. On the other hand, his oft approved patriotism, his high-hearted generosity, his romantic courage, and complete mastery in all warlike exercises, forming part of an education singular in his age and country, secured to him the permanency of an esteem, which his first aspect involuntarily bespoke.

So much light was not without shadow. Deep and burning passions, a haughty temper, jealousy of all rival merit, rendered all his fine qualities only so many sources of danger to himself and others. Often had his stern father, although proud of such a son, cause for bitter reproof, and for yet more anxious solicitude about the future. But even he could not resist the sweetness of the youth,—as quick to repent as to err, and who never for a moment failed in love and reverence to himself. After his first displeasure was past, the defects of his son appeared to him, as they did to all others, only spots on the sun. He was soon still further tranquillized by the vehement and tender attachment which the young man appeared to have conceived for Anna Blake, the daughter of his best friend, and a girl possessing every lovely and attaching quality. He looked forward to their union, as to the fulfilment of all his wishes. But fate had willed it otherwise.

While young Lynch found more difficulty in conquering the

* From the 'Tour of a German Prince, in England, Ireland, and France, in the years 1828—29.'

heart of the present object of his love, than he had ever experienced before, his father was called by business to Cadix;—for the great men of Galway, like the other inhabitants of considerable sea-ports in the middle ages, held trade on a large scale to be an employment nowise unworthy even of men of noble birth. Galway was at that time so powerful and so widely known, that, as the Chronicle relates, an Arab merchant, who had long traded to these coasts from the East, once inquired “in what part of Galway Ireland lay?”

After James Lynch had delegated his authority to trusty hands, and prepared every thing for a distant journey, with an overflowing heart he blessed his son, wished him the best issue to his suit, and sailed for his destination. Wherever he went, success crowned his undertakings. For this he was much indebted to the friendly services of a Spanish merchant named Gomez, towards whom his noble heart conceived the liveliest gratitude.

It happened that Gomez also had an only son, who, like Edward Lynch, was the idol of his family and the darling of his native city, though in character as well as in external appearance, entirely different from him. Both were handsome; but Edward's was the beauty of the haughty and breathing Apollo: Gonsalvo's of the serene and mild St John. The one appeared like a rock crowned with flowers; the other like a fragrant rose-coloured knoll, threatened by the storm. The pagan virtues adorned the one; Christian gentleness and humility the other. Gonsalvo's graceful person exhibited more softness than energy; his languid dark blue eyes, more tenderness and love than boldness and pride; a soft melancholy overshadowed his countenance, and an air of voluptuous suffering quivered about his swelling lips, around which a timid smile rarely played, like a gentle wave gliding over pearls and coral. His mind corresponded to such a person: loving and endearing, of a grave and melancholy serenity, of more internal than external activity, he preferred solitude to the bustle and tumult of society, but attached himself with the strongest affection to those who treated him with kindness and friendship. His inmost heart was thus warmed by a fire which, like that of a volcano buried too deep to break out at the surface, is only seen in the increased fertility of the soil above, which it clothes in the softest green, and decks with the brightest flowers. Thus captivating, and easily captivated, was it a wonder if he stole the palm even out of the hand of Edward Lynch? But Edward's father had no such anticipations. Full of gratitude for his friend, and of affection for his engaging son, he determined to propose to the old Gomez, a marriage between Gonsalvo and his daughter. The offer was too flattering to be refused. The fathers were soon agreed; and it was decided that Gonsalvo should accompany

his future father-in-law to the coast of Ireland, and if the inclinations of the young people favoured the project, their union should take place at the same time with Edward's; after which they should immediately return to Spain. Gonsalvo, who was just nineteen, accompanied the revered friend of his father with joy. His young romantic spirit enjoyed in silent and delighted anticipation the varying scenes of strange lands which he was about to see; the wonders of the deep which he would contemplate; the new sort of existence of unknown people with whom he was to be connected; and his warm heart already attached itself to the girl, of whose charms her father gave him perhaps a too partial description.

Every moment of the long voyage, which at that time abounded with dangers, and required a much longer period than now, increased the intimacy and mutual attachment of the travellers; and when at length they descried the port of Galway, the old Lynch congratulated himself not only on the second son which God had sent him, but on the beneficial influence which the unvarying gentleness of the amiable youth, would have on Edward's darker and more vehement character.

This hope appeared likely to be completely fulfilled. Edward, who found all in Gonsalvo that was wanting in himself, felt his own nature as it were completed by his society; and as he had already learned from his father that he was to regard him as a brother, their friendship soon ripened into the warmest and most sincere affection.

But not many months had passed before some uneasy feelings arose in Edward's mind to trouble this harmony. Gonsalvo had become the husband of his sister, but had deferred his return to Spain for an indefinite time. He was become the object of general admiration, attention, and love. Edward felt that he was less happy than formerly. For the first time in his life neglected, he could not conceal from himself that he found a successful rival of his former universal and uncontested popularity. But what shook him most fearfully, what wounded his heart no less than his pride, what prepared him for intolerable and restless torments, was the perception, that every day confirmed, that Anna, whom he looked upon as *his*,—though she still refused to confess her love,—that *his* Anna had, ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger, grown colder and colder towards himself. Nay, he even imagined that in unguarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest, as if weighed down with heavy thoughts, on the soft and beautiful features of Gonsalvo, and a faint blush then pass over her pale cheek; but if *his* eyes met hers, this soft bloom suddenly became the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her

whole deportment was altered; capricious, hamoursome, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear-minded, serene, and equal-tempered girl she had always appeared. Every thing betrayed to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion,—and for whom?—for whom could it be but for Gonsalvo? for him, at whose every action it was evident the inmost chords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved; and now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Wherever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her; to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches; till, conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes, and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation: and when he at length saw enkindled in Gonsalvo,—so little capable of concealment,—the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna: when he thought he saw his sister neglected and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom,—he stood at that point of human infirmity, of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness, or the condition of a still accountable creature.

On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch, a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gonsalvo, wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of a well-known side-door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments. At the horrible certainty which now glared upon him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul: his eyes started, from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst his veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger, he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognised him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burying his dagger a hundred times with strokes like lightning in the quivering body, gashed, with satanic rage the beautiful features which had robbed him of his beloved and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth

from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him—the disfigured mass, which retained scarcely a feature of his once-beloved friend, the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it,—that he waked with horror, as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgment was at hand.

Led by the instinct of self-preservation, young Lynch fled, like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long he wandered there he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness, for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable suffering of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death.

Meanwhile the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned by all with sorrow and indignation. A dagger steeped in blood had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, showed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognized as Edward's; and as he was nowhere to be found, fears were soon entertained that he had been murdered with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance, swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hands.

We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when at break of day Edward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, living, and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound. We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowd,—the feelings of the father we cannot imagine,—when restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment.

He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of the magistrates, and condemned to death by his father. But the people would not lose their darling. Like the waves of the tempest-troubled sea, they filled the market place and the streets, and forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries the opening of the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor, that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the

soldiers had gone over to the people; only the foreign guard held out,—and all demanded, with furious cries, the instant liberation of the criminal.

At this, the inflexible magistrate took a resolution, which many will call inhuman, but whose awful self-conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of stoical firmness. Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son; and when, with the newly-awakened desire of life, excited by the sympathy of his fellow-citizens, Edward sank at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? the old man replied with unfaltering voice, ‘No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you: your life is irrevocably forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One-and-twenty years I have prayed for your earthly happiness,—but that is past,—turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us kneel down together, and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter; but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father, will at least know how to die worthy of him.’ With these words he rekindled the noble pride of the once-dauntless youth, and after a short prayer, he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his father’s pitiless will.

As the people, and the greater part of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared, amidst more wild and furious menaces, to storm the prison, James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side, with the halter round his neck. ‘I have sworn,’ exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, ‘that Gonsalvo’s murderer should die, even though I must perform the office of the executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you, madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers, that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it.’

While he spoke these words, he had made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushing his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of the death of his unhappy victim.

As if struck by a thunder-clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death-like silence; and every man glided, as if stunned, to his own house. From that time the Mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to his grave. Anna Blake died in a convent. Both families in the course of time disappeared from the earth; but the skull and cross-bones still mark the scene of this fearful tragedy.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

I saw her when the flowers of life
Bloom'd in hope's radiant dawn,
Fair as the rainbow in the sky,
Ere its tints of heaven are gone.
Her heart was pure, no with'ring blight
Had crush'd its dreams of youth,—
Nor weeds of sorrow rankled round
Her soul of angel truth.

Her path was studded o'er with gems,
Of pleasure's holiest ray—
No cloud had cross'd her sunny brow
To steal its light away.
No gloomy shade of grief had cast
Its darkness o'er her face,
Nor tear of anguish on her cheek,
Had left its dim, damp trace.

Before her, Fancy's wizard charm
Raised from their bowers of bliss,
Bright visions of a future time,
More glorious even than this.
Around her Virtue's halo shed
Its pale yet peerless beam,
While young Romance stood pensive by,
And bask'd beneath its gleam.

Her form was graceful as the sprite,
Whose home is in a flower,
That pours its balm to elves alone,
At midnight's solemn hour.
Her smile was like the first born tinge
Of gold along the blue,
That magic-like wakes beauty's morn,
Bathed in its roseate hue.

She struck her lute, and sung of love,
A sadly plaintive strain,—
'Twas Memory's echo of the past,
That ne'er could come again ; —
Her voice was sweet as Music's breath,
Low murmuring on the strings
Of the wild air-harp, ere the wind
Shakes breezes from his wings.

I saw her once again,—but all
Her loveliness was flown—
Her tongue was silent as the tomb
That claim'd her for its own—
The brightness of her glance had fled
As stars flee from the day—
The rose that deck'd her crimson cheek
Was blasted by decay.

The dews of death sate sternly cold
Upon her marble brow—
The snowy bosom heaved no more
'Twas moist and clammy now—
The eye that once, with fond delight,
Shone like the meteor's blaze,
Now sunk and lustreless was fix'd,
A dead and sightless gaze.

The dark hair o'er her forehead fell,
And veil'd its icy chill—
Life's sparkling founts were frozen up—
The throbbing heart was still—
The shadowy frame of soulless clay,
So beauteous once and blest,
Lay like a sculptured form of stone,
Wrapt in eternal rest.

The fleshless hands were clasp'd across
Her breast—as if her soul
Mid worship's seraph breathings flew,
To reach heaven's blissful goal ;
About her livid lips still play'd
The last faint smile she gave,
Like moonlight's lingering farewell gleam
Upon a mouldering grave.

I stood beside the shrouded bier,
And kiss'd the lifeless earth,
And wept to think that joys like hers
Should perish at their birth ;
'Tis even so !—the greenest bud
In summer's glow will fade,
And hallow'd hopes of years to come,
Are oft the first decay'd.

ALLEGORIC VISION.

A FEELING of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, is wont to take possession of me alike in Spring and in Autumn. But in spring it is the melancholy of Hope; in autumn it is the melancholy of Resignation. As I was journeying on foot through the Apennine, I fell in with a pilgrim in whom the Spring and the Autumn and the Melancholy of both seemed to have combined. In his discourse there were the freshness and the colours of April :

Qual ramicel a ramo,
Tal da pensier pensiero
In lui germogliava.

But as I gazed on his whole form and figure, I bethought me of the not unlovely decays, both of age and of the late season, in the stately elm, after the clusters have been plucked from its entwining vines, and the vines are as bands of dried withies around its trunk and branches. Even so there was a memory on his smooth and ample forehead, which blended with the dedication of his steady eyes, that still looked—I know not, whether upward, or far onward, or rather to the line of meeting where the sky reests upon the distance. But how may I express that dimness of abstraction which lay on the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes, like the fitting tarnish from the breath of a sigh on a silver mirror! and which accorded with their slow and reluctant movement, whenever he turned them to any object on the right hand or on the left? It seemed, methought, as if there lay upon the brightness a shadowy presence of disappointments now unfelt, but never forgotten. It was at once the melancholy of hope and of resignation.

We had not long been fellow-travellers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted door-way of a lone chapelry: and we sate face to face each on the stone bench along-side the low, weather-stained wall, and as close as possible to the massy door.

After a pause of silence: Even thus, said he, like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death! All extremes meet, I answered; but yours was a strange and visionary thought. The better then doth it beseem both the place and me, he replied. From a Visionary wilt thou hear a Vision? *Mark that vivid flash through this torrent of rain! Fire and water. Even here thy adage holds true,* and its truth is the moral of my

Vision. I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face toward the arch and yet averting his eye from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words: till listening to the wind that echoed within the hollow edifice, and to the rain without,

Which stole on his thoughts with its two-fold sound,
The clash hard by and the murmur all round,

he gradually sunk away, alike from me and from his own purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm, and in the duskiness of that place, he sate like an emblem on a rich man's sepulchre, or like a mourner on the sodded grave of an only one—an aged mourner, who is watching the waned moon and sorroweth not. Starting at length from his brief trance of abstraction, with courtesy and an atoning smile he renewed his discourse, and commenced his parable.

During one of those short furloughs from the service of the Body, which the Soul may sometimes obtain even in this, its militant state, I found myself in a vast plain, which I immediately knew to be the Valley of Life. It possessed an astonishing diversity of soils: and here was a sunny spot, and there a dark one, forming just such a mixture of sunshine and shade, as we have observed on the mountain's side in an April day, when the thin broken clouds are scattered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance of the valley stood a large and gloomy pile, into which I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of the building was crowded with tawdry ornaments and fantastic deformity. On every window was portrayed, in glaring and inelegant colours, some horrible tale, or preternatural incident, so that not a ray of light could enter, untinged by the medium through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing, in and out, in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonies and antic merriment, while others seemed convulsed with horror, or pining in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed a number of men, clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared, now to marshal the various groups and to direct their movements, and now with menacing countenances, to drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed, which formed at the same time an immense cage, and the shape of a human Colossus.

I stood for a while lost in wonder what these things might mean; when lo! one of the directors came up to me, and with a stern and reproachful look bade me uncover my head, for that the place into which I had entered was the temple of the only true Religion, in the holier recess of which the great Goddess personally resided.

Himself too he bade me reverence, as the consecrated minister of her rites. Awe-struck by the name of Religion, I bowed before the priest, and humbly and earnestly entreated him to conduct me into her presence. He assented. Offerings he took from me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with salt he purified, and with strange suffiations he exorcised me; and then led me through many a dark and winding alley, the dew damps of which chilled my flesh, and the hollow echoes under my feet mingled, methought, with moanings, affrighted me. At length we entered a large hall, without window, or spiracle, or lamp. The asylum and dormitory it seemed of perennial night—only that the walls were brought to the eye by a number of self-luminous inscriptions in letters of a pale sepulchral light, that held strange neutrality with the darkness, on the verge of which it kept its rayless vigil. I could read them methought; but though each one of the words taken separately I seemed to understand, yet when I took them in sentences, they were riddles and incomprehensible. As I stood meditating on these hard sayings, my guide thus addressed me—Read and believe; these are Mysteries!—At the extremity of the vast hall the Goddess was placed. Her features, blended with darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet vacant. I prostrated myself before her, and then retired with my guide, soul-withered, and wondering, and diseatisfied.

As I re-entered the body of the temple, I heard a deep buzz as of discontent. A few whose eyes were bright, and either piercing or steady, and whose ample foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, above the eyebrows, bespoke observation followed by meditative thought; and a much larger number, who were enraged by the severity and insolence of the priests in exacting their offerings, had collected in one tumultuous group, and with a confused outcry of "this is the Temple of Superstition!" after much contumely, and turmoil, and cruel mal-treatment on all sides, rushed out of the pile: and I, methought, joined them.

We speeded from the Temple with hasty steps, and had now nearly gone round half the valley, when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals, and with a something more than human in her countenance and mien, which yet could by mortals be only felt, not conveyed by words or intelligibly distinguished. Deep reflection, animated by ardent feelings, was displayed in them: and hope, without its uncertainty, and a something more than all these, which I understood not, but which yet seemed to blend all these into a divine unity of expression. Her garments were white and matronly, and of the simplest texture. We inquired her name. My name, she replied, is Religion.

The more numerous part of our company, affrighted by the very sound, and sore from recent impostures or sorceries, hurried onwards and examined no farther. A few of us, struck by the manifest opposition of her form and manners to those of the living Idol whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to follow her, though with cautious circumspection. She led us to an eminence in the midst of the valley, from the top of which we could command the whole plain, and observe the relation of the different parts of each to the other, and of each to the whole, and of all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting our natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond the limits of the Valley of Life; though our eye even thus assisted permitted us only to behold a light and a glory, but what we could not descry, save only that it was, and that it was most glorious.

And now, with the rapid transition of a dream, I had overtaken and rejoined the more numerous party, who had abruptly left us indignant at the very name of religion. They journeyed on goading each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the eagerness to recede from the Temple of Superstition, they had rounded the whole circle of the valley. And lo! there faced us the mouth of a vast cavern, at the base of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the interior side of which, unknown to them, and unsuspected, formed the extreme and backward wall of the Temple. An impatient crowd, we entered the vast and dusky cave, which was the only perforation of the precipice. At the mouth of the cave sat two figures; the first, by her dress and gesture, I knew to be *SENSUALITY*; the second form, from the fierceness of his demeanour, and the brutal scornfulness of his looks, declared himself to be the monster *BLASPHEMY*. He uttered big words, and yet ever and anon I observed that he turned pale at his own courage. We entered. Some remained in the opening of the cave, with the one or the other of its guardians. The rest, and I among them, pressed on, till we reached an ample chamber, that seemed the centre of the rock. The climate of the place was unnaturally cold.

In the furthest distance of the chamber sat an old dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over the torso of a statue which had neither basis, nor feet, nor head; but on its breast was carved *NATURE*! To this he continually applied his glass, and seemed enraptured with the various inequalities which it rendered visible on the seemingly polished surface of the marble.—Yet evermore was this *delight* and triumph followed by expressions of hatred, and vehement railings against a Being, who yet, he assured us, had no existence. This mystery suddenly recalled to me what I had read in the

Recess of the temple of *Superstition*. The old man spoke in tongues, and continued to utter other and most strange ones. Among the rest he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained as a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the one before him, he of the next, and so on till they were of sight: and that they all walked infallibly straight, without one false step, though all were alike blind. Methought I had courage from surprise, and asked him—Who then is added to guide them? He looked at me with ineffable contempt, mixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied, “No one.” The string of blind men went on for ever without any beginning: though one blind man could not move without stumbling, infinite blindness supplied the want of sight. I burst into a roar, which instantly turned to terror—for as he started forward, I caught a glance of him from behind; and lo! I beheld a terrible bi-form and Janus-headed, in the hinder face and shape which I instantly recognized the dread countenance of *SUPERSTITION*—and in the terror I awoke.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

O THOU by whose expressive art
Her perfect image Nature sees
In union with the Graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please!

In whose creative hand the hues
Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine;
I bless thee, Promethean Muse!
And call thee brightest of the Nine!

Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poet's tongue;
Whose lineage, in a raptured hour,*
From Love, the Sire of Nature sprung.

Does Hope her high possession meet?
Is Joy triumphant, sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But oh! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing, cold I feel thee part:
Long absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

*ing to the well-known tradition respecting the origin of painting, that it arose from a
lathian female tracing the shadow of her lover's profile on the wall, as he lay asleep.*

Then for a beam of joy to light
 In memory's sad and wakeful eye!
 Or banish from the noon of night
 Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall Song its witching cadence roll?
 Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,
 That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
 And heart to heart responsive beat.

What visions rise! to charm, to melt!
 The lost, the loved, the dead are near
 Oh, hush that strain too deeply felt!
 And cease that solace, too severe!

But thou serenely silent art!
 By heaven and love wast taught to lend
 A milder solace to the heart,
 The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost! If, yet possess'd,
 To me that sweet memorial shine:—
 If close and closer to my breast
 I hold that idol all divine.

Or gazing through luxurious tears,
 Melt o'er the loved departed form,
 Till death's cold bosom half appears
 With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks! she lives! this tranced hour
 Her bright eye seems a purer gem
 Than sparkles on the throne of power,
 Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes! thy mimic aid
 A treasure to my soul has given,
 Where Beauty's canonized shade
 Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
 Thy soft'ning, sweet'ning tints restore;
 For thou canst give us back the dead,
 E'en in the loveliest looks they wore.

Then bless'd be Nature's guardian Muse,
 Whose hand her perish'd grace redeems!
 Whose tablet of a thousand hues
 The mirror of creation seems.

From Love began thy high descent;
 And lovers, charm'd by gifts of thine,
 Shall bless thee mutely eloquent,
 And call thee brightest of the Nine!

THOMAS CAMP

THE BAG OF GOLD.*

she lived in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow of the Lambertini family called Madonna Lucrezia, who in her old age had known the bitterness of poverty, and she begged her bread; kneeling day after day like a statue at the door of the cathedral; her rosary in her left hand and her right hand for charity; her long black veil concealing a face that had never adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sons as Petrarch has written on Laura.

Fortune had at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation came to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small estate at the foot of the Apennines; where she entertained as well as lived, and where those only stopped who were contented with a simple life. The house was still standing, when in my youth I passed through it, though the sign of the White Cross, the Cross of the Order, was no longer to be seen over the door; a sign which was taken up if we may believe the tradition there, in honour of a maternal uncle, a grand master of that Order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain path led through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which was always burning before a picture of the Virgin, a picture of antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

She was dwelling, respected by all who knew her; when an event took place, which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was one day in September that three foot-travellers arrived, resting themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, were supplied with a flagon of Aleatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the daughter of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanour he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little respect; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned towards him. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a badge, such as in that age was often distributed in war: and they were evidently subalterns in one of those Free Bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be made of. Here a battle was little more than a mockery; and the

* From *'Italy, a Poem'*, by Samuel Rogers.

slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks; and with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go; and the Venetian thus addressed their hostess. "Excellent Lady, may we leave under your roof for a day or two, this bag of gold?" "You may," she replied gayly. "But remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and, if we had, where would be your security?"

"In your word, Lady."

"But what if I died to-night? Where would it be then?" said she laughing. "The money would go to the Church; for none could claim it."

"Perhaps you will favour us with an acknowledgment."

"If you will write it."

An acknowledgement was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village-physician, who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (these were the words) not to one—nor to two—but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia; and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed, than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;" and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a Cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse; and when she came back, it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible; and the man and the money had vanished together.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as in an agony of grief she fell on her daughter's neck, "What will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!" and all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; and there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly begun in Bologna; and what defence could she make; how release herself from the obligation of the bond? Willfully or in negligence she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin awaited her!

"Go Gianetta," said she to her daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the

unseller Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from us to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; remember the chapel as you pass by it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas, she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; she demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the cause to run on to-morrow!

Now Gianetta had a lover; and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the Arch-doctor, the Rabbi of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars, when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts; a precaution in this instance at least necessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; how stand up alone, unpractised and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?—"Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Lord of the Friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to give, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you."

The day arrives and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defence is called for—but nothing is made; not a syllable is uttered; and after a pause and a consultation of some minutes, the Judges are proceeding to give judgment, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenzo rises and thus addresses them.

"Reverend Signors. Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much of the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to three. Let the three stand forth and claim it."

From that day (for who can doubt the issue?) none were none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Welcomed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage or who sat beside him.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

NIGHT turns to day :

When sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sight,
Cheer up, cheer up !
Ere long the opening flowers,
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms :—

When over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,
Cheer up, cheer up !
The voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

Winter wakes spring :

When icy blasts are blowing,
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,
Cheer up, cheer up !
All beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

War ends in peace :

Though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corpses load the ground,
Cheer up, cheer up !
Where groan'd the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose :

With noontide fervours beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up !
Grey twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life :

Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up !
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

JAMES MONTEG



THE BRIGHTON COACH.*

BY THEODORE HOOK.

once placed in a situation of peculiar embarrassment; the idea made a strong impression on me at the time—an impression which has lasted ever since.

who know as well as I do, and have known as long as I own, that once muddy, shabby, dirty fishing-town on the coast, which has grown, under the smiles and patronage of the beloved king, into splendour and opulence, called Brighton, where, that there run to it and from it, divers and sundry admirable public conveyances in the shape of stage coaches; rapid improvements in that sort of travelling have during the last few years interfered with, and greatly injured the trade of posting; the people of the first respectability think it no shame to pack themselves up in a Brighton coach, and step out of it at Charing-cross five hours after they have stepped into it, in Castle-

allant gay Stevenson, with his prancing greys under command, used to attract a crowd to see him start; and now, when he, poor fellow, is gone that journey whence no traveller Goodman still survives, and the "Times" still flourishes; and where the principal scene of my embarrassment laid; and to which, irritable, neat, and expeditious equipage must I endeavour to attract our attention for some ten minutes.

One day in the autumn of 1829, just as the pavilion clock struck three, that I stepped into Mr Goodman's coach. In it was already a thin stripling enveloped in a fur pelisse, the only distinguishing mark of whose sex was a tuft of mustachio on his chin.

He wore a travelling cap on his head girt with a golden band. He eyed me and his other fellow-traveller as though we had been of a different race of beings from himself. That other fellow I took to be a small attorney. He was habited in a drab coat, which matched his round, fat face in colour; his hair, his drab, and his hat was drab; his features were those of a pig; and his recreation through the day was sucking barley-sugar, which he perpetually kept helping himself from a neat paper parcel of the luscious commodity, which he had placed in the pocket of the coach window.

There was one other passenger to take up, and I began wondering what it would be like, and whether it would be male or female,

* From 'The Keepsake,' for 1831.

head to conceal her grief, and the big drops fell from her beautiful eyes. "Good God!" said I, "have I said any thing to induce this emotion?—what have I done?—forgive me—believe me, if I have erred, it has been unintentionally—I—" "Don't speak to me," said the sufferer—"it is not *your* fault—you are forgiven—my heart is full, very full—and a word that touches the chord which vibrates to its very centre sadly affects me—pray—pray, let go my hand—and believe me, I am not angry with you—I am to blame." "But," said I—not implicitly obeying the injunction about letting go her hand,—because what harm can holding a hand do?—"you must be more explicit before I can be satisfied with forgiveness—you have occasioned an interest which I cannot control, you have excited feelings which I cannot subdue—I am sure you are unhappy, and that I have referred to something which—" "Pray, pray, ask me nothing," said my agitated companion; "I have betrayed myself—but I am sure, quite sure," added she—and I do think I felt a sort of gentle pressure of my hand at the moment—"that you will not take advantage of a weakness of which I ought to be ashamed." "You may rely upon me," said I, "that, so far as you may choose to trust me, you are safe; and you may believe, that any anxiety I may express to know more of circumstances which (whatever they are) so deeply affect you, arises from an interest which you had excited even before you spoke." "What would you think of a woman," said she, "who should open her heart to a stranger? or, what sympathy could sorrows excite, which might be told by her after an hour's acquaintance? No, no; let me remain unknown to you, as I am. Let us talk on ordinary topics, and let us part friends—but not to meet again."

Not much in the habit of making conquests, and not being of that particular "shape and make" to be fallen in love with, at first sight, I confess this appeal seemed extraordinary. It was clear, from whatever cause arising, I could not pretend to divine that I had somehow prepossessed my companion in my favour—and certainly, if any thing in the world could have induced me to resolve to meet this interesting creature again and again, it was her expressed desire that such a thing should not occur. I wonder if she anticipated the effect of her prohibition when she announced it! "Friends!" said I, "why should we not part friends? Why should we not live friends? Let me implore you, tell me more of yourself—that is all I ask." "Good God!" said she, raising her blue eyes towards Heaven, "is it possible that my pride and spirit should be so broken, so worked upon, that I could consent to admit of such a conversation with a stranger? How strangely do events operate upon the human mind!" "Gentle spirits should be

gently treated," said I. "I fear some rude hand has broken in upon the rest that beings like you should enjoy?" "Oh," said she, "if I could tell you—and I believe I must—to justify myself for conduct which must appear to you so wild, so extraordinary, so unbecoming—oh, why did those people leave us together?"

I said nothing to this, because I could not exactly guess why they did; but that they had done so, I confess I did not so much regret as my companion said she did. "If my poor mother could look from heaven," said she, "and see me degraded as I am, what would she think of all the love and care expended upon me in my infancy and youth?" This last touch was rather wounding to my vanity; because, although the lady might consider herself somewhat let down in the world by travelling in a stage-coach, I thought it a little uncivil to refer to the circumstance while I was her fellow-passenger. "If," said I, "you will so far trust me as to confide your sorrows to me, I pledge myself to secrecy, and even to pursue any course which you may suggest for relieving them." "My story is brief," said my companion; "promise me not to refer to it at any future period during my life—that is, if we should ever meet after to-day, and I will trust you." Here the pressure of the hand was unequivocal; and by a corresponding, yet perhaps more fervent token, I sealed the compact between us. "I am the daughter," said she, "of a general officer, who with my exemplary mother resided chiefly in Somersetshire. The cares and attention of my parents were affectionately devoted to the education and improvement of their only child, and I became, as they have a thousand times said, the blessing of their declining years. I was scarcely seventeen when I lost my father, and his death produced not only a change of circumstances in our family, but a change of residence. My mother and myself removed to Bath. There we resided until we were induced to visit the Continent, where—I am ashamed to go on—a nobleman became my avowed admirer, and made me an offer of marriage. His rank was exalted, his fortune large, but I could not love him: was I wrong in refusing to marry him?" "Assuredly not," said I, amazed at the animation which sparkled in eyes that lately flowed with tears, while she referred to the proper feeling and spirit she had exhibited in refusing a man she could not love. "That refusal," continued the lady, "my poor mother could not forgive; she never did forgive it, and I believe that her anger is still over me, for what I have since suffered seems like a curse. My mother's disapprobation of my refusal of this desirable match had a complicated origin. She believed, and rightly too, that I discarded her favourite, not only upon the negative feeling of indifference or dislike towards him, but because I secretly

preferred another. She was right——” “And you——” “Stay,” interrupted she——“hear me out—as I have begun, you shall know all. I did love another, a being all candour, openness, honour, and principle: talented, accomplished, gay, full of feeling, and generous to a fault. His name my mother would not hear me mention. She expelled him our house, excluded him from my society. What then?—trick and evasion on my part supplanted obedience and sincerity. The house of a friend afforded opportunities for our meeting, which my own denied—my youthful spirit could not bear restraint—we eloped and were married.” “And thus you secured your happiness,” said I. “Happiness!” said my companion; and never shall I forget the expression of bitterness, sorrow, and remorse which animated her countenance as she pronounced the word. “Misery—misery beyond redemption! My mother died two years after my ill-fated union with the man of my choice; and died without forgiving me my sad error. ‘No,’ said my angry parent; ‘she has chosen her course, and must follow it; and when I am in my cold grave she will repent, and I hope be forgiven.’” “But how were your prospects of happiness blighted?” said I. “Ah!” said my companion, “there is the point—there is the story which I dare not tell. Can I betray my husband? Can I accuse him? Can I commit him to a stranger?” “Being to a stranger,” said I, “and one who, according to your own commands, is likely to remain a stranger to him always, you surely may.” “Then hear me,” said the lady: “we had scarcely been married three years, when, by some fatality to me wholly unaccountable, he became infatuated by a woman—woman I must call her—who led him into gaieties without his wife; who, fascinated by his agreeable qualities, became the monarch of his affections, the controller of his actions, and who, not satisfied with others attracting him from his home and all its ties, excited in his breast the fiercest jealousy against me.” “Shocking!” said I; and I thought so as I looked at the bewitching creature; not but that I must confess I did not see the entire impossibility of the existence of causes for her husband’s apprehension, considering the confidential manner in which she communicated all her sorrows to me. “Treatment the most barbarous followed this,” said my companion; “a disbelief in my assertions, expressed contemptuously, marked all his answers to any request I made to him. The actions and conduct of my life were examined and discussed, until at length he sent me to the coast to live under the roof of his mother, while he was constantly domesticated with the vile partner of his gaieties and dissipations. Is not this enough to break a heart, or is it not

enough to drive a woman to the commission of the very crimes with which she finds herself unjustly charged?"

Upon this last part of my fair friend's inquiry as to the *lex talionis*, I could but have one opinion to give, and agreed cordially in her view of a case to which, as it appeared to me, she had devoted some considerable portion of her attention. "But," said I, "you are now returning home?" "I am," replied the lady; "because the rival I am doomed to bear with is no longer in London, and because the avocations of my husband will not permit him to visit Paris, whither she has gone. He thinks I am ignorant of all this, and thinks that I am a dupe to all his artifices; and why should I undeceive him?" "This rival," said I, "must be a very potent personage, if you are unable to break the charm which fascinates your husband, or dispel the influence which she has over him. You must have the power, if you have the will to do so." "No," said she; "my power is gone—his heart is lost to me, and is inaccessible by me. Oh! you little know the treatment I have received from him!—from him whose whole soul was mine, but whose mind is steeled and poisoned against me!—No human being can tell what I have suffered—what I do suffer!"

It was clear I had now arrived at the conclusion of the story; all that remained was to make the application, or deduce the moral; and, I honestly confess, it appeared to me, that, notwithstanding the object of her journey from her mother-in-law's house at Brighton was to rejoin her spouse in London, she would gladly have availed herself of any seasonable opportunity of changing the place of her destination. In fact, I had involved myself more deeply than I anticipated, for, having become a *confidante*, and having volunteered being a cavalier, I apprehended that in a minute or two I should be called forth as a champion, and, like another knight-errant, have the outraged Damsel placed under my especial care.

I confess I was now rather anxious to ascertain who my fair friend was, and what her surname—her Christian name I had discovered to be Fanny. This discovery I made when she was recapitulating, more at length than I have thought it necessary to do, the dialogues between herself and her late respectable mother, in which I observed that, speaking in the maternal character, she called herself by that pretty and simple name, which never was better suited to a human being than herself. The animation and exertion of talking, and the excitement to which part of her narrative had given rise, together with the effect of the air on a delicate skin, had lighted up her sweet countenance, and I was just on the point of taking a very decisive step in the affair, when the coach suddenly

stopped, and the door being opened, a portly lady, with a handbox, and a bouquet as big as a gooseberry-bush, picked on purpose for her, as she told us, was squeezed by the high-pressure power of Mr Goodman's right hand into the coach. She was followed by a pale-faced girl of about ten years of age, with a smaller-sized bouquet, a basketful of sweetheart-cakes, and a large phial full of weak red wine and water.

That I was sorry for the interruption, I must candidly admit; but if the new comers had been quiescent, it would have been more bearable, as I might have had time and leisure to consider what I had heard, and resolve in my mind not only the sad case of the fascinating creature before me, but to decide as to what step I myself should take, when we came to the place of parting.

It is curious to see how soon a feeling of sympathy, or congeniality, or whatever else it may be, renders strangers intimate; and when that sort of intimacy has begun, how it continues and shows itself by comparison with the conduct observed to the next strangers who appear. I and my fair friend were upon such good terms with each other, and so distant to the people who had just joined us, that the big lady and the little girl no doubt took us, if not for man and wife, at least for intimates of many years' standing; and then to see, the moment they came in, the care with which my fellow-traveller put her bonnet straight, and pulled her tippet round her, and put her bag in order, just as if she were before company! The contrast was very flattering to me, and so might have been much more of her conversation, but that she maintained it, in a low tone, so as not to be heard by the strangers, forgetting, I conclude, that the pitch of voice which rendered it inaudible to them, left me equally ill-informed.

"Pray, sir," said the big lady, "when does this here coach git to the Olephant and Castle?" "At a little past eight," said I. "We goes through Kinnington, I believe," said the lady. "We do," "If it is quite agreeable, sir," continued the awful dame, "to your good lady to have that 'ere window up, I should be uncommon obliged, because my little Emily Lawinia is jist out of the scarlet fever, and I am afeard of her taking cold."

The combination of blunders in this little speech set the late weeping Fanny into a laugh; for there was in the corner of her eye that playful sparkle which no grief can quite subdue. She was as readily alive to fun as assailable by sorrow; and so it is with all people who feel strongly; for, as Moore says in one of his *Melodies*,

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns."

The plump lady, however, found that she had made some mistake; and not at all taking into the account that people in general do not very much approve of shutting themselves up in a coach, hermetically sealed, with patients in the scarlet fever, set me and my "good lady" down as two proud, conceited upstarts, and revenged herself, to our utter dismay, by dissipating the sorrows of silence, in enjoying the solace of peppermint lozenges, one of which she herself took, and administered another to her darling pet on the opposite seat; so that while my companion was gratified by the redolence of the fragrant herb through the medium of the old lady, I was indulged by the more active and efficient exertions of the living anatomy next her.

The coach rattled on, and I beheld my opposite neighbour no longer as a stranger. She leaned forward just as we passed Kennington turnpike, and asked me whether I went on to Charing-cross, or left the coach at the Elephant and Castle. I told her that I stuck by the ship to the last, and hoped she would permit me to assist her in securing her luggage. It was at this period, in the midst of the jangle of the vehicle and the clatter of the Macadamized road, that I endeavoured to induce her to tell me her name. This she positively refused. Then I looked about for the superscription of a letter, which sometimes very inflexible ladies, under similar circumstances, will considerably let slip—and thus, one gets in a moment *accidentally* what worlds would not tempt them deliberately to disclose—but no—it was too dark to read writing; yet, I was so convinced that she actually held a card ready to give me, that I endeavoured gently to force her delicate right hand open, in order to obtain the desired information. But, I found I was wrong; she seemed determined, either that I should know nothing more of her, or, if I did, that I should at least have the trouble, or pleasure, as the case might be, of hunting after my intelligence.

Failing in the main point of my inquiries, I endeavoured to ascertain what part of London she resided in, and tried every street, square, row, and corner, from Grove-road, Paddington, to Dog-row, Whitechapel, in order to excite an affirmative nod, and one of those bewitching smiles which I began to love—but no. Well, thought I, the time must come when you must go, and then I shall follow; and so, if you choose to be silent and uncommunicative, and dignified and disagreeable, I can be revenged upon you; not that I could believe a woman who would generously confide the sorrows of her heart to a man, could be ill-natured enough to withhold the trifling addition of telling him when that heart was doomed to beat.

The moment arrived, and we reached the Elephant and Castle. The sudden check of Goodman's team took my poor Fanny by surprise, and threw her forward, so as to bring her somewhat in contact with myself; but the lamps of the coach had been lighted at Smithers-bottom, and we were in the dark, compared with object without; and never shall I forget the hurried scramble into which she "righted herself," as her eye glanced on a countenance outside the carriage, brightly illuminated by the lamp on that side—she seemed thunder-struck. "My God!" said she, "here's Charles!" "Who the devil is Charles?" said I. "Hush!—my husband," replied the lady; "he's coming;—I'm so glad these people are in the coach." The door opened, and a hand was introduced. "Fanny!" said the master of that hand, in a soft tone of endearment. "Here I am, love," said my companion. "Alone!—what—quite full!" said the husband. "Yes, dear," said the wife, "and so tired. I never was so glad to get out of a coach in my life." In a moment I thought I recognised the voice of the husband. I coiled myself into the corner. She would have got out without my being betrayed, it she had not dropped her glove.—Why the deuce had she taken it off?—A light was sent for, and the moment it came I beheld in the object of all my indignation, and the cause of all her sorrow—the oldest friend of my life—Charles Franklin. "Why," exclaimed he, the moment he recognised me, "is that you!—fellow-traveller with my wife, and not known to each other?—this is curious!" "Franklin!" said I, in a sort of tremor. "Do you know my husband, sir?" said the lady—"how very strange!" Yes, thought I, I wish it were impossible. "I have not seen you these ten years," said Franklin. "Come home with us—you must and shall—I—" "Indeed," said I—"I—" "Oh, come, come," said Franklin; "you can have no engagement—you shall have no engagement to supersede this. I rejoice in having found you after so long a separation,"—and then Mr Franklin introduced me to his wife in due form, much to the astonishment of our fellow-travellers at the other side of the coach, who concluded, by what they had seen, as indeed they had shown by what they had said, that we were, if actually not man and wife, two of the oldest and most intimate possible friends.

I have a melting heart in the way of a proposition from a friend, especially when it is made under extraordinary circumstances, like those which accompanied and preceded Franklin's; but altogether I sincerely declare, that I never was more embarrassed in my existence. I still wished to see the adventure through, and behold my Niobe in her own domicile. I looked to my charming companion for a telegraphic signal. If she had frowned a negative, I should

have repeated the signal, and strenuously declined going; but by the glare of the lamp at the inn door I thought I saw affirmative in the glance of her eye, which induced me to believe, that my visit would not annoy her; and so, really, rather than doom her to a *tele-a-tele* with her tyrant—though he *was* my friend—I consented to put myself in a position as irksome almost as position could be.

We left the coach—my trips from Brighton being periodical and frequent, I had no luggage, and we proceeded, with the maid and the handboxes, to my friend's house—of course I shall be excused mentioning the locality—but it was one of the prettiest *bijoux* I ever saw; good taste predominated in every part of its decorations, and I soon discovered, by certain drawings which were pendent on the walls, that my fair companion was an artist, while the piano forte and harp bespoke her (as she had herself, indeed, informed me she was) accomplished in other sciences.

After a suitable delay of preparation, such as taking off things, and refreshing, and all that, our dinner was served—nothing could be nicer or neater. “Fanny, dearest,” said Franklin, “let me give you this wing; I know, my life, you like it.” “No, Charles, dear, not a bit more, thank you,” said Fanny. “Come, love, a glass of wine with me,” said Charles; “’t is an old fashion, but we have been apart some weeks, so our friend will excuse it.” “To be sure he will,” said Fanny, and they drank to each other with looks admirably suited to the action. “How strange it is,” said Franklin, “that after so long a separation, we should meet in this extraordinary manner, and that Fanny should not have found you out, or that you should not have discovered her!” “Why, my dear Charles,” said Mrs Franklin, “strangers do not talk to each other in stage coaches.” “Very true, my angel,” said Mr Franklin; “but some accident might have brought your name to his ears, or his to yours.”

While all this was going on, I sat in a state of perfect amazement. Charles Franklin and I had been schoolfellows, and continued friends to a certain period of life; he was all that his wife had described him to be, in the earlier part of his life, but I confess I saw none of the heartlessness, the suspicion, the neglect, the violence, the inattention of which she also spoke; nor did I perceive, in the bright animated look of pleasure which beamed over her intelligent countenance, the slightest remains of the grief and sorrow by which she had been weighed down on the journey. “Do you feel tired, my Fanny?” said Franklin. “No, dear,” replied the lady, “not very, now; but those coaches are so small when there are four people in them, that one gets cramped.”

Here I felt a sort of tingling sensation behind my ears, anticipa-

tory of what appeared to me to be a very natural question on the part of Franklin, as to whether we had been full during the whole journey; Mrs Franklin, however, saw in a moment the false move she had made, and therefore directed the thoughts of her barbarous husband from the subject by telling him she had a letter for him from dear mamma—meaning *his* mother, under whose surveillance she had been forcibly immured at Brighton.

About this period Fanny retired, and proceeded to the drawing-room, cautioning us, as she departed, "not to be long." Charles flew to the door, and opened it for his departing fair—he accompanied her beyond its threshold, and I thought I heard a sound of something very like a kiss, as they parted.

"How strange it is," said he, resuming his seat and pushing the wine towards me, "that you should have thus accidentally fallen in with Fanny!—she is very pretty; don't you think so?" "More than pretty, surely," said I; "there is an intelligence, an expression, a manner about her, to me quite captivating." "If you were present when she is animated," said her husband, "you would see that playfulness of countenance, or rather, the variety of expression to advantage; her mind lights up her features wonderfully; there is no want of spirit about her, I can assure you." "I was quite surprised when I heard of your elopement," said I. "Her mother," said Charles, "an old woman as proud as Lucifer, was mad after a title for her, and some old broken-down lord had been wheedled, or coaxed, or cajoled, or flattered into making her an offer, which she would not accept; and then the old lady led her such a life, that she made up her mind to the step which made her mine." "And insured you happiness," said I. "Why, yes," said Franklin, "upon my word, taking all things into the scale, I see no cause to repent the step. Between ourselves—of course I speak as an old friend—Fanny has not the very best temper in the world, and of late has taken it into her head to be jealous. An old acquaintance of mine, whom I knew long before I was married, has been over here from France, and I have been a good deal about with her, during her stay; and as I did not think her quite a person to introduce to Fanny, she took huff at my frequent absence from home, and began to play off a sort of retaliation, as she fancied it, with a young lieutenant of lancers of our acquaintance. I cut that matter very short; I proposed an excursion to Brighton to visit my mother, to which she acceded, and when I had settled her out of reach of her young hero, and under the eye of *my* mamma, I returned to fulfil my engagements in London. And now that this fair obstacle to her happiness has returned to the continent, I have recalled my *better* half." "You seem, however, to understand each other

pretty well," said I. "To be sure," replied Charles, "the only point is to keep her in a good humour, for, *entre nous*, her temper is the very devil—once know how to manage *that*, and all goes well, and I flatter myself I have ascertained the mode of doing that to a nicety."

Whether it was that Fanny was apprehensive, that, under the genial influence of her husband's wine, or upon the score of old friendship, I might let slip some part of the day's adventure, I know not, but we were very early summoned to coffee, and, I confess, I was by no means displeased at the termination of a conversation which every moment I expected would take some turn that would inevitably produce a recurrence to the journey, and, perhaps, eventually, tend to betray the confidence which the oppressed wife had reposed in me.

We repaired to the drawing-room.—Fanny was reclining on the sofa, looking as fascinating as ever I saw a lady look. "Charles, dearest," said she, "I thought you would never come up; you and your friend must have had something very interesting to talk about to detain you so long." "We didn't think it long, Fan," said Charles, "because we really were talking on a very interesting subject—we were discussing *you*." "Oh, my dear Charles!" exclaimed the lady, "you flatter me; and what did he say of me?" said she, addressing me. "That," said I, "I cannot tell you: I never betray any thing that is told me in confidence."

Her looks explained that she was particularly glad to hear me say so, and the smile which followed was gracious in the extreme.

"Now," said Charles, "that you have thus strangely found our way here, I hope we shall see you often." "And I hope so, too," said Mrs Franklin: "I really believe sometimes that things which we blind mortals call chance are pre-ordained. I was not coming by the coach in which I met you, nor should I have been in it, if the other coach had not been full, and then——" "I should have lost the pleasure," said I, "of seeing an old friend enjoying his delights of domestic happiness."

Here Fanny gave me a look expressive of the perfect misery of her condition; and Charles, whose back was turned towards us at the instant, in coming up the room again, while *her* back was turned to *him*, made a sort of face, something between the sorrowful and the grotesque, which I shall never forget, but which indicated, most unequivocally, what his feelings on the subject were.

Shortly after this the happy pair began to be so excessively kind and tender to each other, that I thought it was quite time to beat a retreat, and accordingly took my leave, earnestly pressed by both

parties to repeat my visit as often as I could, and to let them see as much of me as possible. I returned them my warmest thanks for their kindness, but named no day for my return, and wished them good night.

I have not been there since. I called, indeed, once, and Charles called on me, but I have been little in London during the last season, and they have been much in the country. I could not have equitably maintained an intimacy with them, for I felt neutrality would be quite out of the question : thus, although the recurrence of my old friendship with Charles Franklin has been productive of no very satisfactory results as relate to ourselves personally, it has given me an additional light in my path through the world, and now, whenever I see a picture of perfect happiness presented to my eyes, affection on one side and devotion on the other, assiduity met by kindness, and solicitude repaid with smiles, instead of feeling my heart glow with rapture at the beautiful scene before me, I instantly recollect that I once travelled to London in the BRIGHTON COACH.

THE BRIDAL DIRGE.

THE bride is dead ! The bride is dead !

Cold and frail, and fair she lieth :
Wrapp'd is she in sullen lead ;
And a flower is at her head ;
And the breeze above her sigheth,
Thorough night and thorough day,
" Fled away !—Fled away !"

Once,—but what can that avail,—
Once, she wore within her bosom
Pity, which did never fail,
A hue that dash'd the lily pale ;
And upon her cheek a blossom,
Such as yet was never known :—
All is past and overthrown !

Mourn ! the sweetest bride is dead,
And her knight is sick with sorrow,
That her bloom is " lapp'd in lead :"
Yet he hopeth, fancy-fed,
He may kiss his love to-morrow.
But the breezes—what say they ?—
" Fled away !—Fled away !"

BARRY CORNWALL

THE RAPIDS.*

, coz, coz, my pretty little coz! that thou didst know how many
rep I am in love!

As You Like It.

IGHT on board a steam boat, a full moon, and a soft pano-
the shores of the St Lawrence gliding by like a vision! I
ime the dramatic prerogative of introducing my readers at
he scene of my story, and with the same time-saving privi-
roduce my *dramatis personæ*, a gentleman and lady pro-
g the deck with the slow step so natural on a summer's
hen your company is agreeable.

dy leaned familiarly on the arm of her companion as they
o and fro, sometimes looking at the moon, and sometimes
retty feet, as they stole out, one after the other, into the
ht. She was a tall, queenly person, somewhat *embonpoint*,
mely graceful. Her eye was of a dark blue, shaded with
f remarkable length, and her features, though irregular,
ressive of great vivacity, and more than ordinary talent.
e her hair, which was of a deep chestnut, in the Madonna
nply parted, and her dress, throughout, had the chaste ele-
good taste—the *tournure* of fashion without its extrava-

ompanion was a tall, well formed young man, very hand-
ith a frank and prepossessing expression of countenance,
fine freedom of step and air, which characterize the well
tleman. He was dressed fashionably, but plainly, and
iskers, in compliance with the prevailing mania. His
one of rare depth and melody; and as he bent slightly and
y to the lady's ear, its low, rich tenderness had the irre-
fascination, for which the human voice is sometimes so
ble.

a beautiful night. The light lay sleeping on the St Law-
e a white mist. The boat, on whose deck our acquaintan-
promenading, was threading the serpentine channel of the
und Isles,' more like winding through a wilderness than
the passage of a great river. The many thousand islands
in this part of the St Lawrence seem to realize the mad
am when she visited the stars, and found them

'—only green islands, sown thick in the sky.'

'*The Legendary*, consisting of Original Pieces, principally illus-
American History, Scenery, and Manners. Edited by N. P.
nton, 1828,' vol. I.

Nothing can be more like fairy land than sailing among them on a summer's evening. They vary in size, from a quarter of a mile in circumference, to a spot just large enough for one solitary tree, and are at different distances, from a bowshot to a gallant leap from each other. The universal formation is a rock of horizontal stratum, and the river, though spread into a lake by innumerable divisions, is almost embowered by the luxuriant vegetation which covers them. There is everywhere sufficient depth for the boat to run directly alongside, and with the rapidity and quietness of her motion, and the near neighbourhood of the trees, which may almost be touched, the illusion of aerial carriage over land, is, at first, almost perfect. The passage through the more intricate parts of the channel, is, if possible, still more beautiful. You shoot into narrow passes where you could spring on shore on either side, catching, as you advance, hasty views to the right and left, through long vistas of islands; or, running round a projecting point of rock or woodland, open into an apparent lake, and darting rapidly across, seem running right on shore as you enter a narrow strait in pursuit of the covert channel.

It is the finest ground in the world for the 'magic of moonlight.' The water is clear, and, on the night we speak of, was a perfect mirror. Every star was repeated. The foliage of the islands was softened into indistinctness, and they lay in the water, with their well-defined shadows hanging darkly beneath them, as distinctly as clouds in the sky, and apparently as moveable. In more terrestrial company than the lady Viola's, our hero might have fancied himself in the regions of upper air; but as he leant over the taffarel, and listened to the sweetest voice that ever melted into moonlight, and watched the shadows of the dipping trees as the approach of the boat broke them one by one, he would have thought twice before he had said that he was sailing on a fresh water river, in the good steam boat Queenston.

Miss Viola Clay and Mr Frank Gresham, the hero and heroine of this true story, I should have told you before, were cousins. They had met lately after a separation of many years, and as the lady had in the meantime become the proudest woman in the world, and the gentleman had been abroad and wore whiskers, and had, besides, a cousin's *carte blanche* for his visits, there was reason to believe they would become very well acquainted.

Frank had been at home but a few months when he was invited to join the party with which he was now making the fashionable tour. He had seen Viola every day since his return, and had more to say to her than to all the rest of his relatives together. He would sit for hours with her in the deep recesses of the window

telling his adventures when abroad. At least, it was so presumed, as he talked all the time, and she was profoundly attentive. It was thought, too, he must have seen some affecting sights, for now and then his descriptions made her sigh audibly, and once the colour was observed to mount to her very temples—doubtless from strong sympathy with some touching distress.

Frank joined the party for the tour, and had, at the time we speak of, been several weeks in their company. They had spent nearly a month among the Lakes, and were now descending by their grand outlet to Montreal. Many a long walk had been taken, and many a romantic scene had been gazed upon during their absence, and the lady had, many a time, wandered away with her cousin, doubtless for the want of a more agreeable companion. She was indefatigable in seeing the celebrated places from every point, and made excursions which the gouty feet of her father, or the etiquette of a stranger's attendance would have forbidden. In these cases Frank's company was evidently a convenience; and over hill and dale, through glen and cavern, he had borne her delicate arm by the precious privilege of cousinship.

There's nothing like a cousin. It is the sweetest relation in human nature. There is no excitement in loving your sister, and courting a lady in the face of a strange family requires the nerve of a martyr; but your dear familiar cousin, with her provoking maidenly reserve, and her bewitching freedoms, and the romping frolics, and the stolen tenderness over the skein of silk that will get tangled—and then the long rides which nobody talks about, and the long *tete-a-tetes* which are nobody's business, and the long letters of which nobody pays the postage—no, there is nothing like a cousin—a young, gay, beautiful witch of a cousin!

Till within a few days Frank had enjoyed a monopoly of the lady Viola's condescensions; but their party had been increased lately by a young gentleman who introduced himself to papa as the son of an old friend, and proceeded immediately to a degree of especial attention which relieved our hero exceedingly of his duties.

Mr Erastus Van Pelt was a tall, thin person, with an aquiline nose, and a forehead that retreated till it was lost in the distance. It was evident at the first glance that he was high *ton*. The authenticity of his style, even on board a steam boat, distanced imitation immeasurably. The angle of his bow had been an insoluble problem from his *debut* at the dancing school till the present moment, and his quizzing glass was thrown up to his eye with a grace that would have put Brummel to the blush. From the square toe of his pump to the loop of his gold chain he was a perfect wonder. Every body smiled on Mr Erastus Van Pelt.

This accomplished gentleman looked with an evil eye on our hero. He had the magnanimity not to cut him outright, as he was the lady's cousin; but tolerated him on the first day with a cold civility, which he intended should amount to a cut on the second. Frank thought him thus far very amusing; but when he came frequently in the way of his attentions to his cousin, and once or twice raised his glass at his remarks, with the uncomprehending 'Sir!' he was observed to stroke his black whiskers with a very ominous impatience. Further acquaintance by no means mended the matter, and Frank's brow grew more and more cloudy. He had already alarmed Mr Van Pelt with a glance of his eye that could not be mistaken, and anticipated his 'cut direct' by at least some hours, when the lady Viola took him aside and bound over his thumb and finger to keep the peace towards the invisible waist of his adversary.

A morning or two after this precaution, the boat was bending in toward a small village which terminates the safe navigation above the rapids of the Split Rock. Coaches were waiting on shore, to convey passengers to the next still water, and the mixed population of the little village, attracted by the arrival, was gathered in a picturesque group on the landing. There was the Italian-looking Canadian with his clear olive complexion and open neck, his hat slouched carelessly, and the indispensable red sash hanging from his waist; and the still, statue-like Indian with the incongruous blanket and belt, hat and moccasin costume of the border, and the tall, inquisitive-looking Vermontese—all mingled together like the figures of a painter's study.

Miss Clay sat on the deck, surrounded by her party. Frank, at a little distance, stood looking into the water with the grave intentness of a statue, and Mr Van Pelt levelled his glass at the 'horrid creatures' on shore, and expressed his elegant abhorrence of their *sauvagerie* in a fine spun *falsetto*. As its last thin tone melted, he turned and spoke to the lady with an air evidently more familiar than her dignity for the few first days seemed to have warranted. There was an expression of ill concealed triumph in his look, and an uncompromised turning of his back on our *penseroso*, which indicated an advance in relative importance; and though Miss Clay went on with the destruction of her card of distances just as if there was nobody in the world but herself, the conversation was well sustained till the last musical superlative was curtailed by the whiz of the escape valve.

As the boat touched the pier, Frank awoke from his reverie, and announced his intention of taking a boat down the rapids. Viola objected to it at first as a dangerous experiment; but when

assured by him that it was perfectly safe, and that the boat, during the whole passage, would be visible from the coach, she opposed it no further. Frank then turned to Mr Van Pelt, and, to her astonishment, politely requested his company. The dandy was thunderstruck. To his comprehension it was like offering him a private interview with a bear. 'No, sir,' said he, with a nervous twirl of his glass round his forefinger. Miss Clay, however, insisted on his acceptance of the invitation. The prospect of his company without the restraint of Frank's presence, and a wish to foster the good feeling from which she thought the offer proceeded, were sufficient reasons for perseverance, and on the ground that his beautiful cap was indispensable to the picturesque effect, she would take no denial. Most reluctantly his consent was at last given, and Frank sprang on shore with an accommodating readiness to find boatmen for the enterprise.

He found his errand a difficult one. The water was uncommonly low, and at such times the rapids are seldom passed, even by the most daring. The old voyageurs received his proposition with shrugs and volumes of *patois*, in which he could only distinguish adjectives of terror. By promises of extravagant remuneration, however, he prevailed on four athletic Canadians to row him to Coteau du Lac. He then took them aside, and by dint of gesture and bad French, made them comprehend, that he wished to throw his companion into the river. They had no shadow of objection. For a 'consideration,' they would upset the bateau in a convenient place below the rapids, and insure Mr Van Pelt's subsequent existence at the forfeiture of the reward. A simultaneous '*Gardez vous !*' was to be the signal for action.

The coaches had already started when Frank again stood on the pier, and were pursuing slowly the beautiful road on the bank of the river. He almost repented his rash determination for a moment, but the succeeding thought was one of pride, and he sprang lightly into the bateau at the '*Allons !*' of the impatient boatmen.

Mr Van Pelt was already seated, and as they darted rapidly away with the first stroke of the oars, the voyageur at the helm commenced a low recitative. At every alternate line, the others joined in a loud, but not inharmonious chorus, and the strokes were light or deep as the leader indicated, by his tone, the necessity of rapidity or deliberation. In a few minutes they reached the tide, and as the boat swept violently in, the oars were shipped, and the boatmen, crossing themselves and mumbling a prayer to the saint, sat still, and looked anxiously forward. It was evidently much worse than Mr Van Pelt had anticipated. Frank remarked upon the natural beauties of the river, but he had no eye for scenery. He sat on a

low seat, grasping the sides of the boat with a tenacity as unphilosophical as it was out of character for his delicate fingers. The bateau glided like a bird round the island which divides the river and, steering for the middle of the stream, was in a moment hurrying with its whole velocity onward. The Split Rock was as yet far below, but the intermediate distance was a succession of rapids and, though not much dreaded by those accustomed to the navigation, they were to a stranger sufficiently appalling. The river was tossed like a stormy sea, and the large waves, thrown up from the sunken rocks, came rolling back upon the tide, and, dashing over the boat, flung her off like a tiny shell. Mr Van Pelt was in profuse perspiration. His knees, drawn up to his head by the acute angle of his posture, knocked violently together, and no persuasion could induce him to sit in the depressed stern for the accommodation of the voyageurs. He sat right in the centre of the bateau, and kept his eye on the waves with a manifest distrust of Providence, and an anxiety that betrayed a culpable want of resignation.

The bateau passed the travellers on shore as she neared the rock. Frank waved his handkerchief triumphantly. The water just ahead roared and leaped up in white masses like a thousand monsters; and, at the first violent whirl, he was pulled down by a voyageur, and commanded imperatively to lie still. Another and another shock followed in quick succession, and she was perfectly unmanageable. The helmsman threw himself flat on the bottom. Mr Van Pelt hid his face in his hands, and crouched beside him. The water dashed in, and the bateau, obeying every impulse, whirled and flung from side to side like a feather. It seemed as if every plunge must be the last. One moment she shivered and stood motionless, struck back by a violent blow, and the next, she went down into an abyss with an arrowy velocity that seemed like instant destruction. Frank shook off the grasp of the voyageur, and holding on to the side, half rose to his feet. '*Gardez vous!*' exclaimed the voyageur; and, mistaking the caution for the signal, with a sudden effort he seized Mr Van Pelt, and, plunging him over the side, leaped in after him. '*Diable!*' muttered the helmsman, as the dandy, with a piercing shriek, sprang half out of water, and disappeared instantly. But the Split Rock was right beneath the bow, and like a shot arrow the boat sprang through the gorge, and in a moment was gliding among the masses of foam in the smooth water.

They put back immediately, and at a stroke or two against the current, up came the scientific 'brutus' of Mr Van Pelt, quite out of curl, and crested with the foam through which he had emerged.

to a thinner element. There was no mistaking its identity, and it was rudely seized by the voyageur with a tolerable certainty that the ordinary sequel would follow. All reasoning upon anomalies, however, is uncertain, and, to the terror of the unlettered captor, down went *un gentilhomme*, leaving the envy of the world in his possession. He soon re-appeared, and with his faith in the unity of Monsieur considerably shaken, the voyageur lifted him carefully into the bateau.

My dear reader! were you ever sick? Did you have a sweet cousin, or a young aunt, or any pretty friend who was not your sister or your mother, for a nurse? And do you remember how like an angel's fingers, her small white hand laid on your forehead, and how thrillingly her soft voice spoke low in your ear, and how inquiringly her fair face hung over your pillow? If you have not, and remember no such passages, it were worth half your sound constitution, and half your uninteresting health, and half your long life, to have had that experience. Talk of moonlight in a bower, and poetry in a *boudoir*—there is no atmosphere for love like a sick chamber, and no poetry like the persuasion to your gruel, or the sympathy for your aching head, or your feverish forehead.

Three months after Frank Gresham was taken out of the St Lawrence, he was sitting in a deep recess with the lady, who, to the astonishment of the whole world, had accepted him as her lover. 'Miss Viola Clay,' said our hero, with a look of profound resignation, 'when will it please you to attend to certain responses you wot of?' The answer was in a low sweet tone, inaudible to all save the ear for which it was intended.

WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND,

SEPTEMBER 2, 1812.

BLUE was the loch, the clouds were gone,
 Ben Lomond in his glory shone,
 When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
 Bore me from thy silver sands,
 Thy kirk-yard wall among the trees,
 Where, grey with age, the dial stands;
 That dial so well-known to me!
 —Though many a shadow it had shed,
 Beloved Sister, since with thee
 The legend on the stone was read.
 The fairy-isles fled far away;
 That with its woods and uplands green,
 Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,
 And songs are heard at close of day;

That too, the deer's wild covert, fled,
 And that, the asylum of the dead :
 While, as the boat went merrily,
 Much of Rob Roy the boatman told ;
 His arm, that fell below his knee,
 His cattle-ford and mountain-hold.

Tarbat, thy shore I climb'd at last ;
 And, thy shady region pass'd,
 Upon another shore I stood,
 And look'd upon another flood ;
 Great Ocean's self ! ('T is He who fills
 That vast and awful depth of hills) ;
 Where many an elf was playing round
 Who treads unshod his classic ground ;
 And speaks, his native rocks among,
 As Fingal spoke, and Oasian sung.

Night fell ; and dark and darker grew
 That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
 As o'er the glimmering waves we flew ;
 The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
 And now the grampus, half-descried,
 Black and huge above the tide ;
 The cliffs and promontories there,
 Front to front, and broad and bare ;
 Each beyond each, with giant-feet
 Advancing as in haste to meet ;
 The shatter'd fortress, whence the Dane
 Blew his shrill blast, nor rush'd in vain,
 Tyrant of the drear domain :
 All into midnight-shadow sweep,
 When day springs upward from the deep !
 Kindling the waters in its flight,
 The prow wakes splendour ; and the oar,
 That rose and fell unseen before,
 Flashes in a sea of light !

Glad sign, and sure ! for now we hail
 Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale ;
 And bright indeed the path should be
 That leads to Friendship and to thee ;

Oh blest retreat and sacred too !
 Sacred as when the bell of prayer
 Toll'd duly on the desert air,
 And crosses deck'd thy summits blue.
 Oft, like some loved romantic tale,
 Oft shall my weary mind recall,
 Amid the hum and stir of men,
 Thy beechen grove and waterfall,
 Thy ferry with its gliding sail,
 And her—the Lady of the Glen !

SAMUEL ROGERS.

LEGEND OF LAMPIDOSA.

IN one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers, but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried torsk-fish, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host. The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian : and they entered the cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern whose vast aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it. "We must advance no farther," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm—"we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide."—"Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which Nature has provided here?" replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful, mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak—"Not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously ! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur ? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us : I see its white foam in the depth."—Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leapt to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet.—"Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves."—"Loose my cloak, old man !" exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named—"my life is

a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!"—"It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer; but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the Malestrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamour of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen trembling held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old. "He is not dead yet!" said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed, and the traveller, tearing off his wet half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulf of death, but could not discern his deliverers. "Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, "he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice." But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspicious simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence, preceded by their watchful dog: and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again

in his cloak, and looking on the sleeping boy whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. "We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?"

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, "I should require no bribe to love him—but I have many children, and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us intrust this boy to her care, and if in one year——" "In one year, if I live, I will reclaim him!" said the stranger solemnly:—"Show me this woman." Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh-coloured and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied amongst his winter-stock of oil and deer-skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artisans and poets: but his companion did not wait for his introduction. "Worthy woman," he said to Claribell, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness: I leave him to appeal to it." He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice. "Keep the dollars, pastor!" said Hans Hofland, when he had heard all that Thorsen chose to tell—"I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande our kinsman—keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from Nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy de-

served his pity. To be easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only confused and vague accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstein. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness. Under Hans Hofland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman whose mansion and numerous household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Fredericstadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; and the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger, added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widowhood, could never be persuaded to forsake her when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hofland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth: and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstein, all Hofland's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the Lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest-cat, brought by Brande her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pastor Thorson was seen advancing with the stranger. "It is he!" exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace, Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round her with a faint smile. — They seated their guest amongst them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if he intended to remove him. "One year more, Adolphus," replied the traveller, "you shall give to these hospital

friends, if they will endure the burthen for your sake.”—“He is so beautiful!” said old Hans.—“Ah, father!” added Claribell, “he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!”—The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, “My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting it.” Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell’s lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured.—“My kinsman shall accompany you,” said the fisherman; “he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofrefield.” Brande advanced, slinging his musket behind his shoulder, as a token of his readiness.—“Not to-night!” said Claribell; “a snow-fall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has failed.”—Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell’s long delay in fulfilling their marriage contract, and his eye measured the stranger’s graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dared not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shrivelled his lips when his offered guidance was accepted.—“He is bold and faithful,” said the pastor, as the stranger pressed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the pastor’s blessing, and departed in silence.—All were sleeping in Hofland’s hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping.—“Soon from Ardanger?” said Claribell; “your journey has speeded well.”—“He is safe,” returned her lover, and sat down gloomily on the hearth. Only a few embers remained, which cast a doubtful light on his countenance.—“Claribell!” he exclaimed after a long pause, “Will you be my wife to-morrow?”—“I am the lady Johanna’s servant while she lives,” answered Claribell—“and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?”—“They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold—and bade me keep it as your dowry.”—Claribell cast her eyes on the heap of rubies, and on her lover’s face—“Brande, you have murdered him!”—With these half-articulate words, she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—“Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent.”—“Follow me then!” said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father’s dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen’s. He was awake, *reading by the summer moonlight*—“Sir,” said Claribell in a firm and calm tone, “your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman’s

hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own.” Brande, surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

Another year passed, but not without event. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept off the stock of timber on which the good pastor’s saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long pale night found Claribell’s family almost without provision. Her father’s strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay beside the hearth, with only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in his, and secretly gave her all the rein-deer’s milk, which their neighbours, though themselves half-famished, bestowed upon him. Brande encouraged by the despairing father’s presence, ventured to remind Claribell of their marriage-contract,—“Wait,” she replied with a bitter smile, “till the traveller returns to sanction it.”—Moody silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eye-lashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter,—“Have mercy on us both,” said Brande, with a desperate gesture—“Shall an idiot woman and a blind boy rob even your father of you love?”—“They have trusted me,” she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him—“and I will not forsake them in life or death—Hast thou deserved trust better?”

Brande turned away his face and wept. At that terrible instant the door burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unarmed, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority, conveyed the whole family to the hall of the viceroy’s deputy. There, heedless of their toilsome journey and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Brande, and the clothes worn by the unfortunate traveller, found at the foot of a precipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, but with a faltering voice and unsteady eye Thorsen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner’s car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell’s innocence, but she maintained herself an obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Hofland’s possession implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Brande’s conduct on the fatal night of the assassination, with his present vague and incoherent story

ments, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment in the mine of Coningsburgh.

Brande heard his decree in mute despair; and Claribell clinging to her heart-broken father, fixed her eyes dim with intense agony on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden upon her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone—"Norwegians!—I have no home—I am an orphan and a stranger among you. Claribell has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go."—"Be it so," said the judge, after a short pause—"darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt if he is allowed to witness its punishment."—The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superior's signal to remove the victims, but his eye was suddenly arrested. The Lady Johanna, whose chair had been brought before the tribunal, now rose from it, and stood erect, exclaiming, "*I accuse him!*" At this awful cry from lips which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity, the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrunk back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her pale grey eyes, her spectre-like face shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorceress exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a force which the hall echoed;—"There was but one witness, and I go to him!"—With these words, and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judge's feet, and expired.

Six years glided away; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians had been long executed and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Cronenburgh. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue through the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their labours. But his eye seemed fixed on a bier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy; leaning on a meagre woman and a boy, whose voice mingled with the rude chant peculiar to Norwegian mourners, like the warbling of an Eolian lute among the moans of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound, the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide.—"It is the funeral of a convicted murderer," replied the superintendant of the miners; "and that white-haired man was his kinsman and supposed accomplice."—"The woman is his widow then?" said the viceroy shuddering.—"No, my lord;—her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father, to prepare his food and assist in his labours: that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the

sick miners, who think him an angel come among us."—While the humane intendant spoke, the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Brande, whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The viceroy followed to the grave; and advancing as the body was lowered into it, said, "Peace be with the dead, and with the living. All are forgiven."

The intendant of the mines, instructed by one of the viceroy's retinue, removed the fetters from Hans Hofland's ancles, and placed him with his daughter and the blind boy in the vehicle used to reach the outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet, where he stood alone, not in his rich official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein.—"It is the traveller!" exclaimed Claribell; and Adolphus sprang into his arms.—"My son!" was all the viceroy could utter as he held him close to his heart.—"Claribell!" he added after a few moments of agonizing joy, "I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence; but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous kinsman who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to destroy us both. Brande was the agent of his guilt; but fearing that his secrecy might fail the chief traitor availed himself of his power as a judge, to bury his accomplice and his innocent victim for ever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish and reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself:—you, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and ennoble his father by a union with your virtues."

European Magazine. 1817.

ROBERT BURNS.*

WHAT bird in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong
As ever child of air?

* This beautiful piece is referred to in the article on Robert Burns given in Vol. I.

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
 For whim or pleasure change :
 He was not one, but all by turns,
 With transmigration strange.

The Blackbird, oracle of spring,
 When flower'd his moral lay ;
 The Swallow, wheeling on the wing,
 Capriciously at play :

The Humming-Bird, from bloom to bloom
 Inhaling heavenly balm ;
 The Raven, in the tempest's gloom ;
 The Halcyon, in the calm :

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the Owl,
 At witching time of night ;
 By "bonnie Doon," the earliest Fowl
 That caroll'd to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
 When in his homely vein ;
 At Bannockburn the Bird of Jove,
 With thunder in his train ;

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours ;
 The Goldfinch, in his mirth ;
 The Thrush, a spendthrift of his power,
 Enrapturing heaven and earth ;

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
 Contemplative and still ;
 But roused,—no Falcon, in the chase,
 Could like his satire kill.

The Linnet in simplicity,
 In tenderness the Dove ;
 But more than all besides was he,
 The Nightingale in love.

Oh ! had he never stoop'd to shame,
 Nor lent a charm to vice,
 How had Devotion loved to name
 That Bird of Paradise !

Peace to the dead !—In Scotia's choir
 Of Minstrels great and small,
 He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
 The Phoenix of them all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

REMINISCENCES OF A GOOD-NATURED MAN.

ORATOR HENLEY was accustomed to say that cut-down boots; the best shoes; I am sure this remark will apply to the frequent transformations that take place in character. Who has not an enthusiast tame down into the completest worldling—a young spendthrift dry into the finest specimen of a miser—and a good-tured man sour into a perfect Sir Benjamin Backbite? In view of the possibility of this last change, I offer myself as evidence of a commenced life—existence I mean—with what is termed “a disposition.” I had flaxen hair, an innocent-looking face, and pale blue eyes, that looked as if all the colour had been washed out of them by crying; nevertheless, I was not prone to tears, and when a baby cried quietly. I was the delight of my nurse-mother, for I could always be allured to give up my own will for a piece of sugared bread and butter; I could wear my white frock and trowsers twice as long as my sister; I loved to sit in my high chair better than to scramble about the nursery; I believed everything that was told me, and I sucked my thumb. Yet imposition on my good-nature and harmlessness commenced before I was out of the cradle. My sister and I were twins, but not in disposition: she was a bright, lively, vixenish little thing, pretty and mischievous as a fairy—the reverse of myself, except in similarity of feat and, though younger by half an hour, was my master, and everybody’s master about the house. She neither sucked her thumb nor loved to sit in a little chair; she would be nursed, and nursed—which, in nursing language, means being tossed up to the ceiling, talked, shouted, and sung to, from morning till night. Our due arrival had not been anticipated; and if it had, two nurses, or even one and a half, could not in our household have been afforded; so as my mother had very delicate health, my share of attention was somewhat scanty: in fact my lady-sister got it all, because she would have it:—my thumb nursed me, and to such purpose, it is to this day smaller than the other. As mere babyhood passed away, and I learned to walk and talk, my passive temper remained the same, and increasing liberties were taken with it; I had at the least pieces of gingerbread, was the last dressed in the morning and the first put to bed at night: it was I who was to surrender my plaything, give up my seat, make the apology in case of a quarrel and bear the blame on the occurrence of any juvenile iniquity because I was “such a good-natured little creature.”

As a schoolboy, my character and condition remained unmodified—*fogging* was not allowed, but by this I gained nothing; for instead of avowedly serving one master, I served five and twenty, the entire number of boys admitted. A fatality, as if by birthright, hung over me: in two days my timid, yielding, milky, flaxen nature was discovered, and as speedily worked upon and cheated on all hands. I was very vain of my good-nature; and flattery on this head would induce me to do or almost suffer any thing,—no matter whether in a right or wrong cause. It supplied the place of sugared bread and butter;—and if the bullies were sure of my obedience, the wheedlers were certain of my love in addition. The scrapes and sins that I was wheedled into, are past enumeration; and, by some chance, the chief of the blame, and most of the punishment, always fell on me, even when others were concerned; whilst in our petty purloinings or purchases, it equally occurred that the share which fell to my lot was the least. However, after lying and stealing for my companions, and then being flogged for it by the master, had my reward in the universal admission, that I was “the most good-natured boy in the school!”

School-days passed, and I became a member of that larger seminary—Society, calculated in its construction to harden, strengthen, daunt, and embitter; but for a series of years it effected no such change in me. It strikes me now with amazement, but so it was; for years I remained the same obliging, complying, assenting creature as I had been in the nursery and at school;—ready to help every one—prone to believe every one—anxious to reconcile every one; in my conversations a stream of assents—in my intentions harmless—but in my actions certainly not wise. I had no discrimination—*there* lay the flaw. My amiability was extended to every one like; and without any thought of consequences, my praise was so universal, that as it cost, so was it worth nothing—my peace-making as often effected at the expense of truth—my courtesy was apt to encroach upon sincerity—my charity as often gratified imposture as real want—and of my justice, it might frequently be said,

Voilà une justice bien injuste.

I am sure I was very amiable; but for want of being under the government of a strong understanding, I was perpetually involved in trouble, and did my friends little good. I had a horror of unkindness in thought, word, and deed; but I had not an equal dread of injustice: it annoyed me personally to hear scandal; and witnessing its golden arrows on all sides displeased me, if coupled with malice, however gay. It positively made me uncomfortable to hear people abuse each other, or try to make each other ridicu-

lous; and I laugh now to reflect on the sober good faith with which I long set myself against the current. Circumstances mixed me up pretty largely with society of various kinds. I had an immense and heterogeneous assemblage of friends and acquaintance; and circumstances also placed me in positions where I had an extensive power of expressing my opinions. I do not think there is any possible combination of laudatory words with which I am not acquainted—which I have not in some shape applied to every living creature I know—and what was my reward? All made use of me, and yet scarcely considered my services worthy of thanks; and at last a wit whom I had puffed, even to my last puff, remarked in an aside, meant to be audible, that if my words could be distilled and bottled, they might be hung against peach-trees to catch wasps with, instead of honey-water! In private, my good nature equally, or even more signally failed. From my multitudinous connexions, I had the mortification of hearing every one I knew and cared for, severally and soundly abused. It was in vain I disproved, proved, and reproved—the more I tried to stop the scandal, the faster it moved—it was Mynheer Von Wodenblock's enchanted leg. Surely I was a true friend! How I travelled from circle to circle the perfect genius of laudation, and the personification of Thomson's "etherial mildness!" I am afraid there was a little alloy in my motive springing from the timidity of my nature;—hating and dreading censure myself, I supposed every one else hated and dreaded it equally; and I hoped, that if I was so generous in administering praise, others would be as generous in making a return. I found out at last, that the majority of persons in the world—persons, rather, who live before the world—do not care what or how much is said of them; and that the major part of the ill-nature in the world is oftener the result of wit and idleness, than of sheer malice and ill intention. But these praiseful moods of mine are long since past; I no longer tax my memory to carry to this friend the compliment I heard paid him by that; I no longer transmit to one author the eulogy penned upon him by another; I can join in a laugh at my neighbour's expense; and instead of discreetly forgetting a witty libel, I can help to affix it to the back it was meant for. It was in self-defence that I suffered my transcendental good-nature to ooze from me—I found that I was invariably reckoned on as a sure man—I found that not more than a few did justice to my real kindliness of heart—I found that, with all my sparing of others, I was never spared myself; or, if spared, was laughed at—I found myself slighted in public and passed over in parties—no one asked my opinion, and no one listened to my remarks—

Augusta sings, but no one hears her ;
Augusta sighs, but no one cheers her.

was such "a good creature" that every one treated me badly, till love would bear it no longer, and I determined to *amend*. As I altered my tactics, it is astonishing how much my position in society is improved—how much more attention I gain—and how much better I am thought of. I can now barb an epigram with best, (and may in time come to dip the point in poison,)—I twist a meaning, suggest a motive, affix a *soubriquet*, add wings to a personal joke, sneer in print, talk scandal in private, and cut jests in my dreams. And I am better liked—have gained a character for being clever, whilst my personal comfort is increased. People who ventured to slight me in my good-natured days, are now agonised of attention to me, now that I am good-natured no longer. No one listens to when I speak; and if I promise a service, it is no longer considered a right, but a favour. The only danger is, that I may go too far; and in my escape from an excess of complacency, obliging, officious desire to please, may become really spiteful and indiscriminate in my sarcasms as I once was in my praise. I sometimes fear that I may prove, that very sour vinegar can be made from very sweet sugar.

Athenæum.

THE SLEEPER.

Ye waters, flow tranquilly on to the ocean,
Each wave soft as music when sylphs are in motion;
My fair one, way weary, now rests by your stream—
Flow gently, ye waters, and break not her dream!

Ye winds, through the green branches tenderly sighing,
Breathe softer than roses in Summer's lap lying,
And still as an infant whose slumber is deep—
Breathe gently, ye wild winds, and break not her sleep!

Ye sweet birds, so lightly among the leaves springing,
O wake not my love with the gush of your singing;
But sing as the heart does when joy is most deep—
Oh! hush your loud warble, and break not her sleep!

Monthly Mag.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

"**WHAT** a delightful thing the world is! Lady Lennox's ball, last night—how charming it was!—every one so kind, and Charlotte looking so pretty—the nicest girl I ever saw! But I must dress now. Balfour is to be here at twelve with the horse he wants to sell me. How lucky I am to have such a friend as Balfour!—so entertaining—so good-natured—so devilish clever too—and such an excellent heart! Ah! how unlucky! it rains a little; but never mind, it will clear up; and if it don't—why, there's billiards. What a delightful thing the world is!"

So soliloquized Charles Nugent, a man of twenty-one—a philanthropist—an optimist. Our young gentleman was an orphan, of good family and large fortune; brave, generous, confiding, and open-hearted. His ability was above the ordinary standard, and he had a warm love and a pure taste for letters. He had even bent a knee to Philosophy, but the calm and cold graces with which the goddess receives her servants had soon discontented the young votary with the worship. "Away!" cried he, one morning, flinging aside the volume of La Rochefoucault, which he had fancied he understood; "Away with this selfish and debasing code!—men are not the mean things they are here described—be it mine to think exultingly of my species!" My dear Experience, with how many fine sentiments do you intend to play the devil? It is not without reason that Goethe tells us, that though Fate is an excellent, she is also a very expensive schoolmistress.

"Ha! my dear Nugent, how are you?" and Captain Balfour enters the room: a fine, dark, handsome, fellow, with something of pretension in his air and a great deal of frankness. "And here is the horse. Come to the window. Does not he step finely? What action! Do you remark his forehead? How he carries his tail! Gad, I don't think you shall have him, after all!" "Nay, my dear fellow, you may well be sorry to part with him. He is superb! Quite sound—eh?" "Have him examined." "Do you think I would not take your word for it? The price?" "Fix it yourself. Prince Paul once offered me a hundred-and-eighty; but to you—" "You shall have it." "No, Nugent—say, a hundred-and-fifty." "I won't be outdone—there's a draft for the 180*l*." "Upon my soul, I'm ashamed; but you are such a rich fellow. *John*, take the horse to Mr Nugent's stables. Where will you dine to-day?—at the Cocoa-tree?" "With all my heart."

The young men rode together. Nugent was delighted with his

new purchase. They dined at the Cocoa-tree. Balfour ordered some early peaches. Nugent paid the Bill. They went to the Opera. "Do you see that *danseuse*, Florine?" asked Balfour. "Pretty ancle—eh?" "Yes, *comme ça*—but dances awkwardly—not handsome." "What! not handsome? Come and talk to her. She's more admired than any girl on the stage." They went behind the scenes, and Balfour convinced his friend that he ought to be enchanted with Florine. Before the week was out, the *danseuse* kept her carriage, and in return, Nugent supped with her twice a week.

Nugent had written a tale for "The Keepsake;" it was his first literary effort; it was tolerably good, and exceedingly popular. One day he was lounging over his breakfast, and a tall, thin gentleman, in black, was announced by the name of Mr Gilpin. "Mr Gilpin made a most respectful bow, and heaved a peculiarly profound sigh. Nugent was instantly seized with a lively interest in the stranger. "Sir, it is with great regret," faltered forth Mr Gilpin, "that I seek you. I—I—I—" A low, consumptive cough checked his speech. Nugent offered him a cup of tea. The civility was refused, and the story continued. Mr Gilpin's narration is soon told, when he himself is not the narrator. An unfortunate literary man—once in affluent circumstances—security for a treacherous friend—friend absconded—pressure of unforeseen circumstances—angel wife and four cherub children—a book coming out next season—deep distress at present—horror at being forced to beg—generous sentiments expressed in the tale written by Mr Nugent forcibly struck him—a ray of hope broke on his mind—and *voilà* the causes of Mr Gilpin's distress and Mr Gilpin's visit. Never was there a more interesting personification of the afflicted man of letters than Gregory Gilpin. He looked pale, patient, and respectable; he coughed frequently, and he was dressed in deep mourning. Nugent's heart swelled—he placed a bank-note in Mr Gilpin's hands—he promised more effectual relief, and Mr Gilpin retired, overpowered with his own gratitude and Mr Nugent's respectful compassion. "How happy I am to be rich!" said the generous young philanthropist, throwing open his chest.

Nugent went to a conversazione at Lady Lennox's. Her Ladyship was a widow, and a charming woman. She was a little of the blue, and a little of the fine lady, and a little of the beauty, and a little of the coquette, and a great deal of the sentimentalist. She had one daughter, without a shilling; she had taken a warm interest in a young man of the remarkable talents and amiability of Charles Nugent. He sat next her—they talked of the heartlessness of the world—it is a subject on which men of twenty-one and

ladies of forty-five are especially eloquent. Lady Lennox complained, Mr Nugent defended. "One does not talk much of innocence," it is said, or something like it is said, somewhere in *Madame d'Epinau's Memoirs*, "without being sadly corrupted;" and nothing brings out the goodness of our own hearts more than a charge against the heartlessness of others. "An excellent woman!" thought Nugent; "what warm feelings!—how pretty her daughter is! Oh, a charming family!" Charlotte Lennox played an affecting air; Nugent leaned over the piano; they talked about music, poetry, going on the water, sentiment and Richmond Hill. They made up a party of pleasure. Nugent did not sleep well that night—he was certainly in love. When he rose the next morning, the day was bright and fine; Balfour, the best of friends, was to be with him in an hour; Balfour's horse, the best of horses, was to convey him to Richmond; and at Richmond he was to meet Lady Lennox, the most agreeable of mothers—and Charlotte, the most enchanting of daughters. The *danceuse* had always been a bore—she was now forgotten. "It certainly is a delightful world!" repeated Nugent, as he tied his neckcloth.

It was some time—we will not say how long—after the date of this happy day; Nugent was alone in his apartment, and walking to and fro—his arms folded, and a frown upon his brow. "What a rascal! what a mean wretch!—and the horse was lame when he sold it—not worth ten pounds!—and I so confiding—damn my folly! *That*, however, I should not mind; but to have saddled me with his cast-off mistress!—to make me the laughing-stock of the world! By heavens he shall repent it! Borrowed money of me, then made a jest of my good-nature!—introduced me to his club, in order to pillage me!—but, thank God, thank God, I can shoot him yet! Ha! Colonel; this is kind!" Colonel Nelmore, an elderly gentleman, well known in society, with a fine forehead, a shrewd, contemplative eye, and an agreeable address, entered the room. To him Nugent poured forth the long list of his grievances, and concluded by begging him to convey a challenge to the best of friends—Captain Balfour. The Colonel raised his eyebrows. "But,—my dear sir,—this gentleman has certainly behaved ill to you, I allow it—but for what specific offence do you mean to challenge him?" "For his conduct in general." The Colonel laughed. "For saying yesterday, then, that I was grown a damned bore, and he should cut me in future. He told Selwyn so in the bow-window at White's." The Colonel took snuff. "My good young friend," said he, "I see you don't know the world. Come and dine with me to-day—a punctual seven. We'll talk over these

matters. Meanwhile, you can't challenge a man for calling you a bore." "Not challenge him!—what should I do then?" "Laugh—shake your head at him, and say—'Ah! Balfour, you're a sad fellow!'" The Colonel succeeded in preventing the challenge, but Nugent's indignation at the best of friends remained as warm as ever. He declined the Colonel's invitation—he was to dine with the Lennoxes. Meanwhile, he went to the shady part of Kensington Gardens to indulge his reflections. He sat himself down in an arbour, and looked moralizingly over the initials, the dates, and the witticisms, that hands, long since mouldering, have consigned to the admiration of posterity.

A gay party were strolling by this retreat—their laughter and voices preceded them. "Yes," said a sharp, dry voice, which Nugent recognized as belonging to one of the wits of the day—"Yes, I saw you, Lady Lennox, talking sentiment to Nugent—fie! how could you waste your time so unprofitably!" "Ah! poor young man! he is certainly *bien bete*, with his fine phrases and so forth: but 'tis a good creature on the whole, and exceedingly useful!" "Useful!" "Yes; fills up a vacant place at one's table, at a day's warning; lends me his carriage-horses when mine have caught cold; subscribes to my charities for me; and supplies the drawing-room with flowers. In a word, if he were more sensible, he would be less agreeable: his sole charm is his foibles."

Proh, Jupiter! what a description, from the most sentimental of mothers, of the most talented, the most interesting of young men. Nugent was thunderstruck; the party swept by; he was undiscovered. He raved, he swore, he was furious. He go to the dinner to-day; No, he would write such a letter to the lady—it should speak daggers! But the daughter: Charlotte was not of the party. Charlotte—oh! Charlotte was quite a different creature from her mother—the most natural, the most simple of human beings, and evidently loved him. He could not be mistaken there. Yes, for her sake he would go to the dinner; he would smother his just resentment.

He went to Lady Lennox's. It was a large party. The young Marquis of Austerly had just returned from his travels. He was sitting next to the most lovely of daughters. Nugent was forgotten. After dinner, however, he found an opportunity to say a few words in a whisper to Charlotte. He hinted a tender reproach, and he begged her to sing "*We met; 'twas in a crowd.*" Charlotte was hoarse—had caught cold. Charlotte could not sing. Nugent left the room. When he got to the end of the street, he discovered that he had left his cane behind. He went back for it, glad (for he was really in love) of an excuse for darting an angry glance at the

most simple, the most natural of human beings, that should prevent her sleeping the whole night. He ascended the drawing room ; and Charlotte was delighting the Marquis of Austerly, who leaned over her chair, with "*We met ; 'twas in a crowd.*" Charlotte Lennox was young, lovely, and artful. Lord Austerly was young, inexperienced, and vain. In less than a month, he proposed, and was accepted.

"Well, well!" said poor Nugent one morning, breaking from a reverie; "betrayed in my friendship, deceived in my love, the pleasure of doing good is still left to me. Friendship quits us at the first stage of life, Love at the second, Benevolence lasts till death! Poor Gilpin! how grateful he is: I must see if I can get him that place abroad." To amuse his thoughts, he took up a new magazine. He opened the page at a violent attack on himself—on his beautiful tale in the "*Keepsake.*" The satire was not confined to the work; it extended to the author. He was a fop, a coxcomb, a ninny, an intellectual dwarf, a miserable creature, and an abortion. These are pleasant studies for a man out of spirits, especially before he is used to them. Nugent had just flung the magazine to the other end of the room, when his lawyer came to arrange matters about a mortgage, which the generous Nugent had already been forced to raise on his estates. The lawyer was a pleasant, entertaining man of the world, accustomed to the society, for he was accustomed to the wants of young men. He perceived Nugent was a little out of humour. He attributed the cause, naturally enough, to the mortgage; and to divert his thoughts, he entered first on a general conversation.

"What rogues there are in the world!" said he. Nugent groaned. "This morning, for instance, before I came to you, I was engaged in a curious piece of business enough. A gentleman gave his son-in-law a qualification to stand for a borough; the son-in-law kept the deed, and so cheated the good gentleman out of more than 300*l.* a-year. Yesterday I was employed against a fraudulent bankrupt—such an instance of long, premeditated, cold-hearted, deliberate rascality! And when I leave you, I must see what is to be done with a literary swindler, who on the strength of a consumptive cough, and a suit of black, has been respectably living on compassion for the last two years." "Ha!" "He has just committed the most nefarious fraud—a forgery, in short, on his own uncle, who has twice seriously distressed himself to save the rogue of a nephew, and who must now submit to this loss, or proclaim, by a criminal prosecution, the disgrace of his own family. The nephew proceeded, of course, on his knowledge of my client's goodness of heart; and thus a man suffers in proportion to his

amiability. "Is his name Gil—Gil—Gilpin!" stammered Nugent. "The same! O-ho! have you been bit too, Mr Nugent?"

Before our hero could answer, a letter was brought to him. Nugent tore the seal; it was from the editor of the magazine in which he had just read his own condemnation. It ran thus,—

"Sir,—Having been absent from London on unavoidable business for the last month, and the care of the — Magazine having thereby devolved on another, who has very ill discharged its duties, I had the surprise and mortification of perceiving, on my return this day, that a most unwarrantable and personal attack upon you has been admitted in the number for this month. I cannot sufficiently express my regret, the more especially on finding that the article in question was written by a mere mercenary in letters. To convince you of my concern, and my resolution to guard against such unworthy proceedings in future, I inclose you another, and yet severer attack, which was sent to us for our next number, and for which, I grieve to say, the unprincipled author has already succeeded in obtaining from the Proprietors—a remuneration," &c. &c. &c.

Nugent's eyes fell on the inclosed paper; it was in the hand-writing of Mr Gregory Gilpin, the most grateful of distressed literary men.

"You seem melancholy to-day, my dear Nugent," said Colonel Nelmore, as he met his young friend walking with downcast eyes on the old mall of St James's Park. "I am unhappy, I am discontented; the gloss is faded from life," answered Nugent, sighing. "I love meeting with a pensive man," said the Colonel; "let me join you, and let us dine together, *tete-a-tete*, at my bachelor's house. You refused me some time ago; may I be more fortunate now?" "I shall be but poor company," rejoined Nugent; "but I am very much obliged to you, and I accept your invitation with pleasure."

Colonel Nelmore was a man who had told some fifty years. He had known misfortune in his day, and he had seen a great deal of the harsh realities of life. But he had not suffered nor lived in vain. He was no theorist, and did not affect the philosopher; but he was contented with a small fortune, popular with retired habits, observant with a love for study, and, above all, he did a great deal of general good, exactly because he embraced no particular system.

"Yes," said Nugent, as they sat together after dinner, and the younger man had embosomed to the elder, who had been his father's most intimate friend, all that had seemed to him the most unexampled of misfortunes—after he had repeated the perfidies of *Bal-four*, the faithlessness of *Charlotte*, and the rascalities of *Gilpin*—
"Yes," said he, "I now see my error; I no longer love my

species ; I no longer place reliance in the love, friendship, sincerity, or virtue of the world ; I will no longer trust myself open-hearted in this vast community of knaves ; I will not fly mankind, but I will despise them." The Colonel smiled. " You shall put on your hat, my young friend, and pay a little visit with me :—nay, no excuse ; it is only an old lady, who has given me permission to drink tea with her." Nugent demurred, but consented. The two gentlemen walked to a small house in the Regent's Park. They were admitted to a drawing-room, where they found a blind old lady, of a cheerful countenance and prepossessing manners. " And how does your son do !" asked the Colonel, after the first salutations were over, " have you seen him lately ?" " Seen him lately ! why you know he rarely lets a day pass without calling on or writing to me. Since the affliction which visited me with blindness, though he has nothing to hope from me, though from my jointure I must necessarily be a burthen to one of his limited income, and mixing so much with the world as he does ; yet had I been the richest mother in England, and every thing at my own disposal, he could not have been more attentive, more kind to me. He will cheerfully give up the gayest party to come and read to me, if I am the least unwell, or the least out of spirits ; and he sold his horses to pay Miss Blandly, since I could not afford from my own income to pay the salary, so accomplished a musician asked to become my companion. Music, you know, is now my chief luxury. Oh, he is a paragon of sons—the world think him dissipated and heartless ; but if they could see how tender he is to me !" exclaimed the mother, clasping her hands, as the tears gushed from her eyes. Nugent was charmed ; the Colonel encouraged the lady to proceed ; and Nugent thought he had never passed a more agreeable hour than in listening to her maternal praises of her affectionate son.

" Ah, Colonel !" said he, as they left the house, how much wiser have you been than myself ; you have selected your friends with discretion. What would not I give to possess such a friend as that good son must be ! But you never told me the lady's name." " Patience," said the Colonel, taking snuff, " I have another visit to pay."

Nelmore turned down a little alley, and knocked at a small cottage. A woman with a child at her breast opened the door ; and Nugent stood in one of those scenes of cheerful poverty which it so satisfies the complacency of the rich to behold. " Aha !" said Nelmore, looking round, " you seem comfortable enough now ; your benefactor has not done his work by halves." " Blessings on his heart, no ! Oh, Sir, when I think how distressed he is himself, how often he has been put to it for money, how calumniated he is

the world, I cannot express how grateful I am, how grateful I am to be. He has robbed himself to feed us, and merely because he knew my husband in youth." The Colonel permitted the man to run on. Nugent wiped his eyes, and left his purse and him. "Who is this admirable, this self-denying man?" said he, when they were once more in the street. "He is in disguise himself—would I could relieve him! Ah, you already recommend me to the world. I acknowledge your motive, in leading me on; there are good men as well as bad. All are not Balfours and Gilpins! But the name—the name of these poor people's saviour!"

"Stay," said the Colonel, as they now entered Oxford-street; "he is lucky indeed, I see a good lady whom I wish to accost." "Well, Mrs Johnson," addressing a stout, comely, middle-aged woman of respectable appearance, who, with a basket on her arm, was coming out of an oil-shop; "so you have been labouring in your vocation I see—making household purchases. And how is your young lady?" "Very well, Sir, I am happy to say," replied the woman, courtseying. "And you are well too, I hope, Sir," said she, considering the dissipation of the long season, pretty well, thank you. But I suppose your young mistress is as gay and careless as ever—a mere fashionable wife, eh?" "Sir," said the Colonel, bridling up, "there is not a better lady in the world than your young lady; I have known her since she was that high!" "What, she's good tempered, I suppose?" said the Colonel, smirking.

"Good-tempered—I believe it is impossible for her to say a harsh word to any one. There never was so mild, so even-tempered a person." "What, and not heartless, eh! this is too good!" "Heartless! she nursed me herself when I broke my leg coming downstairs; and every night before she went to bed would come into my room with her sweet smile, and see if I wanted any thing." "Did you fancy, Mrs Johnson, that she'll make a good wife?" "She was not much in love when she married." "I don't know that, Sir, whether she was or not; but I'm sure she is always doing my Lord's wishes, and I heard him myself say this very thing to his brother—'Arthur, if you knew what a treasure I was.'" "You are very right," said the Colonel, resuming his natural manner; "and I only spoke for the pleasure of seeing how and how justly you could defend your mistress; she is, truly, an excellent lady—good evening to you."

"I have seen that woman before," said Nugent, "but I can't think where; she has the appearance of being a housekeeper in some way." "She is so." "How pleasant it is to hear of female excellence in the great world," continued Nugent, sighing: "it was

evident to see the honest servant was sincere in her praise of her husband, whoever he may be!"

They were now at the Colonel's house. "Just let me pass," said Nelmore, opening the pages of a French phrase-book, and as I do not pronounce French like a native, I will wait as I proceed:

"In order to love mankind—expect but little from them; in their faults, without bitterness, we must accustom ourselves to them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which falls due to a right to demand from wisdom. Now nothing tends more to diminish indulgence, to close our hearts against hatred, to open them to the principles of a humane and soft morality, than a profound knowledge of the human heart—that knowledge which La Rochefoucault possesses—ingly, the wisest men have always been the most indulgent," &c.

"And now prepare to be surprised. That good son who has admired so much—whom you wished you could obtain as Captain Balfour—that generous, self-denying man, who desired yourself so nobly to relieve, is Mr Gilpin—that young man who, in the flush of health, beauty, dissipation, and conquest, attend the sick chamber of her servant, and whom he discovers to be a treasure, is Charlotte Lennox!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Nugent, "what then am I to find has some juggling been practised on my understanding? Balfour, Gilpin, and Miss Lennox, after all, patterns of virtue?"

"No, indeed, very far from it; Balfour is a dissipated man—of loose morality and a low standard of honour; he was destined to purchase experience—he saw you were to be plundered by some one—he thought he might as well do it for the profit. He laughed afterwards at your expense because he despised you; on the contrary, I believe he values you very much in his way, but because, in the world he knows, every man enjoys a laugh at his acquaintance. Charlotte saw in you a desirable match; nay, I believe she had a regard for you: but she had been taught all her life to value page, wealth, and station better than love. She could not be tempted of being Marchioness of Austerly—not one girl could; yet she is not on that account the less good-tempered, or less likely to be a good mistress and a tolerable friend. Gilpin is the worst instance of the three. Gilpin is a scoundrel; but Gilpin is in evident distress. He was probably very sorry to attack you who had benefited him, but perhaps, as he is a dull dog, the only thing the Master could buy of him was abuse. You must not think he made

ce, out of ingratitude, out of wantonness ; he maligned you guineas. Yet Gilpin is a man, who, having swindled his out of ten guineas, would in the joy of the moment give five pargar. In the present case he was actuated by a better feeling ; was serving the friend of his childhood—few men forget faithful ties, however they trample on others. Your mistake was not the single mistake of supposing the worst people the best—now the worst ; in making what might have been but acquaintance an intimate friend ; in believing a man in must necessarily be a man of merit ; in thinking a good-looking, pretty girl, was an exalted specimen of Human Nature. We are then about to fall into the opposite extreme—and to be discriminating in suspicion as you were in credulity. Would I could flatter myself that I had saved you from that—the more our error of the two !”

“I have—my dear Nelmore : and now lend me your Philosophy !”

“With pleasure ; but one short maxim is as good as all Philosophy can teach you, for Philosophers can only enlarge on it—it is this—‘TAKE THE WORLD AS IT IS.’”

New Monthly Mag.

SONNET.

TO A DISTANT FRIEND

’Tis evening, and the summer has put on
Her richest dress, her way with flowers is strew’d,
Beauty and music dwell in every wood,
And bower and meadow, hill and valley lone,
A gentle shower is o’er, the earth has wept
Its fragrance into freshness. In this hour,
When in a flood of glory all is dipp’d,
By the deep influence of a higher power,
My spirit leaves its prison-house, and flies
Towards the sweet haunts of thy summer home,
Where, lover-like, thy river * loves to roam ;
’Tis there, I see thee with my mental eyes,
And hold communion with thee, day by day,
Though now we do not meet, and haply never may.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

* The Tweed—near Kelso.

A SCOTTISH SHEPHERD BOY.

—“ Here I ranne some Risk of losing my Way, for these Moorland Places present for Lands-marks to the Eye of the Traveller, but I was so fortunate as to Discover one Herd-boy, sitting with his Dog on one Knowl, who furnish'd me with all necessarie Directions, and whom I found to be govern'd by a spirit of Urbanitie and Intelligence, which was worthy of commendation in a country so wild and salvage.”—*Melvin's Journal*, an. 1708.

THE moorland stretch'd around him,
The deep and silent sky
In a dreamy spell have bound him,
And his fancy-laden eye
Revels luxuriously.

II.

At dawn of morn he started
From his easy rest,—and there
He sits, still sunny hearted,
Feeling the gentle air
Breathe through his auburn hair.

III.

He wearies not while o'er him
The hours of summer glide ;—
His fleecy flock before him,
His faithful dog beside,
And thoughts that wander wild.

IV.

Bidding farewell to sadness,
Would now that I might be
A denizen of gladness,
My Shepherd boy ! like thee,
Lull'd by that flowery sea !

V.

Oh ! pleasant is thy meeting
With friends at close of day !
The smile—the fire-side seating—
The tales that pass away—
The kneeling down to pray !





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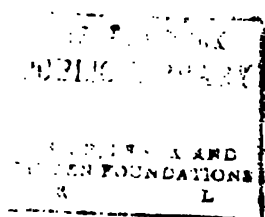
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THE WOMAN AND THE DOG.

THE WOMAN AND THE DOG.



THE ORPHAN.

A COUNTRY TALE.*

BY THE HON. MRS NORTON.

Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after many days."

MANY years since, as a farmer of the name of Somers was returning home late one autumn evening on horseback, he heard a wailing cry, as if from an infant. He was a kind, good man, his heart pitied the child who was left unsheltered at such an hour; so he stopped and listened, but he heard no sound except the wind sweeping by him, and it was too dark to distinguish objects at a distance. He walked his horse up and down that part of road from which the cry had appeared to come, but it was not eaten; and he was just turning homewards, when he thought he saw something like a heap of white linen lying close to the large gates of a park that opened on the road. The farmer's heart sickened, for he thought murder had been done in that lonely place, and at a moment he hesitated whether he should not first obtain assistance before he advanced; but the faint cry he had heard was again audible, and there was no one near but an old deaf woman who lived at the gate of the park, and her daughter who was but a child. He tied his horse to the iron railing, and knelt down by the white heap, which proved to be the body of a female, quite stiff and cold: her bosom lay a little infant, in which there was still life, though numb by the bleak wind which must have blown over it many hours; and again it moaned feebly as the farmer lifted it in his arms. He knocked at the door of the park lodge, and begged of the old woman to allow the body to be carried in there; she was so terrified at the thought, that he was obliged to seek of some other plan. Having obtained a light, therefore, and assured himself that the female was indeed dead, he left the body, and rode home. The first thing he did on arriving, was to order labouring men to go and fetch the corpse. Then stealing softly into the sleeping room, where his wife sat watching by the cradle their youngest child, he laid the little foundling on her lap, and there he lay where and how he had found it. "And God bless you for exclaimed the poor woman, weeping: "that God who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;" and she turned her tearful eyes to the cradle where her own pet lamb was lying in a sweet quiet sleep. That night they watched over the frail life thus committed to

* From 'Friendship's Offering.' 1832.

their care. Many times they thought its sufferings were over, and that it had joined its unhappy mother in another and better world; but at length the shadow of death passed away from its fair pale face: it moved its lips as if asking for nourishment; and, after swallowing a few drops of warm milk, opened its large blue eyes and faintly smiled on the good woman who tended it. Farmer Somers himself wept with joy on this occasion; and, leaving a little girl to watch the sleepers, he proceeded with his wife to the room where the body lay.

It was an awful sight to see, by the dim light of a single candle, and a lantern which stood at the corpse's head, the eager expression of fear, curiosity, horror, or pity, in the countenances of the bystanders,—and to contrast these evidences of human passion, with the eternal quiet of the dead woman's face, and the stiff, unnatural repose of her form. There was no mark of violence on the body, but it was so wasted and thin as to look almost like a skeleton. Mrs Somers assisted in laying out the corpse, and cut off a lock of the long golden hair which was all of beauty that now remained. This, and the certificate of the child's baptism, which was found in the woman's pocket, she sealed up till the little orphan should be old enough to value them. And after that, the cold lip and the closed eye, whose smile and glance had once, perhaps, gladdened many hearts, were hidden under the heavy earth; and in a few years, the circumstance which placed the Orphan Mary an inmate in Farmer Somers' house, were almost forgotten; nor was the history of the poor woman ever known, nor any inquiry made about her, after all had been made public in the newspapers of the day.

The little child, thus rescued from destruction, was brought up with Farmer Somers' own daughter, and the same care and tenderness was shown to both; but both did not thrive equally. The sparkling beauty and mental quickness of "Gipsev Jessie," as she was called in the village, formed a striking contrast with the paleness of Mary's delicate features, and her slow progress in what Jessie called "her learning." But Jessie's two brothers loved meek Mary as well if not better than their true sister; and Jessie herself poured out all the warmth of her affectionate heart in behalf of her companion, nor was she conscious of any superiority except that being two years Mary's senior. Children are slow to feel their own inferiority unless it is forced on their minds by those around them. The orphan knew that Jessie was the prettiest and the cleverest, just as she knew that the hair of the latter was darker, and her limbs stronger to bear fatigue, than her own; but the knowledge gave her no pain; and, secure in the affection of all around her, she enjoyed

a quiet happiness, till accident caused her to institute a comparison in her own mind, between her merits and those of her more sprightly companion.

She was sitting at the door of the farm house one sultry day in August, watching Jessie and her brothers, who were helping the reapers at some distance. The orphan had exerted herself to the utmost that day—even beyond her strength; and had stolen home to the threshold of the house to rest a little while. Farmer Somers had returned a few minutes before, and was speaking to his wife within doors, so that Mary scarcely heard their conversation till the sound of her own name awoke her attention. "Yes, Mary was there, too, poor thing;" said the farmer, in answer to his wife's question, "doing her best—and that was but little." "She always does her best," said Mrs Somers, quietly. "Yes, yes, I know the girl does all she can, but there's no more strength in her than a bit of wash-leather—you should have seen Jessie, the little sturdy gipsy, she did as much as a grown woman; and with such a merry smile on her sun-burnt face, God bless her, as did one's heart good to look at. The other will never be any thing but a burden upon us all her life long." "Oh don't say so, Richard; it was she who put the cider ready for you that you've just been drinking: she's a deal more thoughtful than Jessie, and pretty enough, too, if beauty goes for any thing. Don't speak as if you repented the great charity God has put it in your power to do." "I don't repent it," said the farmer vehemently; "I never see her enjoying a summer's day with the boys and Jessie, or warming her little shivering hands at our hearth in winter, without thanking heaven for having made me the means of saving her life. But that's no reason I should think of her as of my own girl; and I tell you that she will never be fit for any thing,—never."

Mary heard no more. She rose from the place where she had been sitting, and walked very slowly to a little bank which overlooked the field they were reaping; and there she sat down and sobbed bitterly. She was roused by a peal of merry laughter from the field; and presently Jessie and her brothers came bounding towards her. The little orphan dried her tears, and watched them till they reached the sunk fence which formed the boundary of the cornfield. The eldest of the boys cleared it; then the next; and lastly, Jessie threw over her little sheaf of gleaned ears for the "Harvest home," and jumped across it as lightly and fearlessly as her brothers.

"Ah!" sighed poor Mary, "I couldn't do that; I always go round to the little gate." And she looked wistfully up in Jessie's face, as she bent over her and jested her for laziness, with a pain-

ful impression of the beauty of that countenance which her father blessed for its brightness. And very bright and lovely it was at this moment, glowing with exercise and irrepressible merriment; but a shadow fell on her brow when she saw the sadness of her companion, and she earnestly inquired the cause of her weeping. "Because—because," said the little girl, again bursting into tears, "your father says I shall never be any thing but a burden to him all my life long." The children looked at each other with dismay. "Did my father say that to you Mary?" said one of the boys, while a deep flush crossed his handsome face. "Oh! no—no; he did not know I was within hearing—he said it to—to—your mother; and that I had no strength in me like Jessie; and that I never should be fit for any thing; and that when I had done my best it was but little.—I that thought I had done such a good day's work!" "And so you have, Mary—and so you have"—"and you'll be stronger next summer—Jessie's older than you"—"and what does it signify how little you do, when we're all willing and happy to help you, every day, and all day long"—eagerly burst from the lips of her youthful comforters. And Mary was comforted in a degree; but it was long before her spirits recovered the little elasticity they had formerly possessed, and she shrunk from the eye of Farmer Somers with nervous timidity, whenever she happened to be engaged at her tasks in his presence.

Meanwhile both girls grew up, and both had their admirers among the young farmers of the neighbourhood; but of these Jessie had many more than the orphan Mary, and cared infinitely more for their homage. Indeed, it must be confessed, that the faults of Jessie's character developed themselves as visibly as the beauty of her person. She was vain, passionate, and a coquette; but she was also warm-hearted, generous, and industrious; and even her faults were dear to those with whom she lived. To her father, especially, she was an idol; a thing

———"too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;"

and Mary was insignificant in comparison. The very manner of Jessie had a charm in it which was wanting in Mary's. The side-long glance of those dark down cast eyes, which seemed laughing at you beneath their lashes when you attempted seriously to converse with her; the sudden flash of joy which shone in them at times when they were turned full upon you, which glowed over her whole countenance, and parted her full lips on her even teeth; her low laugh; her cordial welcome; her sweet voice; even the look of mischief that lurked occasionally in her eye and the corners of

her mouth, and which ever tempted you to propose some innocent frolic; had a charm of which she herself was but half aware. You listened to Mary without emotion; you heard her slow stealing step approach, and scarcely cared whether she paused or passed you; you met the gaze of her quiet blue eyes, and thought how good and gentle she seemed; but ere the day ended, her image faded from your mind, and left that of Jessie to haunt your dreams, and make you smile even over the memory of *her* smiles in your waking hours.

It pleased providence, however, to reverse the situations of the young companions, and to make Mary the only stay and comfort of her protectors. Farmer Somers' affairs became less prosperous; his crops failed; three bad seasons in succession destroyed all hope of being able to continue things on the same scale as before; and one evening in October, when the whole family were collected together, he abruptly broke silence with the words—"Children, we can no longer sit around the same hearth at night, or meet at our morning meal regularly as the sun rises: some of you must earn your bread away from me: I have no longer the means to support you all;"—and the last words were spoken with a forced firmness, which said more than tears. No answer was made; his sons and the girls looked at each other; and Mrs Somers turned pale and kept her eyes fixed steadily on the ground; but the farmer gazed on Jessie, and on her only, as if she was all he had to lose; and when he spoke again his voice was broken and unequal. "One of the boys—you, Richard—can remain to help me in the farm; and James must work with farmer White, who has taken part of the land off my hands; Mary and Jessie (and here his eye wandered from his daughter to his wife) must go out to service: God's will be done!" and the farmer bowed his head reverentially. Jessie flung herself into her mother's arms, and wept bitterly; while the orphan stole to her adopted father's side, and murmured—"Must Jessie go?" "Yes, child, yes, she must; and so must you all but one; your mother will do all a woman can do in the farm, as she did for me when we began life, and I brought her home to this very house, a young thing like Jessie. For you, my gentle, patient girl (and he wrung the hand he held), I have little fear; but for my poor Jessie—ah! Jess," continued he as he folded his arms round his favourite child, "you must tame that wild spirit, and learn to obey strangers, for your father's sake, who never said a harsh word to you, or frowned even on your follies."

It was soon settled, that Jessie should be dairymaid at the Park, and Mary become the attendant of Mrs Benson, the clergyman's wife, who was latterly grown very infirm, and was afflicted with a

dimness of sight which it was feared would end in total blindness. James went to farmer White's the day after that eventful conversation; and that day week was fixed for the departure of the sisters to their different services. A bright evening sun gleamed on the faded and yellow foliage of the trees round the farm-house, while they stood lingering in their own room, and gazing round as if to seek an excuse for still remaining, after every preparation had been made. "Ah!" said Jessie, as her eyes fell on the neat little bed they had shared together, "I shall not hear a hymn from your sweet voice to-night!" The blue riband Mary was tying round her sister's hat, dropped from her hand; and in an instant the weeping girls were locked in each other's arms.

Their roads lay in the same direction as far as the park, and then Mary had about a mile further to walk. The little party set out accordingly, together; Farmer Somers and Jessie foremost, and his wife and Mary following. Mrs Somers talked affectionately and encouragingly to the orphan, but her eye was wistfully fixed on the group before; and as they neared the park gate, and she saw her beloved child evidently sobbing violently, while her father passed his arm fondly round her waist to support her, she hastily pressed the hand of her young companion, and passed on to share the task of soothing the agitated girl. They passed through the park gate which formed the boundary where they were to part from Mary; and she paused as if in expectation that they would turn round and bid her good bye; but they passed on—and on—till their forms lessened in the distance, and grew dim and indistinct to her tearful eyes. As she turned away to proceed on her solitary path, the same feeling of bitterness stole over her heart, as had first smitten it in the evening of that memorable harvest-home when she was yet a child; the same vague yearning for the sweet and natural ties of parent, brother, and sister; the same sense of desertion, which even her own reason told her, proceeded from an inadequate cause. It was not that she should not again see them; the three short miles which were to separate them, scarcely warranted, perhaps, a formal farewell; but it was the feeling that she was not *one of them*; that in a moment of mutual sorrow, these, even these, the nearest and dearest friends of her life, had forgotten her—the feeling, (and let none deny its overwhelming bitterness till they have felt its power,) that in the wide world she was a *first object* to no human heart!

The orphan leant weeping against the iron railwork, as these thoughts passed through her mind, and it was not till the chill evening dew reminded her of the lateness of the hour, that with a *hurried step* she proceeded onwards. There was a stile at some *little distance* which she must cross; the rest of her road lying en-

tirely among fields and lanes. As she approached it, a figure, which she instantly recognized as James Somers, jumped from it:—"Oh! Mary dear," said the young man, hastily, "How late you are: I have been waiting an hour and more at this stile, which I knew you must pass, to walk the rest of the way with you; and how you have been crying! but no wonder, for poor Jessie and you were always as fond as sisters." There was a long pause; and as Mary leaned on his arm, she mentally contrasted his kindness in waiting for her, with the parting which had just taken place. James Somers interrupted her reflections with the words—"And yet you know you are not her sister, Mary." "No," said the orphan, faintly. "Nor—nor *mine*," added the young man, hesitatingly. "No, James, nor your's; I know I belong to no one; but don't remind me of it just now:" and the choking tears again rose to her swollen eyes.

He pressed her arm closer to his heart, and again for a few steps there was silence. Then, speaking very hurriedly, he said—"But it is *now*, at this time, of all others, that I would remind you of it, Mary; because I will say now, what I have often wished to say before, and dared not, though there was neither sin nor shame in it; and that is, that I love you better than ever brother loved sister; better than father or mother; better than the whole world; better than life itself! Don't tremble so, dear Mary; and lean on me still. I do not wish to wring any promise from you just now, when you are sorry to leave us all; I know it may be many years before I can claim you for a wife; but I tell you this, because you are going among strangers, that you may think of me, not—not merely as a brother—and that, if others should wish to marry you, you may ask your heart whether they can love you or you them, as we love who have spent our lives together."

The orphan retired to rest that evening—the first evening of dependance on strangers—the first evening of separation from all her friends, with a deep and entire sense of happiness such as she had never before experienced. That James Somers,—the lively, handsome, affectionate James Somers, the favourite of the village, the brother who most resembled Jessie, should love *her* better than father or mother, better than life itself, seemed wonderful, incomprehensible.—That there should be one being to whom she was all in all—the hope looked forward to for years to come—the image which made labour light to his soul—oh! it was more than she had deserved from Heaven; and, when the orphan knelt that night before the throne of grace, in the purity of her heart she thanked her God for the words James had spoken.

All went on smoothly; and the quarterly earnings of the two

girls were, with very slight deductions, regularly deposited with Mrs Somers during the first year. Mary's mistress declared that her caps had never been crimped so neatly—her work never done so well—herself never waited on so cheerfully, as since the orphan came to live with her. She was not treated as a servant, but remained constantly with Mrs Benson, that, as the old lady expressed it, "the sight of her face, and the sound of her voice, might cheer her heart."

Jessie too had given satisfaction; but she was not contented with her place; the housekeeper, she said, was cross, the other dairy maid overbearing and officious; and she willingly accepted an offer made by a lady who had spent some time at the Park on a visit, to enter her family as waiting maid to two very spoilt and lovely children, who had taken a fancy to her during their stay. This lady was in very bad health, and on her way to London, where she intended to fix her residence, in order to be under the care of the first physicians: and even farmer Somers reproached Jessie for having engaged herself to leave them all, without consulting him or her mother. But Jessie was determined; and to London she went; and at the end of the quarter wrote, in high spirits, to her mother, to whom she transmitted four guineas of her wages. The next account was less pleasant: her mistress was dead; her master gone to Paris on business; and what with mourning, and other expenses, she could only send one guinea home. Her third letter arrived just as her anxious parents were reasoning on the probability of her being ill, as the cause of her long silence. It was written in low spirits, with an affectation of levity which struck painfully on the hearts of the circle at the farm. It contained no remittance; but she expressed a hope of being able to send money in a few days, "as every one who comes to the house," said she, "gives me something; I suppose for the pleasure of looking at me; for I do nothing in the family except dress and undress the young ladies." She concluded by complaining, that her wages were never so regularly paid, as before her mistress died; so that she was often more in debt than she was aware before she could receive them; and that the new housekeeper was a very fine lady, who insisted on Jessie's dressing smartly, and keeping up a genteel appearance before company." Farmer Somers did little that day but peruse and re-peruse the letter of his beautiful and wayward Jessie; and after much consideration he wrote to her, a peremptory command to leave her place and return home. Had that letter been sent, much misery might have been spared, to him—to all:—but as the farmer raised his eyes from the finished page, they lit on her accustomed seat; in an instant the sound of her laugh, the expression of her

beaming brow, the bounding step with which she used to meet him, flashed across his soul—he read his mandate to her, and it appeared stern and cruel; he had apportioned the severity of his language more to the magnitude of her temptations, than the faultiness of her conduct; why should he speak harsh words to his child?—why should he issue a command to her who would obey his wishes? He tore up his first letter, and wrote another, in which his natural anxiety was so mingled with the outpourings of awakened tenderness, that Jessie might, perhaps, be excused, when she wrote home that she feared her not being able to send more money had induced her father and mother to think she was not advantageously placed; she assured them they were mistaken: that she would not leave her place for the world; and finally she inclosed four pounds as a proof that her inability on the two last occasions was entirely accidental.

Poor Jessie! it was her last remittance home. The year rolled round: Christmas came—but no letter or word from London cheered the hearts of the party at the farm. Impatiently they waited till the first spring quarter was at an end; and kind letters were written at intervals to assure her that they merely wished for a line to gladden them; to say she was in health, and remembered them all. They told her how prosperously the farm went on, and with the delicacy that is born of affection, magnified the improvement in their situation that she might feel less painfully (what they never doubted caused her reluctance to write) her inability to assist them with money. Still no tidings were received; and at length one of Mary's letters was returned to her with the post-office mark, "no such person as Jessie Somers to be found!" Mrs Benson herself accompanied the orphan to the house of her adopted father, to communicate this distressful intelligence; and advised him instantly to write to Jessie's master, and learn whither the unhappy girl was gone. He wrote; and neither ate, drank, slept, nor scarcely spoke, till the few lines of reply were handed to him. They were as follows:—

"SIR,—I have made all due inquiry respecting the young person you mention of the name of Somers, from my housekeeper, and find that she was discharged from my service for a theft committed on one of my daughters, and that no one in the house knows her present abode."

The farmer covered his face, and with a wild hysterical laugh, sank back in his chair, from which he was lifted to his bed by his son and wife; and there for eight days he remained, utterly unconscious of the presence of those around him, and talking incoherently of *righting his child*, and punishing those who had slandered her name. At length the fever left him, and he turned to his wife and

Mary, who were watching by his bed-side, and said—"I feel well again—well in body; and I shall go instantly to London to find my poor girl." No entreaties to delay but a few days till he should in some measure recover his strength, could move him. He set off alone, resolved, as he said, to come back with his Jessie, or never to return to the home she had clouded with shame.

From the housekeeper who had turned Jessie away, Farmer Somers learned all the circumstances which had condemned her. She had been observed measuring a quantity of fine lace which belonged to the dress of one of the little girls; she had washed it, and on the housekeeper inquiring, why the child's frock was not trimmed, she replied, that it was not dry, and that it should be put on the next day. The housekeeper observing that she was much embarrassed during her answer, took particular notice of the way in which the young ladies were dressed during the two following days, and at length insisted on Jessie's producing the lace. The girl then burst into tears, and declared she could not, that she had lost it immediately after having hung it to dry, and that she was convinced some one had stolen it. At the same time she offered to replace it out of her year's wages. This the housekeeper peremptorily refused; it was old family lace, and it was necessary that some inquiry should be made immediately into the manner of its disappearance. All the servants were called into one room, and their boxes searched. In Jessie's box a remnant of the lace was discovered, carefully concealed in the sleeve of a gown, and her passionate protestations and vehement accusation of treachery on the part of some one in the house, her proud defiance to the housekeeper to prove her guilt, inclined all to suspect her truth. After much trouble, a pawnbroker was discovered in the neighbourhood, with the remainder of the lace in his possession. He voluntarily stated that a young girl had pawned it at his shop a week previous; that the circumstance made a particular impression on his mind, both from the superior quality of the lace, and from the fact of its being damp as if lately washed. Of the girl he knew nothing; she spoke in a very low voice, did not appear agitated in the least, had a quantity of beautiful hair dressed in long dark curls on each side of her face, and wore a deep bonnet with a blue ribbon round it. There was a general murmur among her fellow-servants, for there was no one in the house with hair like Jessie's, or who wore the same sort of hat. She was desired to put on her bonnet and shawl, and the pawnbroker was asked whether he recognized her as the young person who had pawned the lace. The man refused to speak positively, on account of its being dusk at the time, but thought she was the same person, and produced a pocket handkerchief which she had

dropped in leaving his shop, with the initials J. S. in the corner. On seeing this last proof, the wretched girl turned as pale as death, exclaimed in a suffocated tone, "my father! my father!" and fell senseless on the ground.

On recovering she asked wildly if the officers were come to take her; said she was lost for ever, and again repeated the words "Oh! my father—my father!" after which she lay down on the bed, and begged to be left alone. About an hour afterwards the housekeeper went to her room to inform her that, in consideration of all the lace having been recovered, and the pawnbroker persisting in refusing to swear to her person, as well as from mercy to her youth and previous respectability, she would not be prosecuted for the theft, but must instantly quit the house, and her things should be sent to her. —The frantic sorrow of the little girl whose loss was the cause of Jessie's disgrace, had also some weight in this decision, as the child was very delicate, and an idol with her father, whose absence on the continent left the housekeeper at liberty to act as she pleased on the occasion. But Jessie was no where to be found, nor did she ever return, or send for the few things she could call her own.

After vainly endeavouring to obtain some clue to the abode of his wretched daughter,—and publishing an advertisement, "that if J. S. would return to her parents and native village, all should be forgotten and forgiven,"—the heart-broken father returned home. From that day, according to his wife's mode of expressing it, "he never held his head up." He did nothing on the farm; but sat with folded arms on the seat opposite Jessie's empty place, repeating—"I made an idol of her, and God has punished me—God has punished me!" But for the unremitting exertions of his son, Farmer Somers would have been utterly and irretrievably ruined.

Very early one morning in May, the orphan tapped lightly at the farm-house door, which was opened by the worn and weary form of Mrs Somers. "Mother," said she in a low voice, "Mrs Benson is going to London for three days, and I came to tell you this, and wish you good-bye." Mrs Somers looked on her fair open brow, and the tears rose to her eyes. "God bless you, my child," said she, "and keep you from harm, though it is but three days you have to spend in that world of sin." And the heavy sigh that burst from her heart showed whither her thoughts had wandered. "Who knows, mother," said the orphan after a pause, "whether I may not hear something of *her*." A painful smile quivered round the mouth of her adopted mother, and she shook her head without answering. Mary kissed her, and turned away without asking for Farmer Somers, for she knew that her visit would scarcely be missed, and that his whole soul was wrapped in the contemplation of Jessie's loss.

The sabbath day was the second after Mrs Benson's arrival in town, and the servant of the lady with whom she was staying, proposed to Mary that they should attend divine service in Westminster Abbey, which she assured the orphan was "grander than anything she could see in a dream." Permission was easily obtained, and they walked together through St James's Park. "How sweet and quiet every thing is," said Mary, as she looked upwards and caught glimpses of the early sun through the fresh foliage of the trees. "And how beautiful the light is upon those large white houses—oh! surely London is a glorious place! But see," added she, after a pause, "what a crowd of people huddled together; they are not going to church; they are not moving; something dreadful must have happened." "Oh, nothing has happened," said her companion carelessly; "it is only some drunken person they are trying to move away." "Drunken!" said Mary with amazement; "at this hour of the morning, and on the sabbath day!" and she felt that the wickedness of London surpassed even what she had imagined. She turned her head again to the group—and her sudden gasp for breath was followed by a piercing shriek. "What is the matter, for heaven's sake?" said the startled servant girl. "Oh, help me—save me," murmured Mary, as she clung beseechingly to her companion; "it is Jessie! poor Jessie! and she is on the ground, dying." "Don't—don't," said the girl—"don't go near them; it can't be any one you know; it is some poor wicked wretch, and there are all sorts of people and soldiers round her; don't go—pray don't." But Mary heard nothing—saw nothing—but Jessie dying; and in a minute more she was on the spot. "Come, get up and go home, and don't lie here to make a disturbance in the park," gruffly remonstrated a man who had hold of Jessie's arm. "I won't stir, I won't—I came here, and I'll stay here as long as I please—I won't!" and the last word was prolonged with a scream so shrill as to make every one pause and look round who was passing within any distance. "Let *me* speak to her—let *me* lift her," said Mary, who had shrunk trembling from the people with whom she was more immediately in contact. "Don't go near her—she's dead drunk," said one of the soldiers. "I'm not drunk!" screamed the girl, while the blue veins in her temples and throat swelled almost to bursting; "I'm not drunk—and I'm not a thief, though they made me out one—and I'll not stir, I won't!" "Oh!" said the orphan, sobbing bitterly, "let me get near her—she's not drunk, she's dying—you're suffocating her.—Oh! ask them to make way for me?" continued she, suddenly grasping the arm of a soldier who stood like his comrade gazing on the scene; "Do! and heaven bless you!—do! it's Jessie—it's my sister!" and in her agony she

mid country girl leaned her brow on the arm she held, with hysterical sobs. "Make way—make way," said the young man, the flash of sudden pity rising to his face; "don't you see her heart is breaking, poor thing?" "Ah! she's another of the same sort!" said some one in the crowd, as they surlily made way for her to pass: but a deep silence fell upon them when they beheld the meeting of the sisters. Mary knelt down, and uttered in a low voice a single word—it was the wretched girl's name; but that single word, and the voice in which it was uttered, worked like a magic spell. Jessie rose with a weak wailing cry; the shabby net and torn cap fell from her head, and the long dark hair, of which she had been so vain, waved in tangled masses over her shoulders, as she buried her face in the bosom of her earliest and dearest companion. There she wept, passionately, unrestrainedly, if they were again alone in their little room at the farm; and the big tears silently gushed from the closed eyelids of the fair and innocent orphan, as she bent above the long lost, still beloved lamb of a forsaken fold. "Let us go home," murmured Mary, "out of the sight of these strange people." "Home!" said Jessie; "to my mother!—oh no, no, no—*that* is no place for you!" "I will not leave you, Jessie," said the orphan; "never, never again; where you live is only too good for me—let us go;" and she wound her arms fondly round her sister's neck.

Through dirty narrow streets they slowly proceeded, accompanied the soldier who had been interested by Mary's supplications, and who now supported the faint steps of the exhausted Jessie; while the orphan shrunk from the stare of scorn, curiosity, or wonder, which they attracted. They reached the house at last, and the two girls crept up the dark dirty stair into a low and ill-furnished room; and there they sat down, and Jessie told her own story from the time of her leaving her place, to the moment when Mary found her. She said she was innocent of the crime for which she had been sent to prison, and that she firmly believed the lace had been put into her pocket by one of the other servants, a girl who had since been transported for a theft committed in another family. That fearing the loss of a trial, and feeling the impossibility of proving her innocence, she had left her master's house in a state of mind approaching to delirium, and as she wandered on, she came to a bridge, and felt irresistibly prompted to throw herself from it, and die.—That while in the act of jumping from the parapet, she was rescued by a young man whom she afterwards discovered to be a surgeon, and who persuaded her to return with him to his mother, promising that no one should ever know where she was, till she herself wished it.—That she remained with his mother for more

than two months, and that the young man wished very much to marry her; but that she would neither consent to this nor to tell her father's name, nor to write home (though often urged to do so by the old woman), till she should stand acquitted of the charge of theft; which event, knowing her innocence, she thought time might bring about.—That when she heard of the transportation of her fellow-servant, she relinquished all hope of ever having her character cleared, and gave herself up to despair. That just about this time, the young man who had treated her so kindly, was killed by the fall of some old houses he was examining, and his aged and feeble parent survived his loss but eight days.—That after the death of these persons she had hired this miserable lodging; and having gone in search of employment to a distant part of the town, on her return homewards she had fallen asleep from grief and weariness, and never awoke till she was roused by the person Mary had seen holding her, who persisted that she was drunk, and ordered her to get up and go away.

During the whole of the recital, Jessie's voice was almost inarticulate from hysterical weeping: her violence of language, the bitterness with which she expressed herself against all those connected with her dismissal from service, startled and dismayed the gentle Mary. At first she strenuously refused to return to her father's house, and passionately disclaimed any wish to be received, unless they entirely believed her assertions of innocence. But when the orphan meekly reasoned on her probable fate,—when she contrasted the confused shouts, the brawlings, the drunken songs with which from time to time their ears were assailed, with the quiet of their own old home,—when, above all, she described the utter broken-heartedness of the stout farmer,—the proud spirit melted, and Jessie consented to accompany her adopted sister. A letter was written to prepare her father and mother; and late on the evening of the day farmer Somers received the intelligence, the two sisters again walked together through the little lane which led to the farm-house; and in a few minutes more Jessie was folded to her father's heart. Another letter had reached him that eventful morning;—it was from Jessie's master, containing the confession of her fellow-servant, taken before a magistrate and duly signed; the principal purport was, that the theft had been a concerted plan, both to obtain money and cause Jessie's dismissal, of whom she was very jealous:—that she had taken Jessie's bonnet, and procured curls of the description usually worn by the unhappy girl:—and that she had purposely dropped the handkerchief, that no circumstance might be wanting to condemn her.

While these happy tidings were reading, Mary scarcely felt that

James's arm was thrown round *her* while he gazed on Jessie ; but she heard and felt his audible *amen*, when at evening prayer that night, farmer Somers called down a fervent blessing on "THE ORPHAN ;" and the humbled and saddened Jessie, who became again (and with better cause) the cherished idol of all around her, never forgot the day when Mary sate in that dark and wretched room, earnestly persuading her, in those low musical tones, to return like the prodigal son, like him to be welcomed.

 THE DYING ONE.

PALE hectic's 'plague spot' on her wasted cheek,
 Proclaim'd her fast dissolving ;—fair she was,
 Though aye her wan and ashen hue belied
 The flashing sparkle of her clear bright eye ;
 Deceitful lustre !—but for this she seem'd
 As dead, and yet alive, as if, in sooth,
 Some spirit pure had left its blest abode,
 And reinspirited the lifeless form
 Of beauty's fairest semblance,—or, more like
 The inanimated work of sculptor's hand
 Starting to life nerved with Promethean fire.
 Her sun of life was setting fast,—and now
 A last, a radiant beam, had thrown athwart
 Her pallid features,—her fair soul appear'd,
 As if rejoicing to be free, and leave
 All wo, and want, and pain—to soar aloft
 To realms of bliss, 'mid seraphs fair as she,
 Blooming in undecaying beauty—neath
 Their loved Redeemer's endless, holy sway.—
 Or, like the light of beaming lamp,—inclosed
 In glassy prison,—which resistless darts
 Its radiance through the thin and fragile walls
 Mocking their opposition,—such she seem'd,
 A frail weak frame without, a fire within.—
 The anxious eye of parents, brothers, saw
 Her quick declining,—nor could venture ought
 To stay consumption's sure, relentless stride.
 Peaceful and calm, like soothing sleep's approach,
 Death's chill came o'er her, and her latest gasp
 Could scarce be noted.—Her soul's last adieu,
 Seem'd e'en as when the fading twilight sinks
 Beyond the distant mountains, night's dark part,
 Her gloomy threshold,—ne'er observed,—no eye
 Can mark the time, no sage's glance can note
 When light doth change to darkness, even so
 Was her unseen departure.

Q. R.

THE CHEVALIER D'AVENANT.*

DURING the late revolutionary war in Spain, a regiment of dragoons was raised at Madrid, which was chiefly composed of foreign volunteers. The Chevalier D'Avenant, who had served long in the French army, resided at that time in the Spanish capital, and was induced, partly by his love of freedom, and partly by the urgent solicitation of the Cortes, to take the command of this corps. Unfortunately after the Duc D'Angouleme crossed the Pyrenees, the campaign commenced under very unfavourable auspices, and the Constitutionals were not long in discovering that the success of their arms was not equal to the justice of their cause. In the action which took place at Corunna, the Chevalier D'Avenant was present with his regiment, and took an active part in the military operations of the day. In consequence of this the troops under his command suffered severely; and when they were finally repulsed by the superior strength of the enemy, he found it quite impossible to keep them together, or preserve discipline so as to make an orderly retreat. After the confusion of the flight was over, he mustered his scattered force, and discovered that he was left with a party of men not exceeding forty in number, who seemed to cling together rather from the desire of mutual preservation, than the hope of being able to accomplish any important services.

With this small remnant of the corps, Colonel D'Avenant continued to retreat for several days without being engaged in any important adventures. At length he began to consider himself beyond the reach of pursuit, but still he did not neglect the precautions which were necessary in his situation. On the morning when our narrative opens, he was seen taking a survey of the surrounding country on a neighbouring hill, before the soldiers under his command left the place where they had bivouacked for the night, for the purpose of proceeding on their march.

"Yonder is the Chevalier D'Avenant," said Pierre Rigaud, a veteran soldier, addressing some of his comrades, and pointing to an officer in uniform, who at that moment crossed the ridge of a hill at a little distance, and rode towards the spot where the party was stationed. "The Colonel is a brave fellow," one of the troopers observed, "and, what is more, as fine a horseman as ever put foot in stirrup." "Yes, indeed," Pierre replied, "but had you seen him when he led on the Chasseurs at Talavera, you would have thought such a

* From the 'Edinburgh Literary Gazette.'

gallant officer could never be reduced to command such a paltry picquet as this." "A truce to your old campaigns; why, man, that affair of Corunna, the other day, showed us all very well that D'Avenant was made of the right stuff." "Hush—look there!" the veteran exclaimed, "the Colonel comes down the hill like lightning. I'll peril my life he brings news of danger with him. Get the horses ready, my lads, and prepare for the worst."

In a few moments the Chevalier D'Avenant reached the place where the soldiers were posted. He was a tall handsome man, apparently in the prime of life, with some marks of care and campaigns on his face, but still remarkably stout and vigorous in his appearance, with pleasant features, and large black eyes of unusual brilliancy. Those eyes flashed finely when he exclaimed, "There is a column of French cavalry close upon our rear—mount, soldiers, mount!"

This order was quickly obeyed; for the party was instantly in motion, and set forward at a rapid pace. For several miles the dragoons continued to push on with unabated speed; but at length they gave their horses a little indulgence on coming to a part of the road which winded up the gentle acclivity of a hill. On reaching the highest point in the ascent, they had a fine view of the surrounding country, and on looking back they had the satisfaction to find that the French had not yet appeared in sight. This discovery raised their spirits, and they proceeded to descend with fresh vigour; but they had not gone far when they observed at a considerable distance, a large body of troops advancing to meet them. In a moment the word "halt" was given, while Colonel D'Avenant pulled out a telescope, and rode briskly in advance to reconnoitre.

The Chevalier soon returned, and said to his men. "These troops are royalists, I see by their colours; so we must go on and take up a position to the right—Forward!" The dragoons were not long in executing this manœuvre. Descending a little way, they reached a range of open country, and immediately turned off to the right of the high road, for the purpose of taking up an advantageous post on a small rising ground in an adjoining field. After they had formed into line in this situation, Colonel D'Avenant gave the usual order to load carabines, and prepare for action. When this was done, a silence of a few moments ensued, during which they attentively observed the movements of the Spanish troops, and awaited their approach in the deepest suspense.

Meanwhile the Chevalier turned to the men under his command, and shortly addressed them,—*"Soldiers!"* he said, *"we are now placed in circumstances of great danger, from which we can only be delivered by courage and presence of mind. If we fall back and sur-*

render to the French, we shall certainly be condemned—many of us at least—for fighting against our country; and on the other hand, if we throw ourselves on the mercy of these Royalists, we shall probably be pillaged, and then left to perish in the dungeon of the inquisition. Unless fair terms are offered, then, we must advance to death or victory!" This speech was received with loud cheers by the soldiers; but it was scarcely concluded when the Spaniards, who appeared to consist of about 400 irregular infantry and armed peasantry, approached within musket-shot of the position occupied by the dragoons. Colonel D'Avenant now ordered his trumpeter to sound a parley, and rode forward alone to treat with the Spanish commander, who immediately obeyed the signal and advanced to meet him. "Lay down your arms, else we shall cut you to pieces!" exclaimed the Spaniard. "No never! Hear me, Senor," said D'Avenant, with dignity and firmness. "You see we are few in number, but remember we are all well armed, well mounted, and desperate men." "What mean you? I say you must surrender at discretion." "And I say," the French colonel replied, with earnestness, "rather than submit to such an indignity we are determined to cut our way through your disorderly troops or perish in the attempt!" The commanding tone in which this was spoken had a striking effect on the Spanish officer, for he seemed embarrassed, and wavered a little before he made any reply. When at length he did speak, it was in a subdued manner: "What terms, then, do you expect me to grant, while I command such a superior force?" "I don't know what terms you will grant but the terms I demand are, that you shall give us passports, and allow us to go wherever we choose, provided we surrender our arms and horses." "Well," said the Spaniard, "to prevent bloodshed I agree to these terms, and pledge my honour to fulfil them."

The treaty being thus summarily concluded to the mutual satisfaction of both officers, each rode back to the troops under his command. When D'Avenant apprized his little squadron of the result of his negotiation, it appeared to give satisfaction to every one excepting Pierre Rigaud, the veteran already noticed, who muttered to himself—"Spanish treachery—the terms are good—but they are too good to be kept." The Colonel overheard these expressions but did not think it necessary to pay any attention to them. After issuing some instructions to his troop, he ordered them to follow him, in single files, at intervals, and dismount and deliver up their arms, according to stipulation, and gave an express command to Pierre to remain behind, to bring up the rear of the party. In a short time the dragoons had all, one by one, surrendered to the Spaniards, till Pierre was left alone on the ground; but in place

advancing, like his fellow-soldiers, he set off in an opposite direction, at the utmost speed of his horse, and although several bullets were sent after him, he kept his saddle, and, ere long, entirely disappeared.

The suspicions of the veteran who had thus fled turned out to be too well founded. Pretending that the treaty of surrender had been violated by the desertion of one of the troop, the Spanish commanding officer determined to disregard it entirely; and, accordingly, when D'Avenant applied for the promised passports, his request was sternly refused, and he was told that he and his men were prisoners of war. Nor was this all; for as soon as the dragoons gave up their arms they were pillaged of every thing valuable which they possessed, by the soldiers, who appeared not to be under the restraint of discipline, and were allowed to do whatever they chose, provided they testified their loyalty by continually shouting "*Viva el Rey.*" At first the Colonel remonstrated against the injustice of these disgraceful proceedings; but he soon saw that all remonstrance was vain, and only increased his misfortunes; and he therefore resolved, in the true spirit of philosophy, to submit with patience to his fate.

In this unhappy situation the Chevalier D'Avenant and his comrades in arms were carried back and delivered up as prisoners to the French General. If they derived any satisfaction from reflecting that they were now in the hands of their countrymen, it was speedily damped when they were informed that they were to be sent to France under a military escort, to stand their trial for high treason. Little time was given to the prisoners to ponder on their fate, for they were obliged to set out immediately under a strong guard, for the French frontier; and ere long they almost lost sight of their misfortunes by the excitement of the march and the variety of objects which attracted their attention in the course of their route.

At length, after a tedious journey, the party arrived at Bayonne, and the prisoners were committed for safe custody, to the strongly fortified castle of that place. From his superior rank, Colonel D'Avenant was now separated from the rest, and obtained an apartment for his own accommodation, so that he was left undisturbed to his reflections, and had leisure to dwell on the painful circumstances of his situation. As he possessed enlightened views and a considerable knowledge of the world, he was sensible that the crime with which he was charged was too clearly established and too aggravated in its nature to leave much room for expecting a pardon; and, accordingly, although a ray of hope remained to cheer him in his forlorn condition, he had sufficient judgment and de-

cision to enable him to make up his mind to abide the worst that could befall him. For three long days he remained confined in the castle indulging in these unpleasant anticipations, without seeing any one but an old keeper who brought provisions and other necessities to his apartment, and who seemed to think it part of his duty to keep his lips hermetically sealed. At length on the evening of the third day, this individual informed him, that early on the following morning he was to be sent to Paris along with the other prisoners, under the escort of a party of mounted gens-d'armes. On giving this information the keeper immediately withdrew without adding a single word of comment.

The shades of night began to fall around the Chevalier D'Avenant as he lay pondering on the intelligence which he had just received. His spirits were lightened on considering that he was not to be left any longer to be devoured by ennui, and he felt no small degree of pleasure in the thought that things were speedily coming to a crisis. Perhaps, too, the consciousness that the accusation against him in reality was merely that he had fought for the cause of liberty, tended in some measure to allay his anxiety and support his courage. At all events, his thoughts on this occasion were of a very mixed kind, sometimes cheerful and sometimes melancholy; but at length, after wasting some hours in useless musing, the surrounding darkness reminded him that it was time to go to sleep, to enable him to undergo the fatigues of a journey on the morning.

Scarcely had Colonel D'Avenant formed this resolution, when he was startled by the sudden grating of the iron-door of his apartment. Instantly he sprung to his feet, and observed the dark figure of a man, who entered slowly, and drew the ponderous bolts behind him. Although naturally courageous, the Chevalier at this moment was certainly alarmed; for the first thought that flashed across his mind was, that he was about to be secretly put to death, like many other state prisoners of whom he had read in history. He immediately started back, and cried out in a tone of evident alarm. "Who's there?" "A friend," was the brief reply; and the harshness of the voice which uttered it was calculated to increase the suspicions of the prisoner. The darkness of the apartment was now partly removed by means of a dark lantern. Throwing the light first on the features of the Colonel, and then on his own, the stranger exclaimed, "How is this?—Don't you know me?" "Pierre Rigaud!—Is it you I see?—How came you hither?" "Speak lower," said the veteran. "If the sentinel at the southern bastion hear us, we are lost!" "Yes, yes; but tell me now you have found me out, and got access to this place?" "Mon cher Colonel," replied Pierre, "time is precious, and I must

be brief. When you surrendered to these rascally Spaniards, you know I suspected treachery; but I was determined to follow you and submit to my fate. However, as good luck would have it, just as I was about to close up with the last file, I heard a fellow in the Spanish ranks bawling out '*Vamos saquear*,' the signal for plunder—so I took the hint and made off as fast as I could. After passing through some small hardships, I disguised myself, and acted as guide to a French general of engineers who paid me like a prince. Hearing of your misfortunes, I resolved to go after you to attempt a rescue; but I had great difficulty in discovering the route which you had taken, and only arrived here the day before yesterday." "Well, but how did you get in here?" D'Avenant impatiently demanded. "I will tell you," Pierre continued. "I got admission, like a king, with a golden key; that is to say, I bribed the guards, who supposed from this disguise that I was a priest." "You are a brave, generous fellow, Pierre; but I fear all your efforts to get me out of this stronghold will be unavailing." "Courage, Colonel; and you will soon be free. You cannot go with me at present, for the guards are anxiously awaiting my return, and you should certainly be discovered; but—" "I see pistols in your belt," said the Colonel interrupting him; "perhaps it is possible for us to force our way in the dark." "No, no, there are too many bars and bayonets in the way. You must wait till five in the morning, when the outer gate of the castle is open. Look here," he said, producing a paper, "this is a sketch of the way by which you will escape. On leaving this, you go along the passage, and after turning first to the left and then to the right, you will come to an iron grating that leads to a dark winding stair, at the bottom of which you will find a postern opening into a private part of the court." "After this," said Colonel D'Avenant, "I presume I must just pass the sentinels by force or stratagem!" "Exactly so," Pierre replied; "all the doors will be found open except the postern, of which this is the key. I shall leave the lantern, some gold pieces, and one of my pistols for your use." "May heaven reward you for your exertions on my behalf! If I escape, I shall make the best of my way to Bourdeaux, where I will be found at nightfall near the Chateau Trompette." "Very well, adieu!" said the veteran, as he pressed the hand of the Chevalier, and withdrew from the apartment.

Colonel D'Avenant listened to the retiring steps of the soldier, and when the sound died away, lay in deep suspense, reflecting on the daring adventure in which he was about to engage. At length some rays of light began to penetrate through the small window of his room, and reminded him that it was time to set out to explore his way to the postern described by Pierre. Muffled up in his cloak, he

proceeded slowly and cautiously along the passages; but he had not gone far when he was startled by a sound which issued from an adjoining apartment, and resembled the tread of footsteps. He remained motionless for a moment, but all was again silent. He then moved on with increased caution; and keeping in view the directions which he had received, arrived at the iron grating without encountering any obstacles in his way. He tried to open this barrier, but it resisted all his efforts; and he was about to abandon his enterprise in despair, when at last the love of liberty returned, and urged him to exert all his strength, by which he succeeded in gaining a passage. Alarmed by the noise which this occasioned, he descended the secret stair in great haste, and threaded his way along the mazes of a subterranean passage which finally conducted him to a small door, which he conjectured to be the postern.

At this moment the clock of the castle struck five; and as the sound echoed along the towers and battlements, D'Avenant hastened to apply the master-key with which he had been furnished. Delighted to find that the lock yielded, he gently opened the door and admitted the light of day; but he started back instantly when he perceived a sentinel pacing his rounds almost immediately in front of him. He deliberated for a moment on his situation, and conscious of the danger of delay, immediately determined to hazard every thing and advance. Before doing so, however, he attentively observed the motions of the soldier, who was elevated on a station which overlooked the inner court, and who paced backwards and forwards to prevent his limbs from being benumbed by the chillness of the morning. Watching his opportunity, when the sentinel turned his back, D'Avenant advanced close under the wall, and gliding silently but rapidly along, placed himself behind a bastion for concealment. Waiting here for a few moments, till another opportunity offered, he executed a similar movement with equal success, by which he placed himself out of sight of the soldier on duty, and approached near the open court which led to the main gate of the castle. Having gone thus far, he was sensible that it would be impossible for him to proceed much longer without attracting notice; but drawing his cloak closely around him, and holding his pistol in readiness, he advanced under the resolution to act according to circumstances. In this way he reached a spot from which he had a view of the outer gate, which was standing open with a sentinel before it, who was singing the chorus of a favourite song on the battle of Austerlitz, ending with

"Nous étions là! nous étions là!"

To pass the sentinel without being observed, D'Avenant saw *quite impossible*. A sudden thought, however, flashed across his

d, and he immediately went openly and boldly up to the soldier, who looked at him with surprise and suspicion. Before the soldier had time to recover from his astonishment, the Colonel addressed him in a menacing tone :—"No songs on duty, sir—I shall punish you for a breach of the rules of the garrison." "Pardon, monsieur," the soldier stammered out, imagining that he addressed an officer, or inspector of the castle, and alarmed on recollecting the catch which he had sung was a sort of lampoon on the rebels. "Prenez garde donc," said D'Avenant with a look so stern, that it increased the confusion of the soldier; and with these words he passed on at a careless pace without meeting with any interruption, inwardly rejoicing at the success of his scheme. As soon as he found himself at liberty, Colonel D'Avenant hurried along the most retired streets of Bayonne, and after passing the bridge and the suburbs, reached the open country. For some time he continued to go along the public road in the direction of Ortheaux; but fearing that he might be pursued, he thought it more prudent to turn off the highway, and travel through the fields. After continuing his flight for several miles, he felt somewhat fatigued by his exertions, and began to walk at a deliberate pace, till he turned round and observed with consternation a party of mounted gens-d'armes in close pursuit. Like Richard of England, he would now have given "a kingdom for a horse;" but although there was no prospect of attaining the object of his wishes, he was obliged to find that he was in the neighbourhood of a wood, and he determined to make for the cover with all his speed. In a short time he heard the horsemen close behind him, and the cry of "gens-d'armes! gens-d'armes!" which they shouted as they rode along, sank deeply into his soul. In his youth he had been a sportsman, and in the chase he had often observed a hare, hard pressed by the hounds, popping down and allowing them to pass over him. The idea was not lost upon the Chevalier, for he immediately lay down and concealed himself among some brushwood; and he had scarcely done so when the gens-d'armes dashed past the spot. Fearing that his pursuers would soon return to beat up the cover, he lost no time in retracing his steps till he came to the place where he entered the wood, thinking it improbable that a search would be made at that quarter. Here he ascended a tree which offered a convenient shelter by its foliage; and he remained in this painful situation during the whole of the day, and did not think it prudent to come down till night-fall. Favoured by the darkness, Colonel D'Avenant descended and proceeded on his way. After a tedious journey, in which he suffered many privations, and experienced many narrow escapes, he

arrived at Bourdeaux, the place of his destination. On the Chateau Trompette in the dusk of the evening, he was fortunate as to meet Pierre Rigaud. The veteran had acquired friends of the Chevalier with his situation, and was thus supplied him with resources, and to conduct him to a place of moment in an obscure part of the town. Here Colonel D waited in suspense for several weeks, but at length he obtained a fictitious passport, and embarked in a vessel bound for the States of America, where, notwithstanding the act of which has been passed, he still remains to participate in the advantages of those valuable rights and privileges for which he fought and suffered, and which can only be fully enjoyed in a land of light and liberty.

BOAT SONG.

"Eripite o socii, pariterque insurgite remis."

BEND on your oars—for the sky it is dark,
And the wind it is rising apace !
For the waves they are white with their crests all so bright,
And they strive as if running a race.

TUG on your oars—for the day's on the wane,
And the twilight is deepening fast ;
For the clouds in the sky show the hurricane nigh,
As they flee from the face of the blast.

STRETCH on your oars—for the sun it is down,
And the waves are like lions in play ,
The stars they have fled, and no moon is o'erhead
Or to point or to cheer our lone way.—

RISE on your oars—let the bright star of hope
Be seen 'mid the tempest's wild roar ;
And cheer, lads ! for we who were born on the sea,
Have weather'd such tempests before.

REST on your oars—for the haven is won,
And the tempest may bluster till morn ;
For the bold and the brave are now freed from the waves
Where they late roam'd so lonely and lorn.

It is hard that, with man, talent, combined with perseverance, should be almost omnipotent to overcome obstacles the most numerous and formidable, while, in the hands of women, it is often wholly useless, unless fortunate circumstances, such as wealthy or literary connexions, obtain for the possessor the opportunity of gaining by its display, fortune and fame. The spirit of enterprise that characterizes the present age, gives to man 'ample room and verge enough' to pursue any plan that genius may suggest. The world is all before him. From pole to pole he may choose whether to add to the history of his species by voyages and discoveries, or, by speculations at home, direct the movements of argosies. In literature he has only to give to the world the treasures of his mind, the musings of his solitude, or the recollections of his youth, and let it but bear the stamp of genius it will meet with an 'All hail!' But it is not so with woman. Few and rugged are the paths by which her genius, unaided and alone, may climb even to competence. Natural timidity, a retired education, the fear of encountering the prejudice that has so long condemned her to a subordinate rank of intellect, and which, by a strange perverseness, finds a charm in the helplessness of those beings from whom at times are demanded self-denial and exertion, all cast a spell round her, which is seldom broken by her single efforts. There are not more mute, inglorious Miltons in a country churchyard than among the number of women doomed to the exercise of some spirit breaking, monotonous craft in order to procure means for the support of existence.

The daughter of Neckar might find in the brilliant circles of Paris a field for the display of her lofty powers. Miss Edgeworth, Miss Baillie, and some few others have been led by judicious and encouraging friends, to break through the obstacles which society opposes to the acquisition of female literary excellence, and to give occasion for doubts on the question whether there be, as the uncourteous physiologist Lawrence asserts, a sex to the mind. Many, unwilling to yield to the public the charms of a mind cultivated in retirement, form the delight of a domestic circle, and impart their accomplishments to their sons or daughters, but there are many, a great many, who have neither father, friend, nor brother of suf-

* From 'The Legendary, consisting of Original Pieces, principally illustrative of American History, Scenery, and Manners. Edited by N. P. Willis. Boston, 1828.' vol. II.

ficient importance to force them, with gentle violence before the world; who have, alas! no domestic circle, no sons or daughters, and who, from a reverse of fortune, feel their highest aspirations, their brightest dreams of fancy, chilled and dispelled by anxiety about 'to-morrow's fare.'

Such an isolated being was Elizabeth Latimer, who, at twenty-four, found herself in possession of an accomplished mind, a memory stored with reading of the best kind, and a judgment accustomed to exercise itself from its earliest developement; and this, with a graceful person and a countenance of great sweetness and intelligence, was pretty nearly all that Elizabeth possessed. She had been for many years the only daughter of a merchant, who, though he did not, like some of the merchants of this city,[†] draw his resources from all the ends of the earth, yet possessed enough for the indulgence of luxury. The indications of talent which he very early discovered in the young Elizabeth, determined him to bestow on her an education that would save her from adding to the number of those precocious geniuses, who, from a misapplication of their powers, become unfit either for the daily concerns of life, or to hold a place among those who are gradually procuring indulgence and respect for female intellect. With this view he engaged a gentleman who had been a classmate of his, and who had devoted himself to literature, to take up his abode with him and assist him in cultivating his daughter's mind.

'You will easily understand,' he wrote to Mr Elliot, 'with what different eyes I look upon this subject from those with which I regarded it twenty years ago. To have mind enough to love and obey me, and, withal, think me supremely wise, was quite mind enough in a wife, but I am willing to pay it greater respect since I find it in my darling Elizabeth. As I am as anxious about her moral as her intellectual education, I dread, lest, being an only child, and surrounded by all that will tend to her gratification, she may form habits of selfishness, against which no warnings, no precepts will avail. A companion of her own age would secure her from this risk, and I can think of no one so well suited, on all accounts, to be brought up with my little girl as your own Marianne. I need not assure you how entirely like my own daughter she shall be considered.'

We will not detail the progress of Elizabeth's studies. They were such as opened her young mind to all that was lovely in virtue and lofty and excellent in intellect. She lived principally in the country, in a small but intelligent circle, sufficiently enlightened to

[†] Boston.

save them from the dominion of a gossiping spirit, yet not so learned as to allow her to acquire anything like a pedantic one.

The tranquillity of their own house had received a startling shock when Elizabeth was about fifteen, by Mr Latimer's bringing home a second wife, very little more than her own age, but of entirely different temper, habits, and tastes. It was then that Mr Latimer perceived that he had done wisely in giving to Elizabeth habits by which she could abstract her thoughts from the jarrings of a step-mother, jealous of her, of her gentle friend Marianne, of Mr Elliot, of every thing that her husband loved. But their school of trial did not last long. Mrs Latimer only lived to present her husband with a son, and expired, leaving all the family with just such sensations as one feels on awaking from an uncomfortable dream, and Elizabeth and her father heaved a sigh of relief as they inwardly responded 'Amen!' to the clergyman of the village who came to pay them a visit of consolation.

When Elizabeth entered into society, she carried with her many warnings from her father to avoid the display of acquirements which were not common to all. She listened, determined to profit by his advice, though she felt there was some injustice in laying this embargo upon wit and learning. 'Why,' thought she, 'should miss C— be permitted, nay, solicited, to display her playing and singing, both excellent enough to excite envy, while all the powers that I possess must be so sedulously concealed? However, as there is no reasoning to any purpose on this apparent inconsistency, I will try to resemble the greater part of the world I am going to mingle with;' and in imagination she behaved with perfect discretion, occupied only in veiling the mistakes of the ignorant, in drawing out the talents of the timid, nicely discriminating when and with whom to talk seriously or lightly, and gliding through society with all the tact which only a knowledge of the world, gained by one's own experience and much practice in that world, can give. But poor Elizabeth found herself sadly at a loss when she encountered a bewildering number of new faces, whose ready smiles and pliancy of expression concealed all that was passing in the heart. She felt it as impossible to catch the light tone of those around her, to talk of nothing, to express rapture and enthusiasm where she felt only indifference, as it would have been for one of the gay circle to have shone forth as an improvisatrice. Being perfectly unaffected and simple, she took refuge in silence; but her speaking countenance often betrayed the listlessness she felt, and as the silence of persons who are known, or supposed to be able, to talk well, is looked upon with an invidious eye, she felt a degree of *restraint*, whether she spoke or not, which prevented her ever taking

much pleasure in the amusements of the world. But there were some whom she did please, and that in no moderate degree. The cultivated and intelligent found a charm in her manner that they recollected with pleasure long after she had retired from society. She had a happy facility of passing from subject to subject by an easy gradation, so as never to fatigue by dwelling too long on one topic, nor to startle by an abrupt and violent digression; an art which is seldom well understood. We are too apt to suppose that the same associations exist in our companion's mind as in our own, and suddenly transport him from sea to sky and back again, with a suddenness that makes our conversation appear little better than cold disjointed chat.

'That is a very charming woman,' said Mr Leslie to his neighbour, as Elizabeth withdrew with the ladies from a large dull dinner party; 'I have not met any one so *piquante* and original for a long while.' 'Who? Miss Latimer? oh, true! but I suspect she has sharpened her wits by an acquaintance with Horace.' 'How!' rejoined Leslie; 'you do not mean to say that that pretty girl quotes Horace?'

'No; I never heard her quote at all; I must do her that justice; but she seems to have had her eyes opened to the follies of mankind.' 'Well, but the English satirists may have done her that service, though I cannot recollect hearing her say any thing that touched upon her neighbour's follies.' 'Wait a little; you will every now and then hear something that shows more reading than you at first suspect her of. Besides, she always fatigues me by her allusions. I do not find a half hour's chat with her any relaxation.'

'Now I, on the contrary,' said Leslie, 'have been delighted with what you complain of. There is something, too, very novel and attractive in her manner. There is no effort. She gives herself up to the animation of the moment with an absence of art or affectation that is quite enchanting.' 'Upon my word you seem quite *eppris*. I will tell Mrs Leslie of you.' 'I shall tell her myself. She will be equally pleased with her, for Mrs Leslie is as great a worshipper of talent as I am, whether it be found in man or woman.'

Unfortunately for Elizabeth, both Mr and Mrs Leslie were called suddenly from Boston by the death of a relative, and the impression made on the mind of the former was dissipated by business and a variety of scenes. About this time Elizabeth lost her friend Marianne, who married an English gentleman and accompanied him to England. Mr Elliot was persuaded to join them, and Mr Latimer found his household reduced to a small number. But his mind seemed too much occupied to miss his companions, and, to Elizabeth's grief, she discovered that her father was bent upon

making a fortune for his son Louis. In vain she urged that Louis would never want, and the possession of wealth might only check exertion by depriving him of a stimulus to industry. She represented to him the risk he ran by engaging so deeply in speculations, none of which had hitherto been successful; but Mr Latimer had the gambling fit so strong upon him, that he looked forward to seeing his ships riding the ocean laden with the treasures of the Asiatic islands, and realizing the wildest dreams of his avarice. Elizabeth deplored this for his own and for Louis's sake. She saw how the fluctuations of hope and despair, the pangs of suspense and repeated disappointments preyed upon her father's health and spirits, and she anticipated for Louis and herself the loss of all they had considered their own.

But these fears were transient. We seldom reflect long, amid the enjoyments of affluence, upon their precarious nature. She retired from the world and devoted herself to her father and to the education of Louis, whom she loved with all a mother's tenderness. He was indeed a sweet and gentle child, fond only of books and sedentary amusements, and Elizabeth's time passed away as happily as time passed in the exercise of duty usually does. She was often uneasy, often tormented by vague fears of future poverty and distress, but these were only clouds that overshadowed her at times. Her horizon generally was bright; but the blow anticipated fell upon her at last. Mr Latimer had ventured the remains of his fortune in a speculation which was to enrich Louis and his posterity for ever.

After many months' suspense the news reached Mr Latimer that he was ruined. He did not long survive it, and his son and daughter found themselves friendless and poor. A few hundred dollars was all that could be collected for them, nor had they any claims upon others. They had but few family friends, and Elizabeth's was not a spirit to brook dependence. Poverty at first sight is not so frightful as when it comes near enough to lay its cold, gripping fingers on us; and, in the present excited state of her feelings, the prospect of maintaining herself did not appear as difficult as she afterwards proved it. Her idea of submission to the will of Heaven was not confined to subduing a murmur, when death has removed by a stroke the desire of our eyes. She had been accustomed to exercise it in all the disappointments and sorrows of her life; for who, at twenty-four, has not tasted of the bitterness of the waters of life? A few passages of her letter to Marianne, will show how schooled her mind had been, by being early taught of heaven.

'You know, dearest Marianne, your excellent father often cautioned us against trusting to our perceptions of Heaven's justice.

With him we were accustomed to trace in the records of history, the hand of Infinite Wisdom guiding all things onward to some great end, that should vindicate his ways to future ages. Ah! how easy it is for the thoughtful mind to pursue this truth through events that have passed away! how much easier than to acknowledge it when our idols have been overthrown! We are personal only in those things which can do us no good. Let me now lay those lessons to heart, and follow the obvious track which Providence has marked out for me. It seems very plain—I must support myself and the darling object of my lost parent's love. The manner of doing this is very embarrassing. My mind is full of energy, but where to bestow it, costs me days and nights of anxious thought.'

Mr Latimer had insisted, some months before his death, that Louis should be placed at a large public school. Elizabeth had consented to his plan with readiness, though it grieved her to part with the little companion whose quickness enabled him to catch with facility every thing she taught him; but she was aware that a public school is indispensable towards acquiring manly habits, and that independence of ridicule, which are necessary to all who walk the world, however retired be the path they choose.

It was evening, and she was alone when she took possession of two small rooms in ——— Street. Dull and dreary was the aspect of every thing. The window of the little sitting-room was close to a high stone wall, nor were light and beauty shut out from that entrance only. From her chamber window nothing could be discerned but a long range of warehouses. There was not even the sight or sound of labour to cheer the prospect. 'A cobbler or a blacksmith would enliven the scene,' thought Elizabeth, 'but I hope I shall not stay here long.' Her first attempt to escape from her new dwelling was a letter to a lady with whom she had long been intimate. Her plan was to open a school, and she solicited Mrs Graham's assistance, or rather patronage, without taking into consideration how little that lady had to bestow. She answered Elizabeth kindly, explaining to her that her influence was confined to five or six families, none of whom had it in their power to engage for their children an instructress whose accomplishments would entitle her to a higher salary than is given to those who teach the elementary parts of education.

Over this first disappointment Elizabeth did not long weep. Keeping a school is a very depressing prospect, and she felt almost relieved by Mrs Graham's letter.

Her next application was to a lady who was desirous of procuring a governess for her daughters—one of those ladies whose *beau idéal* of a governess, is that of a being with every talent and

every virtue under heaven, combined with a degree of humility that will endure every insult that narrow minds bestow upon the unfortunate. Mrs S — gave her a week's suspense, then found her way into Elizabeth's parlour one morning, with a 'How d'ye do, Miss Latimer—for I suppose that's you. I believe I've made you wait for an answer, but I've been so beset. People are so anxious to get to me, as if I could take a hundred. But, before we go any further, we must settle one thing—you're a musician of course?' The colour that had been deepening on Elizabeth's cheeks, became crimson as she faintly answered, 'No, Madam.' 'No! Gracious goodness! what could you be thinking of when you offered yourself as governess? Such a salary as I give, and pay a music master besides!' 'Then reduce the salary,' Elizabeth began, but Mrs S — stopped her— 'What! and get a master for the girls! What's that to the purpose. You ought to be able to superintend their practising. Well, that sets the matter at rest. Good morning, Ma'am,' and Mrs S — made her exit as abruptly as her entrance, leaving Elizabeth a foretaste of what she afterwards suffered from other applications and other disappointments.

One lady objected to her because she could not teach velvet painting. It was in vain Elizabeth, who liked the mild tones of this amateur in footstools and sofa covers, urged the superiority of the higher branches of painting. 'That might do for artists,' said the lady, and Elizabeth took her leave. Another expected her to teach embroidery and shoe making to six daughters; but the most fatal bar to her success was the want of a knowledge of music.

After many failures she relinquished the hope of obtaining a situation, and turned her thoughts to her last resource. She determined, with a heavy heart, to offer her services as a translator to a publisher whom she had often heard spoken of as a man of taste and liberality. Translating is a fatiguing and inglorious task, but she had no alternative. While she was hesitating whether to address him by letter or apply to him in person, Mr Warren was announced. Elizabeth knew him well; for he had been a frequent visitor at Mr Latimer's. He was remarkable only for his extreme dulness, and his desire of being thought a man of genius and learning. He picked up scraps from pocket-books and newspapers, and wearied his friends by common-place remarks, uttered in a tone of oracular wisdom. His address to Elizabeth was hesitating and confused. He was usually wont to speak with a deliberateness that fell upon the ear like the strokes of a hammer, but now he spoke with a rapidity that made him quite unintelligible. With an uneasy looking about as if he dreaded being overheard, at last he abruptly asked her if money had been her object in wishing to pro-

cure a situation as governess. 'Certainly,' said Elizabeth; 'what else could induce me to undertake such an office?' He muttered something about his sorrow at her wanting it and his wish to serve her, then opened his business, prefaced, however, by desiring a promise of secrecy. Elizabeth, inwardly provoked at his solemn foppishness, promised all he required, and he then informed his impatient auditress, that several of his literary friends were about to establish a critical journal, in which all the best talents of the city were to be displayed—'and you will not be surprised,' said he, 'to hear, that much is expected from me, particularly in the department of the belles lettres. I hope you are not surprised,' he continued, as he saw the astonishment painted on Elizabeth's countenance. 'No, I am never surprised at people's expectations, and I am sure Mr Warren will not disappoint those formed by his well judging friends; but pray proceed.' 'Every body says to me, "Warren! now is your time. This is the opportunity for you to show your critical acumen. Seize the moment, Warren! and give us something that will be read a hundred years hence." I am pressed on all sides, and I begin to feel that I really ought, in justice to myself, to do something to keep up the credit of this journal.' 'He is mad,' thought Elizabeth, 'or has been in the hands of some dexterous quizzer;' and she sighed as she thought that he could have nothing to say that could interest her, for she had at first hoped that he might bring her occupation. However, Warren went on;—'My health, you know, is delicate, and my avocations very numerous; and from various causes I am afraid I shall not be able to write until the spring; but, in the meantime, my dear Miss Latimer, I will make use of your pen. Our minds—I say it without flattery, believe me—our minds are somewhat of the same order, allowing for the difference of sex and education. Now, all I ask of you is this; just give me, from time to time, a critique upon some modern writer, and now and then we will review an old one. I leave the choice of subjects to you; of course you will have the advantage of my additions and corrections. Well, what say you? Does the scheme appear feasible? However, I see you are taken by surprise? An hour's reflection will be necessary. Good morning. This evening you shall see me again.'

'He has made me laugh, at least,' said Elizabeth, after an impatient 'pshaw!' 'I always thought him a fool, but never expected such an excess of folly from him; but it will cure me of attempting to set bounds to the folly of a foolish man.'

Elizabeth did not, at first, give his plan a second thought. The idea of being joined with Warren in a work which she knew would be conducted by men of learning and science, was absurd to the

degree, and she began her letter to the publisher, but her reluctance to undertake this laborious kind of occupation increased every moment. She threw down her pen and abandoned herself to idleness. Then, in spite of herself, Warren's plan recurred to her. It was not as ridiculous as she had thought. There had been, she recollected, instances of starving authors in a garret, while indolent or empty were building up a reputation upon their purses. Besides, Warren would not be the first fool who had thrust himself into the place of wiser men. They are to be found everywhere—in the halls of legislators, in the cabinet of ministers. They have their followers and their eulogists, and we have only to stand behind the scenes to exclaim with Oxenstiern, '*Quam parva cunctis regitur mundus!*' At all events it would not be Warren, herself, who would write, and though she doubted her own capacity for the task, still she wished to try. It offered a means of accomplishing her grand object, keeping Louis at school, and it had the charm of privacy; for, since her unsuccessful attempts to escape from her gloomy closets, she had shrunk into them with a feeling more allied to love than to distaste.

When the time Warren returned, Elizabeth had so balanced the advantages of his scheme against its objections, as to give him the answer he expected. His presence revived the ridiculous ideas that his proposal had at first suggested. The tone of his voice was expressive of extreme dullness, and there was a stupidity about him that completely oppressed Elizabeth. She began to be ashamed of yielding to his plan, doubting, indeed, if any production, supposed to be his, would obtain a reading from the editor. However, a short time would decide her fate, and she resolved to make the experiment. She inquired beforehand what was to be the compensation for her trouble. He named the probable sum. 'You rate intellectual labour very low,' said she, 'but no wonder. However, that, four or five times repeated, will be enough for my purpose. You are aware that you must furnish me with books. I must have a great many authorities to bring to the field. A man like you will be expected to be very accurate.' He professed himself willing to be guided by her in every thing, begged her to try to catch his style, and urged her over and over to exert herself to the utmost, before he relieved her of his presence.

Elizabeth began her task with great animation, but she soon found it more difficult than she had anticipated. Her mind was busy, yet she was puzzled and distressed. She wanted the habit of writing, which, alone, according to Lord Bacon, insures correctness. She found great difficulty in arranging and condensing her ideas, preserving a degree of order, without which, even the writings

of the learned and brilliant, appear a chaotic mass. She had to weigh well all she said, lest she should be guilty of error or presumption. Her subject was a comparison between the writers of the reign of Anne and the present day. It was not without some timidity that she expressed opinions opposed to the prevailing cant which raves about the march of mind. Physical science is in its glory, and philosophy has made such magnificent presents to the arts, that knowledge is carried with winged speed from the college to the cottage; but mind, alas! must have its limits, must obey the law, which says, 'So far shalt thou come and no farther.'

Though Elizabeth wrote with facility, she was obliged to refer to so many authorities, to correct and strike out so many redundancies, that she sat up a great part of the night previous to the latest day on which Warren was to call for her little essay. It was finished at last, and she committed it to its trial with a beating heart.

Great was the astonishment of the editor when Warren presented himself in his library with a manuscript of an imposing size in his hand. Greater still at sight of the subject; and it rose to its highest pitch after reading the first few sentences. He knew little of Warren, but he had always heard his name used as a synonym with dulness, and he was betrayed into abruptly exclaiming, 'Mr. Warren! I had no idea—I mean I did not expect—Mr. Warren, is this yours?' The blush of guilt flew to poor Warren's face, but Mr. Leslie hastened to apologize. 'Leave it with me for an hour or two,' said he, 'and you shall hear from me to-morrow.'

Elizabeth had, once before, charmed Mr. Leslie by the playfulness of her conversation and the occasional acuteness of her remarks. There was a nameless something in her style that pleased him, and he accepted Warren's production without hesitation, determining at the same time, to vindicate him from the charge of ignorance and stupidity.

As soon as Warren received what gave him a delight which he felt in the same degree with Harpagon—that of 'touching something,' he hastened in a transport of generosity to divide it with Elizabeth. It was more than she had hoped for, and the consciousness of possessing the means of contributing to her own support, gave an exhilaration to her spirits to which she had long been a stranger. She walked to the school where Louis was making a progress that repaid her for parting with him, and paid, with a thrill of delight, the first fruits of her industry to his master.

Dr B——'s seminary was a mile out of town, and the fresh air of the country, the song of the birds, the very sight of the sky, made her heart glow again with hope and peace. She had something to look forward to. Louis would, one day, reward her toil.

She should one day recount to him how, for his sake, she had conquered the indolence and love of leisure which she foresaw would be a stumbling-block in his way. To see Louis kindling at the tale of her difficulties and promising to repay them all, to hear him spoken of with distinction, and to witness his happiness and success in life, now formed her daily reveries. Her pen often fell from her hand while indulging in these dreams. Dreams they were indeed.

She continued to supply Warren with materials for the fame he was acquiring, though there were times when Mr Leslie strongly doubted his positive assertions that he was the author of the manuscripts. There was a taste, an elegance in their style, and a sensibility that he felt never came from the coarse mind of Warren. However, he had no means of elucidating the point, and gave it up, hoping that accident might one day or other expose the deception.

In the meantime, Warren, who began to find the sums he received from Mr Leslie extremely convenient for his own purposes, began to reduce Elizabeth's share to a third, and then a fourth of the whole. 'She cannot want much,' he argued with his conscience, 'living in those little garrets. I don't see how she can possibly spend five dollars in six months, and always plainly dressed too. I really think I give her more than enough. I dare say she can manage a little to great advantage.'

People who are extravagant on themselves, are often wonderfully ingenious in devising plans of economy for others. Elizabeth was surprised at this falling off; but, in the simplicity of her heart, she never suspected him of such a pitiless fraud. 'I have overrated my own productions,' said she, 'and yet I certainly think I have improved. I have studied the rules of good writing; I read with a deeper spirit of observation; it is strange my pieces should appear of less value to the publishers in proportion as they seem to me more spirited and better finished. Perhaps they are thought studied. I myself find a sameness in them.'

Among the many causes she was attributing her diminished resources to, the true one never occurred to her. She knew, of course, from Warren's imposing on Mr Leslie and the public, that he was not a man of much principle. Indeed, a fool cannot have strict principles. He cannot distinguish sufficiently between right and wrong; but, in the broad path of honesty, she thought he might find his way.

A year passed on, and she found that she had just enough to defray Louis's school expenses, and nothing to lay by towards sending him to college. Her health too, was impaired by constant ap-

plication, and her spirits crushed by the unvaried sameness of her employment. Sweet is the sleep of the labouring man; but it cannot be that labour which feels the breath of heaven fan the brow—alternate motion and rest. But when, after a whole day has been passed in mental exercise, the fevered head is laid upon its pillow, and the stretched and burning eyelids refuse to close, when the glare of white paper, or interminable rows of letters dance before the throbbing eyeballs, and one idea haunts the brain till its repetition becomes maddening—these, these are the pains and penalties of mind that make us wish to have been born among those whose hands alone are employed to procure their daily bread. Elizabeth had been accustomed to study and reflection, but there is something very different between study in a large and airy chamber where light and shade are pleasantly blended, when the first sensations of fatigue may be dissipated by exercise or conversation, and leaning incessantly over a flat, low table, by the side of a little window where light is struggling with darkness. She felt her health languish, her head ached incessantly, but still she went on for several months, indulging herself now and then with a walk to Dr B——'s, and an evening spent at Mrs Graham's. This lady had often a little circle of friends around her, whose society would have been of service to Elizabeth's spirits, but she shrunk from company, and, with an irritability peculiar to the unfortunate, who feel lonely, neglected, and unappreciated, often repulsed those who wished to be kind to her. 'My temper is growing savage,' said she, one evening, while she was putting on her hat to go to her friend's; 'I believe I answered that kind and lovely looking woman who spoke so sweetly to me the last time I was at Mrs Graham's, with a canine growl. But alas! I felt a horrid kind of envy at seeing a creature so happy and apparently so beloved by every one present. Her happiness did not seem to be put on for the occasion, but the abiding expression of her face, and while I was contrasting her situation with mine, to hear her speak to me with that easy, confident tone of voice, that came from a heart at ease—oh! she would have forgiven me if she had seen the wretchedness of mine!' and Elizabeth sat down and wept in penitence at having given way to such feelings.

She hoped to meet Mrs Leslie again, and was disappointed to find Mrs Graham alone. She dared not speak of Mrs Leslie, for she felt her voice falter as she thought of her. Yet she tried to induce Mrs Graham to begin the subject. But as she was drawing a portrait of gentleness and beauty which made her friend exclaim, 'Why one would think you were acquainted with Mrs Leslie,' Mr Graham came in, and after expressing his pleasure at seeing

Elizabeth, whose absence from his little parties had pained him, he turned to Mrs Graham and asked her if she had any idea to whom she was indebted for the pleasure of her morning's reading. 'No,' said she; 'I am glad you remind me of it, for I thought of Elizabeth while I was reading. It is,' she continued, turning to her friend, 'a very well written essay upon simplicity, real and affected; and contrasts the strong, manly simplicity of Crabbe with the childish, unmeaning prattle of Wordsworth, in almost the same words which I have heard you make use of in arguing with Matilda.' Elizabeth trembled. She suspected Mr Graham alluded to her, but he went on; 'I would ask you to guess the author, but I should be weary of seeing you puzzled. Know, then, that Warren—Philip Augustus Warren—is the principal contributor to Mr Leslie's journal.' 'Now, I am not surprised,' said his wife, 'for it is impossible to make me believe such a tale. You forget we both know Warren, and know that he is ignorant as well as dull. I question much if he knows what poetry is, unless he attaches some idea of rhyme to it.' 'I thought so myself, but listen. This morning I was talking with Mr Leslie, who was in his library, where, to my surprise, I found Warren taking down books and turning over leaves with quite the air of an author. Something was said about the miseries of authors;—"They are no longer pecuniary miseries," said Leslie. "The times are changed since Dryden wrote prologues for two guineas a-piece." Here Warren turned briskly round, exclaiming, "Two guineas! bless me! times *are* changed. Why, Mr Leslie, I receive more than triple that sum for some of my humble contributions to your journal." I looked at Leslie with as much amazement as if I had heard him proclaim himself the emperor of China; but Leslie did not look surprised, he only said, "Very true." I waited a long time for Warren to go away, that I might understand this mystery, and at length I learned that he regularly carries Mr Leslie every month a paper for his magazine. He pointed them out to me in some of his numbers, and I assure you they were the same I have frequently heard you admire.' 'Even now,' said Mrs Graham, 'I do not believe it. He is vain as well as foolish, and he has either stolen those pieces, or hired some one to write them.' 'That is what I hinted to Leslie; but he told me that he had once offended Warren by expressing his own doubts on the subject, and that his assurances of their being his were so positive that he felt he had no right to accuse him of falsehood till he had proved it. One thing that disgusted me in Warren was his counting up the money he had received, and muttering every now and then, "*Dryden wrote prologues for two guineas!* Why, I have made two hundred

dollars in the last six months." That entirely convinced me that he is speculating in the talents of some one he keeps concealed.'

It is impossible to describe Elizabeth's indignation at learning how she had been deceived. She did not hesitate a moment how to act. Warren was to call the next morning for some manuscripts that she had ready for him, and she determined to speak to him of the baseness of his conduct, and break with him at once. But there is something in the mere presence of a fool that blunts our most eloquent reproaches. It would be absurd, she thought, to talk to him of defrauding the orphan; it will be enough to tell him he has acted dishonestly, and that I will no longer 'lend him my pen.'

Warren turned pale at her stern inquiry whether he had fulfilled his promise of giving her whatever he should receive from the editor. He solemnly declared that he had done so, but Elizabeth stopped him short by repeating, word for word, the conversation that had passed in Mr Leslie's library. 'Now, Mr Warren, after this, it is impossible that I can continue to give up time and health for you. You know the object of my labour; you know my anxiety to procure for Louis the advantages of a good education, and you have enriched yourself at my expense. Find somewhere else a pen that will be at your service; mine writes not another word for you.' It was in vain Warren entreated, promised, swore. He even knelt to conjure her to retract. He offered to refund, to pay most liberally; but she was inexorable, and he was obliged to depart, cursing his own folly for boasting of making more by his pen than Dryden by his prologues.

And now, what was to become of Elizabeth? She thought of sending her papers to Mr Leslie, but that would instantly betray Warren, and she had promised him to be silent. She was strongly tempted, but resisted. 'He has behaved ill to me, certainly,' said she, 'but I must not, on that account, forget my own principles. It is the spirit of retaliation that makes dishonesty travel on like a snowball. I must not think of such redress, but what am I to do? The Grahams have already proved their inability to assist me. However, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,"—and, hurrying to her room, Elizabeth put on her bonnet and set out for the publisher to offer herself as a translator. The courteousness of her reception encouraged her, but he looked dubious as to the success of her plan. 'Translations did not take,' he said, 'at present—almost every body read French, and the best novels were already translated.' 'But,' said Elizabeth, hurriedly, 'I do not confine myself to French or to novels. I know several languages and have the habit of writing. Let me undertake any work that you will risk the publication of; and if you are no

satisfied I will give it up.' For several minutes she waited in suspense while he knit his brows, tapped upon the table, and gave evident signs of hesitation. At length, he said, 'Well, Madam, there is a work of Herder's that you may try.' 'May try!' Elizabeth rose, then sat down again. At last, summoning all her fortitude, she said, 'My object is neither amusement nor reputation, Sir. I simply write for my support, and came to know if you would give me occupation, with a moderate compensation.' Mr C— was touched by the look of pain and weariness on her countenance, and agreed immediately to give her a hundred dollars for an elegant translation. The sum sounded magnificent, and she retraced her steps with a lightened heart.

But her task proved tedious and difficult. The extreme attention it required fatigued her mind. There were subjects for verbal criticism that required a great deal of thought, and, in the present state of her health, thought and study completely overpowered her. Eighteen months of seclusion and application, uncheered by success, and rendered still more painful by the privations to which poverty is liable, had destroyed the vigour of her mind and injured a frame that had never been robust. There were times when she felt such a dying away of her mental powers that she feared her faculties were leaving her. She sought to revive her sinking spirits by going oftener to Mrs Graham's, and by frequent walks to Dr B—'s, but the exertion now became a toil, and panting for breath she would sit on a bank at some distance from the school, hoping that chance or sport might lead her darling in that direction. One evening he did discover her, and rushing into her arms reproached her for her long absence. 'You must ask leave to come and see me, Louis. This walk is not a short one, you know, and I am apt to be tired.' Louis looked at her and attempted to speak, but turned his head away and burst into tears. Elizabeth soothingly inquired into his distress, and found that he wished to be taken from school. 'Oh! do not deny me, dearest Elizabeth. It is for me you look so thin and pale. Instead of living in comfort, you are spending all you have upon me. Now take me from school and bind me to some trade. Don't look so shocked! I have been reading the Life of Franklin, and if he, from being an apprentice to a printer, rose to be such a great man, why should I despair? Do, dear sister, bind me to a printer. It is the best trade—at least, the most agreeable trade I can think of, and some years hence I may repay all your goodness.' 'Louis—Louis—dear, generous boy! do not pain me by such language. You can requite me better by applying to your studies, than by trying the uncertainty of rising from obscurity into eminence. You forget Dr Franklin

had a wonderful mind, and lived in times to draw forth power ~~and~~ energies. The probability is, dear Louis, that, if you are a printer ~~at~~ at fifteen, you will still be a printer at thirty; but another time ~~you~~ will speak of this. The sun is setting and I have far to walk.'

It was with feeble steps she regained her dwelling, and, with a reluctant pen, resumed her task, which became daily more difficult. Her headaches were so frequent and so intense that she frequently spent whole days in correcting the mistakes of the preceding ones. The very attitude necessary for writing gave her pain, but she felt that she could not stop, and some days after the time appointed by Mr C—— she walked with a beating heart to his house with her translation. She was shown into a parlour at the back of the book shop, where she sat absorbed in her own feelings, unconscious that she had drawn the attention of a gentleman who entered some moments after her, and who stood gazing with painful interest upon her anxious and excited countenance, which he was sure he had seen before, but could not recollect when or where. And, indeed, Elizabeth was changed since he had seen her last. The calm, high, meditative brow was now contracted by pain, and care had dug caves for those once placid eyes. She sat leaning her head upon her wasted hand, lost in her own anxious thoughts till Mr C—— came in.

'Ah! you have brought the translation. However, I have changed my mind since you were here last.' Elizabeth, who had learned to anticipate injustice, lost all self-command, and clasping her hands, burst into a passion of tears. 'Nay, do not suppose,' said Mr C——, distressed at his own abruptness, 'that I have forgotten our agreement. I have no idea of depriving you of the price of your labours.'

He unlocked a desk and took out bills which he put into her hand, saying, 'I only meant to tell you that I have deferred the publication of this work for a few months, as there are so many new books in the press.'

Elizabeth hardly heard him. All she thought of was to be at home and alone. Yet still the future occurred to her. She offered her address to Mr C——, saying, in a voice of hopelessness, 'Should you have occasion to employ any one in the drudgery of literature, in copying, correcting'—— she paused, feeling as if she were soliciting charity. The card dropped from her fingers and she hurried away.

Mr Leslie, for it was he who had been an unobserved spectator of Elizabeth's distress, took up the manuscript that lay on the table. 'A singular young person, that,' said the bookseller; 'I must try and find her some employment. Yet I cannot understand

how such an elegant and accomplished woman should be in such extreme distress. But what astonishes you? for, as soon as Leslie had cast his eyes on the hand-writing, he recognised that of Warren's manuscripts. Every thing was the same—the folding of the paper, the very silk with which it was fastened. There could be no doubt as to her being the charming writer he had so long wished to discover. 'Latimer!' he exclaimed; 'surely, this must be the daughter of him who was involved in the ruin of B— and T—.'

Upon making inquiries, Mr Leslie found that she who was now struggling with poverty and neglect, had once been among the favourites of fortune. He described to his wife the scene in Mr C—'s parlour, and she readily joined with him in the wish to serve Elizabeth. But it was too late to serve or save. She had returned to her lodgings, and throwing herself upon her bed gave way to utter despondency. A low fever had been for some time hanging about her, and she now lay down, expecting to rise no more. Oh! that sinking of the heart, when, after struggling with ill fortune, we find ourselves at the very spot from which we set out, like the ship-wrecked wretch, who, after buffeting the waves through a long night of darkness, sees himself at morning in the midst of a shoreless ocean, with hope and strength exhausted.

Elizabeth had not moved from the spot where she had first thrown herself, when her landlady announced Mr Leslie. His name excited no emotion. She rose mechanically, and went down. Leslie had been examining the books which crowded her little apartment, and every thing he saw convinced him that he was right in his suspicions. He delicately stated to her his discovery, and expressed a wish to remove her to a station where her talents might procure for her competency and respect. The words sounded like mockery to Elizabeth. Her mind was in that state of abandonment and depression, that, had the honours and riches of the world been within her grasp, she would not have extended her hand.

Mr Leslie proceeded to offer her the superintendence of the education of six young ladies, all of that age when a desire to learn saves the teacher an infinity of trouble. She was about to decline, but the thought of Louis roused her. She lifted her languid head, and attempted to thank Mr Leslie. 'Yet give me a short interval of rest before I begin any new employment. It will be but short, for now I feel as if the prospect of accomplishing the first wish of my heart, will give me new life and spirits. It is not to contribute to my own necessities that I have struggled with misfortune, but I have a brother dependant upon me—a boy of such uncommon abilities, that I feel it would be neglecting one of Heaven's best gifts, were I to

repress them by devoting him to an employment better suited to his circumstances.' 'This indeed,' thought Leslie, 'is woman's love! This is woman's pure, self-sacrificing spirit! That which has supported the sage in his dungeon, the martyr at the stake, and many a misnamed hero, is not wanting here. She is satisfied with her motive, looking forward to a reward so uncertain as the promise of talent in boyhood, a promise as deceitful as the winds or waters.'

He left Elizabeth with excited hopes, that prevented her from feeling for some hours the fever that was preying upon her. But the hour of re-action came. All night the wild images of delirium danced before her tortured eyes, and on the morrow, when Mrs Leslie called to invite her to her house, Elizabeth's ear was deaf to the soft voice that tried to awaken consciousness.

As soon as she was well enough to bear removal, Mrs Leslie carried her into the country, where the sight of the green hills and slopes made her feel as if she could again brush the dew from their summits; but even Nature—beautiful Nature—once so beloved, and, during her long, gloomy hours in — Street, so anxiously pined after, failed to restore elasticity to her step. It was autumn—a season she had always loved, better even than

——— 'the music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring.'

But now, those softly shaded days, which once filled her heart with a pensiveness that she would not have exchanged for mirth, gave a chill to her frame as though the season had been December.

Elizabeth felt that her race was run; but the heart, where despondency had long made its cheerless abode, was now soothed by the new and welcome feelings of gratitude and love.

Mrs Leslie was one of those benevolent beings who seize upon our affections as their right. The heart gave itself up to her with perfect confidence. The greatest sceptic as to the existence of virtue could not look upon her open, candid countenance without feeling staggered, nor witness the happiness she diffused around her, by the influence of a heavenly disposition upon the daily events of life, without feeling that the source from whence they flowed was pure. One felt in her presence that something good was near, yet there was no parade of goodness about Mrs Leslie—not obvious, not obtrusive, and only seen

——— 'in all those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions.'

'Look, dear Elizabeth,' said she to her languid, pale companion, they were returning from an excursion to some of the beautiful llages on the Connecticut; 'Look! that is Mount Holyoke. He erlooks my native village. I hope the time is not far off when I shall climb his rugged sides together.' Elizabeth shook her ad. 'Do not deceive me. I feel that ere long I shall be in the esence of God. And yet I cannot say I die without regret, for am yet young, and youth, even though oppressed with care, rinks back at sight of the grave. Yet, as I feel drawing nearer it, much of the fear that it once excited, subsides, and, perhaps, fore my last hour comes, I may cease to think even on Louis. or Louis! if I could have lived a few years longer—but God's ll be done.'

Mrs Leslie wept. She understood how dreadful was the uncertainty of Elizabeth's mind as to Louis, and she lost no time in consulting her husband about removing the only weight from her art. He willingly agreed to her benevolent proposal, and that ry evening Elizabeth was made happy by his assuring her that Louis should receive the same advantages of education as his own n. She could only weep and press their hands. 'My generous iends! may his future life thank you! may he rise up with your vn and call you blessed!'

Elizabeth lingered only a month longer. The Leslies would ot part with her, and their attachment grew stronger as the object it was fading before their eyes. There were times when all her ightful powers seemed renewed; when the treasures of her emory and imagination charmed away the winter evening; but e flushed cheek and glittering eye warned them that the lamp of e was burning fast away.

One evening she left the drawing-room earlier than usual. Mrs eslie saw, with alarm, the extreme paleness of her countenance, d, after a few moments' hesitation, followed her to her chamber. e paused a minute at the door, for Elizabeth had sunk on her ees at the foot of the bed. One arm hung by her side; her head d fallen on the other, which she had flung across the bed. Mrs eslie trembled as she saw her motionless, then rushed forward—it the hand she grasped was icy cold. The spirit had quitted its irthly tabernacle for ever.

SONGS OF ROBIN HOOD.

ROBIN HOOD, A CHILD.

It was the pleasant season yet,
When the stones at cottage doors
Dry quickly, while the roads are wet,
After the silver showers.

The green leaves they looked greener still,
And the thrush, renewing his tune,
Shook a loud note from his gladsome bill
Into the bright blue noon.

Robin Hood's mother looked out, and said,
"It were a shame and a sin
For fear of getting a wet head
To keep such a day within,
Nor welcome up from his sick bed
Your uncle Gamelyn."

And Robin leaped, and thought so too;
And so he has grasped her gown;
And now looking back, they have lost the view
Of merry sweet Locksley town.

Robin was a gentle boy,
And therewithal as bold;
To say he was his mother's joy,
It were a phrase too cold.

His hair upon his thoughtful brow
Came smoothly clipped, and sleek,
But ran into a curl somehow
Beside his merrier cheek.

Great love to him his uncle too
The noble Gamelyn bare,
And often said, as his mother knew,
That he should be his heir.

Gamelyn's eyes, now getting dim,
Would twinkle at his sight,
And his ruddy wrinkles laugh at him
Between his locks so white;

For Robin already let him see
He should beat his playmates all
At wrestling, running, and archery;
Yet he cared not for a fall.

Merriest he was of merry boys,
And would set the old helmets bobbing;
If his uncle asked about the noise,
'Twas "If you please, Sir, Robin."

And yet if the old man wished no noise,
He'd come and sit at his knee,
And be the gravest of grave-eyed boys;
And not a word spoke he.

So whenever he and his mother came
To brave old Gamelyn Hall,
'Twas nothing there but sport and game,
And holiday folks all:
The servants never were to blame.
Though they let the physic fall.

And now the travellers turn the road,
And now they hear the rooks;
And there it is,—the old abode,
With all its hearty looks.

Robin laughed, and the lady too,
And they looked at one another
Says Robin "I'll knock as I'm used to ~~do~~ ~~do~~,
At uncle's window, mother."

And so he picked up some pebbles and ~~was~~ ~~was~~,
And jumping higher and higher,
He reached the windows with ~~ten~~ ~~a rum-~~ ~~den~~,
And instead of the kind old white—~~haired~~ ~~man~~,
There looked out a fat friar.

"How now," said the fat friar angrily,
"What is this knocking so wild?"
But when he saw young Robin's eye,
He said, "Go round, my child:

Go round to the hall, and I'll tell you ~~all~~ ~~all~~."
He'll tell us all! thought Robin;
And his mother and he went quietly,
Though her heart was set a throbbing.

The friar stood in the inner door,
And tenderly said, "I fear
You know not the good squire's no more,
Even Gamelyn de Vere.

Gamelyn de Vere is dead,
He changed but yesternight:"
"Now make us way," the lady said,
"To see that doleful sight."

"Good Gamelyn de Vere is dead,
And has made us his holy heirs;
The lady stayed not for all he said,
But went weeping up the stairs.

Robin and she went hand in hand,
Weeping all the way,
Until they came where the lord of that land
Dumb in his cold bed lay.

His hand she took, and saw his dead look.
With the lids over each eye-ball;
And Robin and she wept as plentifully,
As though he had left them all.

- Abbot of Vere,
is meet,
and brother dear
ing sheet.
- to go were a sin,
a tears,
Gamelyn
e De Veres."
- a sick heart out
sh air,
all about
he saw there:
- must have been
falling sense,
to these artful men
sin's expense.
- day for all
they friars,
as stript of its hiding pall,
ing choirs.
- dropping "dust to dust,"
brother here departed :"
hem, as shake we must ;
It strange-hearted.
- ing, nevertheless,
Locksley town,
o distress,
ng down.
- nt, and Robin took
mother's side,
with a sad sweet look
so thoughtful-eyed.
- mother," said little Robin,
n voice so true
"That if I was a king,
e friars do."
- with a tear of joy,
im again and again,
n little Robin boy,
ing of Men !"
- OOD'S FLIGHT.
- er, these twelve years now,
om her earthly home ;
d, he scarce knew how,
le tomb.
- ies on a woody hill,
and air ;
evens still
i smiling there.
- Often when Robin looked that way,
He looked through a sweet shin tear,
But he looked in a different manner, they say,
Towards the Abbey of Vere.
- He cared not for its ill-got wealth,
He felt not for his pride ;
He had youth, and strength, and health,
And enough for one beside.
- But he thought of his gentle mother's cheek
How it sunk away,
And how she used to grow more weak
And weary every day.
- And how when trying a hymn, her voice
At evening would expire,
How unlike it was the arrogant noise
Of the hard throats in the quire.
- And Robin thought too of the poor,
How they toiled without their share,
And how the alms at the abbey-door
But kept them as they were :
- And he thought him then of the friars again,
Who rode jingling up and down {king's,
With their trappings and things as fine as the
Though they wore but a shaven crown.
- And then bold Robin he thought of the king,
How he got all his forests and deer,
And how he made the hungry swing
If they killed but one in a year.
- And thinking thus, as Robin stood
Digging his bow in the ground,
He was aware in Gamelyn wood
Of one who looked around.
- "And what is Will doing," said Robin then,
"That he looks so fearful and wan ?"
"Oh my dear master that should have been,
I am a weary man."
- "A weary man," said Will Scarlet, "am I ;
For unless I pilfer this wood
To sell to the fleshers, for want I shall die
Here in this forest so good.
- "Here in this forest where I have been
So happy and so stout,
And like a palfrey on the green
Have carried you about."
- "And why, Will Scarlet, not come to me ?
Why not to Robin, Will ?
For I remember thy love and thy glee,
And the scar that marks thee still.
- "And not a soul of my uncle's men
To such a pass should come.

While Robin can find in his pocket or his
A penny or a crumb.

"Stay thee, Will Scarlet, stay awhile;
And kindle a fire for me,"
And into the wood for half a mile,
He has vanished instantly.

Robin Hood with his cheek on fire,
Has drawn his bow so stern,
And a leaping deer with one leap higher,
Lies motionless in the fern.

Robin, like a proper knight
As he should have been,
Carved a part of the shoulder right,
And bore off a portion clean.

"Oh what hast thou done, dear master mine !
What hast thou done for me ?"
"Roast it, Will, for excepting wine
Thou shalt feast thee royally."

And Scarlet took and half roasted it,
Bubbling with blinding tears,
And ere he had eaten a second bit,
A trampling came to their ears.

They heard the tramp of a horse's feet,
And they listened and kept still,
For Will was feeble and knelt by the meat;
And Robin he stood by Will.

"Seize him, seize him !" the Abbot cried,
With his fat voice through the trees ;
Robin a smooth arrow felt and eyed,
And Will jumped stout with his knees.

"Seize him, seize him !" and now they appear
The Abbot and foresters three.

"'Twas I," cried Will Scarlet, "that killed
the deer."
Says Robin, "Now let not a man come near,
Or he's dead as dead can be."

But on they came, and with an embrace
The first one the arrow met, [face,
And he came pitching forward and fell on his
Like a stumbler in the street.

The others turned to that Abbot vain,
But "seize him !" still he cried,
And as the second turned again,
An arrow was in his side.

"Seize him, seize him still, I say,"
Cried the Abbot in furious chafe,
"Or these dogs will grow so bold some day,
Even priests will not be safe."

A fatal word ! for as he sat
Urging the sword to cut,
An arrow stuck in his stomach so
As in a leathern butt,

As in a leathern butt of wine ;
Or dough, a household lump ;
Or a pumpkin, or a good beef chine,
Stuck that arrow with a damp.

"Truly," said Robin without fear,
Smiling there as he stood,
"Never was slain so fat a deer
In good old Gamelyn wood.

"Pardon, pardon, Sir Robin stout,"
Said he that stood apart,
"As soon as I knew thee, I wished thee
Of the forest with all my heart."

"And I pray thee let me follow thee,
And where under the sky,
For thou wilt never stay here without me
Nor without thee can I."

Robin smiled, and suddenly fell
Into a little thought ;
And then into a leafy dell,
The three slain men they brought.

Ance deep in leaves so red,
Which autumn there had cast,
When going to her winter-bed
She had undrest her last.

And there in a hollow, side by side,
They buried them under the trees ;
The Abbot's belly, for all its pride,
Made not the grave be seen.

Robin Hood, and the forester,
And Scarlet the good Will,
Struck off among the green trees there
Up a pathless hill ;

And Robin caught a sudden sight,
Of merry sweet Locksley town,
Reddening in the sun-set bright :
And the gentle tears came down.

Robin looked at the town and land
And the church-yard where it lay ;
And poor Will Scarlet kissed his hand,
And turned his head away.

Then Robin turned him with a grasp of Will's
And clapped him on the shoulder,
And said with one of his pleasant smiles,
"Now show us three men bolder."

took their march away
as if to fiddle,
that night and all next day
in Hood in the middle.

N HOOD, AN OUTLAW.

is an outlaw bold
in greenwood tree :
up, nor morning air
is larger than he.

against him twenty men,
and him laughing-eyed ;
against him thirty more,
remained beside.

rest of the train,
in Gamelyn wood,
they came with these or not,
with Robin Hood.

laid in Locksley town
ask him an ill word ;
said ; but no man's tongue,
feature stirred :

among a very few
in the Abbey halls ;
with a sigh bold Robin knew
tends from his false.

over the monk, that used to make
try his glee ;
in whom Robin had never turn'd
at tenderly :

two, they say, besides,
it in this life's dream
abandon one true thing
it remain with them.

did our strength remain,
as continue round ;
say to an aged back,
towards the ground :

did our dim eyes see
bright as ever ;
friends, though friends from youth,
'Til forsake us never :

say, I never will,
p, fall off from thee ;
and truth and old regard,
hall part us three.

HOW ROBIN AND HIS OUTLAWS
LIVED IN THE WOODS.

Robin and his merry men
Lived just like the birds,
They had almost as many tracks as thoughts,
And whistles and songs as words.

Up they were with the earliest sign
Of the sun's up-looking eye ;
But not an archer breakfasted
Till he twinkled from the sky.

All the morning they were wont
To fly their grey-goose quills
At butts, or wands, or trees, or twigs,
Till there was the skill of skills.

With swords too they played lustily,
And at quarter-staff ;
Many a hit would have made some cry,
Which only made them laugh.

The horn was then their dinner-bell ;
When like princes of the wood,
Under the glimmering summer trees,
Pure venison was their food.

Pure venison and a little wine,
Except when the skies were rough
Or when they had a feasting day ;
For their blood was wine enough.

And story then, and joke, and song,
And Harry's harp went round ;
And sometimes they'd get up and dance,
For pleasure of the sound.

Tingle, tangle ! said the harp,
As they footed in and out :
Good lord ! it was a sight to see
Their feathers float about ;—

A pleasant sight, especially
If Margery was there,
Or little Ciss, or laughing Bess,
Or Moll with the clumps of hair

Or any other merry lass
From the neighbouring villages,
Who came with milk and eggs, or fruit,
A-singing through the trees.

For all the country round about
Was fond of Robin Hood,
With whom they got a share of more
Than the acorns in the wood ;

Nor ever would he suffer harm
To woman, above all;
No plunder, were she ne'er so great,
No flight to great or small;

No,—not a single kiss unlike,
Nor one look-saddening clip;
Accurst be he, said Robin Hood,
Makes pale a woman's lip.

Only on the haughty rich,
And on their unjust store,
He'd lay his fines of equity
For his merry men and the poor.

And special was his joy no doubt
(Which made the dish to curse)
To light upon a good fat friar,
And carve him of his purse.

A monk to him was a toad in the hole,
And an abbot a pig in grain,

But a bishop was a baron of beef
With cut and come again.

Never poor man came for help,
And went away denied;
Never woman for redress,
And went away wet-eyed.

Says Robin to the poor who came
To ask of him relief,
You do but get your goods again
That were altered by the thief;

There, ploughman, is a sheaf of your's
Turned to yellow gold;
And, miller, there's your last year's rent,
'Twill wrap thee from the cold:

And you there, Wat of Lancashire,
Who such a way have come,
Get upon your land-tax, man,
And ride it merrily home.

LEIGH HUNT.*

THE MAIN-TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE†

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

THE last cruise I made in the Mediterranean was in old Ironsides, as we used to call our gallant frigate. We had been backing and filling for several months on the western coast of Africa, from the Canaries down to Mossurado, in search of slave traders; and during that time we had had some pretty heavy weather. When we reached the Straits, there was a spanking wind blowing from about west-south-west; so we squared away, and, without coming-to at the Rock, made a straight wake for old Mahon, the general rendezvous and place of refitting for our squadrons in the Mediterranean. Immediately on arriving there, we warped in alongside the Arsenal quay, where we stripped ship to girtline, broke out the holds, tiers, and store-rooms, and gave her a regular-built overhauling from stem to stern. For a while, every body was busy, and all seemed bustle and confusion. Orders and replies, in loud and dissimilar voices, the shrill pipings of the different boatswain's mates, each attending to separate duties, and the mingled clatter and noise of various kinds of work, all going on at the same time, gave something of the stir and animation of a dock-yard to the usually quiet

* 'The Indicator,' vol. 2.

† From 'The New York Mirror,' an American weekly publication.

arsenal of Mahon. The boatswain and his crew were engaged in fitting a new gang of rigging; the gunner in repairing his breechings and gun-tackles; the fo'castle-men in calking; the top-men in sending down the yards and upper spars; the holders and waisters in whitewashing and holy-stoning; and even the poor marines were kept busy, like beasts of burden, in carrying breakers of water on their backs. On the quay, near the ship, the smoke of the armourer's forge, which had been hoisted out and sent ashore, ascended in a thin black column through the clear blue sky; from one of the neighbouring whistone warehouses the sound of saw and hammer told that the carpenters were at work; near by, a livelier rattling drew attention to the cooper, who in the open air was tightening the water-casks; and not far removed, under a temporary shed, formed of spare studding-sails and tarpaulins, sat the sailmaker and his assistants, repairing the sails, which had been rent or injured by the many storms we had encountered.

Many hands, however, make light work, and in a very few days all was accomplished; the stays and shrouds were set up and new rattled down; the yards crossed, the running rigging rove, and sails bent; and the old craft, fresh painted and all a-taunt-o, looked as fine as a midshipman on liberty. In place of the storm-stumps, which had been stowed away among the booms and other spare parts, amtsships, we had sent up cap to gallant-masts and royal-roles, with a sheave for skysails, and hoist enough for sky-scrappers above them; so you may judge the old frigate looked pretty taunt. There was a Dutch line-ship in the harbour; but though we only carried forty-four to her eighty, her main-truck would hardly have reached to our royal-mast-head. The side-boys, whose duty it was to lay aloft and furl the skysails, looked no bigger on the yard than a good-sized duff for a midshipman's mess, and the main-truck seemed not half as large as the Turk's-head-knot on the man-ropes of the accommodation ladder.

When we had got every thing ship-shape and man-of-war fashion, we hauled out again, and took our berth about half way between the Arsenal and Hospital island; and a pleasant view it gave us of the town and harbour of old Mahon, one of the safest and most tranquil places of anchorage in the world. The water of this beautiful inlet—which though it makes about four miles into the land, is not much over a quarter of a mile in width—is scarcely ever ruffled by a storm; and on the delightful afternoon to which I now refer, it lay as still and motionless as a polished mirror, except when broken into momentary ripples by the paddles of some passing water nan. What little wind we had had in the fore part of the day, died away at noon, and though the first dog-watch was almost out, and

the sun was near the horizon, not a breath of air had risen to disturb the deep serenity of the scene. The Dutch liner, which lay not far from us, was so clearly reflected in the glassy surface of the water, that there was not a rope about her, from her main-stay to her signal halliards, which the eye could not distinctly trace in her shadowy and inverted image. The buoy of our best bower floated abreast our larboard bow; and that, too, was so strongly imaged, that its entire bulk seemed to lie above the water, just resting on it, as if upborne on a sea of molten lead; except when now and then, the wringing of a swab, or the dashing of a bucket overboard from the head, broke up the shadow for a moment, and showed the substance but half its former apparent size. A small polacca craft had got underway from Mahon in the course of the forenoon, intending to stand over to Barcelona; but it fell dead calm just before she reached the chops of the harbour; and there she lay as motionless upon the blue surface, as if she were only part of a mimic scene, from the pencil of some accomplished painter. Her broad cotton lateen sails, as they hung drooping from the slanting and taper yards, shone with a glistening whiteness that contrasted beautifully with the dark flood in which they were reflected; and the distant sound of the guitar, which one of the sailors was listlessly playing on her deck, came sweetly over the water, and harmonized well with the quiet appearance of every thing around. The whitewashed walls of the lazaretto, on a verdant headland at the mouth of the bay, glittered like silver in the slant rays of the sun; and some of its windows were burnished so brightly by the level beams, that it seemed as if the whole interior of the edifice were in flames. On the opposite side, the romantic and picturesque ruins of fort St Philip, faintly seen, acquired double beauty from being tipped with the declining light; and the clusters of ancient-looking windmills; which dot the green eminences along the bank, added, by the motionless state of their wings, to the effort of the unbroken tranquillity of the scene.

Even on board our vessel, a degree of stillness unusual for a man-of-war prevailed among the crew. It was the hour of their evening meal, and the low hum that came from the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing sound, which, like the tiny song of bees of a warm summer noon, rather heightened than diminished the charm of the surrounding quiet. The spar-deck was almost deserted. The quarter-master of the watch, with his spy-glass in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trowsers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the taffrel, erect and motionless as a statue, keeping the usual look out. A group of some half a dozen sailors had gathered together on the fo'castle, where they were supinely lying under the

shade of the bulwarks; and here and there, upon the gun-slides along the gangway, sat three or four others—one, with his clothes-bag beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe: another working a set of clues for some favourite officer's hammock; and a third engaged, perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in knotting a laniard with which to suspend it round his neck.

On the top of the boom cover, and in the full glare of the level sun, lay black Jake, the jig-maker of the ship, and a striking specimen of African peculiarities, in whose single person they were all strongly developed. His flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his ebony cheeks fairly glistened with delight, as he looked up at the gambols of a large monkey, which clinging to the main-stay, just above Jake's woolly head, was chattering and grinning back at the negro, as if there existed some means of mutual intelligence between them. It was my watch on deck, and I had been standing several minutes leaning on the main fife-rail, amusing myself by observing the antics of the black and his congenial playmate; but at length, tiring of the rude mirth, had turned towards the taffrel, to gaze on the more agreeable features of that scene which I have feebly attempted to describe. Just at that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst upon my ear, and looking quickly round, to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay (as we called our commodore's son) standing half way up the main-hatch ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance to the main-yard explained the occasion of his merriment. He had been coming up from the gun-deck, when Jacko, perceiving him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down from the main-stay, and running along the boom-cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized his cap from his head, and immediately larted up the main-topsail-sheet, and thence to the bunt of the main-yard, where he now sat, picking threads from the tassel of his prize, and occasionally scratching his side, and chattering, as if with exultation for the success of his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly, active little fellow: and though he could not climb quite as nimbly as a monkey, yet he had no mind to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make chase after Jacko, from noticing me to smile at his plight, or by the loud laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence, and endeavoured to evince, by tumbling about the boom-cloth, shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry other grotesque actions, the pleasure for which he had no words.

"Ha, you damned rascal, Jacko hab you no more-respec' for

de young officer den to steal his cab? We bring you to de gang-way, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a tlef."

The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

"Ha, ha! Massa Stay, he say you mus' ketch him 'fore you flog him; and it's no so easy for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot."

A red spot mounted to the cheek of little Bob, as he cast one glance of offended pride at Jake, and then sprang across the deck to the Jacob's ladder. In an instant he was half-way up the rigging, running over the ratlines as lightly as if they were an easy flight of stairs, while the shrouds scarcely quivered beneath his elastic motion. In a second more his hand was on the futtocks.

"Massa Stay!" cried Jake, who sometimes, from being a favourite, ventured to take liberties with the younger officers, "Massa Stay, you best crawl through de lubber's hole—it take a sailor to climb the futtock shroud."

But he had scarcely time to utter his pretended caution, before Bob was in the top. The monkey in the meanwhile had awaited his approach, until he had got nearly up the rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its own head, and running along the yard to the opposite side of the top, sprang up a rope, and thence to the topmast backstay, up which it ran to the topmast cross-trees, where it again quietly seated itself, and resumed its work of picking the tassel to pieces. For several minutes I stood watching my little messmate follow Jacko from one piece of rigging to another, the monkey, all the while, seeming to exert only so much agility as was necessary to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever the latter appeared to be grown weary of the chase. At last, by this kind of manœuvring, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when springing suddenly on the royal-stay, it ran nimbly down the fore-to-gallant-mast head, thence down the rigging to the fore-top, when leaping on the fore-yard, it ran out to the yard-arm, and hung the cap on the end of the studing-sail boom, where, taking its seat, it raised a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this time was completely tired out, and perhaps, unwilling to return to the deck to be laughed at for his fruitless chase, he sat down in the royal cross-trees; while those who had been attracted by the sport, returned to their usual avocations or amusements. The monkey, no longer the object of pursuit or attention, remained but a little while on the yard-arm; but soon taking up the cap, returned towards the slings, and dropped it down upon deck.

Some little piece of duty occurred at this moment to engage me, as soon as which was performed I walked aft, and leaning my elbow on the taffrel, was quickly lost in the recollection of scenes very different from the small pantomime I had just been witnessing. Soothed by the low hum of the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of every thing around, my thoughts had travelled far away from the realities of my situation, when I was suddenly startled by a cry from black Jake, which brought me on the instant back to consciousness.

"My God! Massa Scrapper," cried he, "Massa Stay is on de main-truck!"

A cold shudder ran through my veins as the word reached my ear. I cast my eyes up—it was too true! The adventurous boy, after resting on the royal cross-trees, had been seized with a wish to go still higher, and impelled by one of those impulses by which men are sometimes instigated to place themselves in situations of imminent peril, without a possibility of good resulting from the exposure, he had climbed the skysail-pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on the main-truck! a small circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, and at a height so great from the deck that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in this instance. It was comparatively easy to ascend—but to descend—my head swam round, and my stomach felt sick at thought of the perils comprised in that one word. There was nothing above him or around him but the empty air—and beneath him, nothing but a point, a mere point—a small, unstable wheel, that seemed no bigger from the deck than the button on the end of a foil, and the taper skysail-pole itself scarcely larger than the blade. Dreadful temerity! If he should attempt to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his descent? His feet quite covered up the small and fearful platform that he stood upon, and beneath that, a long smooth, naked spar, which seemed to bend with his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. An attempt to get down from "that bad eminence," would be almost certain death; he would inevitably lose his equilibrium, and be precipitated to the deck a crushed and shapeless mass. Such was the nature of the thoughts that crowded through my mind as I first raised my eye, and saw the terrible truth of Jake's exclamation. What was to be done in the pressing and horrible exigency To hail him, and inform him of his danger, would be but to insure his ruin. Indeed, I fancied that the rash boy already perceived the imminence of his peril; and I half thought that I could see his limbs begin to quiver, and his cheek turn deadly pale. Every moment I expected to see the

dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. The atmosphere seemed to grow thick, and to tremble and waver like the heated air around a furnace; the mast appeared to totter, and the ship to pass from under my feet. I myself had the sensations of one about to fall from a great height, and making a strong effort to recover myself, like that of a dreamer who fancies he is shoved from a precipice, I staggered up against the bulwarks.

When my eyes were once turned from the dreadful object to which they had been rivetted, my sense and consciousness came back. I looked around me—the deck was already crowded with people. The intelligence of poor Bob's temerity had spread though the ship like wild-fire—as such news always will—and the officers and crew were all crowding to the deck to behold the appalling—the heart-rending spectacle. Every one, as he looked up, turned pale, and his eye became fastened in silence on the truck—like that of a spectator of an execution on the gallows—with a steadfast, unblinking and intense, yet abhorrent gaze, as if momentarily expecting a fatal termination to the awful suspense. No one made a suggestion—no one spoke. Every feeling, every faculty, seemed to be absorbed and swallowed up in one deep, intense emotion of agony. Once the first lieutenant seized the trumpet, as if to hail poor Bob, but he had scarce raised it to his lips, when his arm dropped again, and sunk listlessly down beside him, as if from a sad consciousness of the utter inutility of what he had been going to say. Every soul in the ship was now on the spar-deck, and every eye was turned to the main-truck.

At this moment there was a stir among the crew about the gang-way, and directly after another face was added to those on the quarter-deck—it was that of the commodore, Bob's father. He had come alongside in a shore boat, without having been noticed by a single eye, so intense and universal was the interest that had fastened every gaze upon the spot where poor Bob stood trembling on the awful verge of fate. The commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was a dark-faced austere man, and it was thought by some of the midshipmen that he entertained but little affection for his son. However that might have been, it was certain that he treated him with precisely the same strict discipline that he did the other young officers, or if there was any difference at all, it was not in favour of Bob. Some, who pretended to have studied his character closely, affirmed that he loved his boy too well to spoil him, and that, intending him for the arduous profession in which he had himself risen to fame and eminence, he thought it

would be of service to him to experience some of its privations and hardships at the outset.

The arrival of the commodore changed the direction of several eyes, which now turned on him to trace what emotions the danger of his son would occasion. But their scrutiny was foiled. By no outward sign did he show what was passing within. His eye still retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown which it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the deck, he had ordered a marine to hand him a musket, and with this stepping aft, and getting on the look-out-block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him, without a trumpet, in his voice of thunder.

"Robert!" cried he, "jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you."

The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown out like those of one scarcely able to retain his balance. The commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried, "Jump! 'tis your only chance for life."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the body was seen to leave the truck and spring out into the air. A sound, between a shriek and a groan, burst from many lips. The father spoke not—sighed not—indeed he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense agony a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon ball, the body descended to the water, and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwarks. Another short period of bitter suspense ensued. It rose—he was alive! his arms were seen to move!—he struck out towards the ship!—and despite the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrainable joy from the hearts of our crew of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment, the old commodore had stood unmoved. The eyes, that, glistening with pleasure, now sought his face, saw that it was ashy pale. He attempted to descend the horse block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and put up his hand, as if to tear open his vest; but before he accomplished his object, he staggered forward, and would have fallen on the deck, had he not been caught by old Black Jake. He was borne into his cabin, where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equanimity and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed

the little fellow left the cabin that he was in tears. The next day we sent down our taunt and dashy poles, and replaced them with the stump-to-gallant-masts; and on the third, we weighed anchor, and made sail for Gibraltar.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ISLAND OF IONA,—SEPTEMBER, 1830.

"THE glory of earth fades,"—the ancients graved
 On their fair tombs—those tombs have faded now;
 But not on tomb alone, but on the pride
 And monument of power; the mightiest ones
 Have signed themselves the thralls of time, and bowed
 The neck unwilling, to the crumbling tread
 Of great Decay, whose head is wrapt in heaven,
 And cinctured with the serpent, emblemizing
 Eternity. Thus gazed I on these stones,
 Carved with grotesque emblazon, and these towers
 Bowing above me; the dim soundless night
 Was on them; ocean, like a lullaby
 For slumbering gods, spoke to them, and to me.
 'Twas as I stood upon a father's grave—
 As if I'd known their habitants, and had
 Carried a corner of their pall, when they
 Were housed in their last slumber,—as if I
 Had chiselled out their scutcheons, sword and shield,
 Had stood with taper at the altar,—bowed
 Beneath the abbot's ringed hand when he
 Raised me from kneeling,—as if I had rowed,
 In ancient garb, the fair young penitent
 Who had felt earth a scene of grief, and came
 Devout, with folded arms across her breast,
 Seeming to keep her heart from fluttering. Heavens!
 I feel as *now* I lived in times of eld:
 I hear the harp and horn are wailing, while
 Slow down the Bay of Martyrs, streamers float;
 A hundred chieftains in their heraldry,
 Leap in the surf: the crowned corse is borne
 Where the gemm'd mitre glances 'bove the wave
 Of torches wind-swayed; I behold the throng
 Of linen-shrowded virgin brows; the chaunt
 "Kyrie Eleison," arises slow;
 Crossiers and pennons blend above the stream
 Of gilded censers; men of hundred garbs
 Wend through the burial place of kings, where stand
 Innumerable crosses, tall and richly carved,
 Inlaid with silver; wide the gates expand
 And the high altar flameth gorgeous; low
 A voice doth murmur "Let us pray!"—plumed heads
 Of pride, and mailed knees are bow'd to heaven.

W. B. S.

THE CHEATERIE PACKMAN.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.*

It was yet pretty early in the morning when I arrived at the inn of Skreigh, and never having been in that part of the country before, my heart misgave me at the appearance of the house, and I thought that surely I had mistaken the road, an awful idea to a man who had walked twelve miles before breakfast! It was a huge, grey, dismantled edifice, standing alone in a wild country, and presenting evident traces of a time when the *bawbees* of the traveller might have procured him lodgings within its walls, for a longer period than suited his convenience. On entering the parlour, although the "base uses" to which this ancient mansion had returned were clearly indicated by certain gill-stoupsscattered about the dirty tables, yet the extraordinary size of the room, the lowness of the walls, and the scantiness of the furniture, kept up in my mind the associations which had been suggested by the exterior; and it was not till the aroma of tea, and the still more "fragrant lunt" of a Finnan haddie had saluted my senses, that the visions of the olden time fled from my eyes.

While busy with my breakfast, another traveller came into the room. He had a pack on his back and an ell-wand in his hand, and appeared to be one of those travelling philanthropists—answering to the pedlars of the south—who carry into the holes and corners of the sylvan world the luxuries of the city. Our scene being on the *best* side of the Tweed, I need not say that the body had a sharp eye, an oily face, and a God-fearing look. He sat down over against me, upon one of the tables, to rest his pack, and from his shining shoes and orderly apparel, I judged that he had passed the night in the house, and was waiting to pay his score, and fare forth again upon his journey. There was, notwithstanding, a singular expression of fatigue on his yellow countenance. A common observer would have guessed that he had been brim-*fou* over night, and had risen before he had slept off the effects; but to me, who am curious in such matters, there appeared a something in his face which invested with a moral dignity an expression that would otherwise have been ludicrous or pitiable. Ever and anon he turned a longing eye upon the Finnan haddie, but as often edged himself

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with a jerk farther away from the temptation: and whenever the landlady came into the room, his remonstrances on her delay, at first delivered in a moaning, heart-broken tone, became at last absolutely cankered. The honest wife, however, appeared determined to extend the hospitality of breakfast to her guest, and made sundry lame excuses for not "bringing ben his score," while she was occupied in displaying upon my table with the most tempting liberality, the various good things that constitute a Scottish breakfast.

"Are you not for breakfasting, good man," said I at length, "before you go forth this morning?" "No, please God," said he with almost a jump, "no carnal comfort shall pass my lips on this side the mill of Warlock!" "The mill of Warlock!" repeated I with surprise, "that should be at least twelve miles from this—and I can tell you, my friend, it is not pleasant travelling so far on an empty stomach. If you have any urgent reason for an abstinence that we of the kirk of Scotland attach no merit to, you should not have loitered in bed till this hour of the morning."

The packman, at my reproof, put on a kind of *bate* look, but his features gathering gradually into solemnity—"Sir," said he, "I have urgent reasons for my conduct, and while this weary wife is making out my score, I will, if you desire it, tell you the story." Having eagerly signified my assent, the packman wiped his glistening forehead, and with a heavy sigh began to discourse as follows:—

"Aweel, sir—it was at this time yesterday morning I arrived at the mill of Warlock. The miller was out, and his wife, glad of the opportunity, rampaged over my pack like one demented. She made me turn out every article in my aught, and kept me bargaining about this and that, and flying by the hour about the price; and after all it came to pass that the jaud (God forgive me!) wanted naething of more value than three ells of ribbon! You may be sure that I was not that pleased; and what with fatigue, and what with my vexation, while I was measuring the ribbon, and the wife sklanting round at the looking-glass, I just clipped by mistake—like a half ell short. Aweel, ye'll say that was just naething after the fash I had had, and moreover I stoutly refused the second glass of whiskey she offered me to the douroch; and so shouldering my pack again, I took the way in an evil hour to the Inn of Skreigh.

"It was late at night when I arrived here, and I had been on my legs all day, so that you may think my heart warmed to the auld biggin, and I looked forward to naething waur than a cozy seat by the ingle-side, or chat with the landlady—a douce woman, Sir, and not aye so slow as the now, foul fa' her! (God forgive me!) forbye, maybe, a half mutchkin—or twa: and all these things

of a truth I had. Not that I exceeded the second stoup, a practice which I hold to be *contra-bonus merces*—but ye'll no understand Latin? ye'll be from the south? Aweel—but there was something mair, ye ken, quite as necessary for a Christian traveller and a wearied man; and at last, with a great gaunt, I speered at the serving hizzie for my bed-room. 'Bed-room,' quo' she, 'ye'll no be ganging to sleep here the night?' 'Atweel,' said the mistress, 'I am unco wae, but every room in the house is fu. Hout! it's but a step to the town, no abune twal miles and a bittock—and ye ken every inch of the way as weel as the brass nails on your ell-wand.' I wish I may be forgi'en for the passion they put me intill! To think of sending me out such a gait my lane, and near the sma' hours! 'O ye jaud!' cried I, 'if the gudeman was no in the yird the night, ye would crawl till a different tune!' and with that such a hullibulloo was raised among us, that at last the folks began to put in their shouthers at the door in their sarks to speer what was the matter. 'Aweel, aweel,' said the landlady, in the hinder end quite forfaughten, 'a willfu' man maun hae his way. There is but ae room in the house where there is no a living soul, and it's naething but an auld lumber-room. However, if you can pass the time with another half mutchin while Jenny and me rig up the bed, it will be as much at your service as a decenter place.' And so, having gotten the battle, I sat myself down again, and Jenny brought in the other stoup—ye'll be saying that was the third; but there's nae rule without an exception, and moreover ye ken, 'three's aye canny.'

"At last and at length I got into my bed-room, and it was no that ill-looking at all. It was a good sizeable room, with a few sticks of old furniture, forbye a large old-fashioned bed. I laid my pack down, as is my custom, by the bed-side, and after saying my prayers put out the candle and tumbled in.

"Aweel, Sir, whether it was owing to my being over fatigued, or to the third stoup in defiance of the proverb being no canny, I know not, but for the life of me I could not sleep. The bed was not a bad bed, it was roomy and convenient, and there was not a whisk in the house, and not a stime of light in the room. I counted over my bargains for the day, and half wished I had not made the mistake with the miller's wife; I put my hand out at the stock of the bed and felt my pack, amusing myself by thinking what was this lump and that; but still I could not sleep. 'Then by degrees my other senses, as well as the touch, wearied of being awake and doing nothing—fiend tak them—(God forgive me!) sought employment. I listened, as if in spite of myself, to hear whether there was any thing stirring in the house, and looked out of the curtains to see if any light came through the window chinks. Not a whisk

—not a stime ! Then I said my prayers over again, and began to wish grievously that the creature had her half ell of ribbon. Then my nose must needs be in the hobble, and I thought I felt a smell. It was not that bad a smell, but it was a smell I did not know, and therefore did not like. The air seemed close—and feverish ; I threw off the bed-clothes, and began to puff and pant. Oh, I did wish then that I had never seen the physiog of the miller's wife ! I began to be afraid. The entire silence seemed strange, the utter darkness more strange, and the strange smell stranger than all. I at first grasped at the bed-clothes, and pulled them over my head ; but I had bottled in the smell with me, and rendered intolerable by the heat, it seemed like the very essence of typhus. I threw off the clothes again in a fright, and felt persuaded that I was just in the act of taking some awful fever. I would have given the world to have been able to rise and open the window, but the world would have been offered me in vain to do such a thing. I contented myself with flapping the sheet like a fan, and throwing my arms abroad to catch the wind.

“ My right hand, which was towards the stock of the bed, constantly lighted upon my pack, but my left could feel naething at all save that there was a space between the bed and the wall. At last, leaning more over in that direction than heretofore, my hand encountered something a little lower than the surface of the bed, and I snatched it back with a smothered cry. I knew no more than the man in the moon what the something was, but it sent a tingle through my frame, and I felt the sweat begin to break over my brow. I would have turned to the other side, but I felt as heavy, to my own muscles, as if I had been made of lead ; and besides a fearful curiosity nailed me to the spot. I persuaded myself that it was from this part of the bed that the smell arose. Soon, however, with a sudden desperation, I plunged my hand again into the terrible abyss, and it rested upon a cauld, stiff, clammy face !

“ Now, Sir, I would have you to ken, that although I cannot wrestle with the hidden sympathies of nature, I am not easily frightened. If the stoutest robber that ever wore breeks—ay, or ran bare, for there be such in the Hielands, was to lay a finger on my pack, I would haud on like grim death ; and it is not to tell, that I can flyte about ae bawbee with the dourest wife in the country-side ; but och, and alas ! to see me at that moment, on the braid of my back, with my eyes shut, my teeth set, and one hand on the physiog of a corp ! The greatest pain I endured was from the trembling of my body, for the motion forced my hand into closer connection with the horrors of its resting place ; while I had no more power to withdraw it than if it had been in the thumb-screws.

"And there I lay, Sir, with my eyes steeked, as if with screw-nails, my brain wandering and confused, and whole rivers of sweat spouting down my body, till at times I thought I had got fou, and was lying sleeping in a ditch. To tell you the history of my thoughts at that time is impossible; but the miller's wife, woe be upon her! she rode me like the night-hag. I think I must have been asleep a part of the time, for I imagined that the wearisome half ell of ribbon was tied about my neck, like a halter, and that I was on the eve of being choked. I ken not how long I tholed this torment; but at last I heard voices and sounds, as if the sheriffs' officers of hell were about me, and in a sudden agony of great fear, I opened my eyes.

"It was broad morning; the sun was shining into the room; and the landlady and her lasses were riving my hand from the face of the corpse. After casting a bewildered glance around, it was on that fearful object my eyes rested, and I recognised the remains of an old serving lass, who it seems died the day before, and was huddled into that room, to be out of the way of the company."

At this moment the landlady entered the room with his score, and while the packman sat wiping his brow, entered upon her defence. "Ye ken, Sir," said she, "that ye *wad* sleep in the house, and a wilfu' man maun hae his way; but gin ye had lain still, like an honest body, wi' a clean conscience, and no gaen rampaung about wi' your hands where ye had no business, the feint a harm it would hae done ye!" The packman only answered with a glance of ire, as he thundered down the bawbees upon the table, and turning one last look upon the Finnan haddie, groaned deeply, and went forth upon his journey.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!

Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,

Sylvan historian, who canst thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape

Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on ;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new ,
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting and for ever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue .

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands dress'd ?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return .

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
 Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 " Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know .

KRATO.

WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

As I do not affect the possession of powers adequate to a description of either "the sublime or beautiful," I am thankful that the labours of the pencil and burine have done for me and the world, what, had I attempted with the pen, must doubtless have remained undone—a faithful and finished likeness of three accomplished beauties,

"In whose benignant eyes are beaming
The rays of purity and truth,
Such as we fancy woman's seeming
In the creation's golden youth."

Allowing, therefore, each portrait to develope to the admiring spectator the various charms of face and feature which the fair originals respectively possessed, I betake me to the humbler task of furnishing the reader with that portion of their history, whence originated the conception and execution of the interesting group which they form. In following up this object, I must request one and all *next* to picture to themselves in their mind's eye two handsome and accomplished youths, and they have before them—Henry Talbot and Edward Morton. They were kindred spirits, and they were dear friends. Talbot, in the twenty-third year of his age, found himself, by the death of his father, the inheritor of a delightfully situated estate with a rent-roll of seven hundred pounds a-year. Enamoured with the innocence of country life, he resolved that the old paternal mansion should be his resting place, and that his remaining days should be spent between books and attention to the improving and ornamenting of his inheritance. He had often read with enthusiasm a description of the Leasowes of Shewstone at Halesowen, and ambitious of imitating the taste of the poet in his rural recreations, he devoted much personal exertion to the beautifying of the grounds contiguous to his dwelling. A fair trial of this mode of life did not disappoint the fondest of his anticipations; and to him who had such a valued friend in the person of Edward Morton, it was of no small consequence that this gentleman could, without prejudice to business, visit him at short intervals, in the quiet scene of his retirement. When these always delightful meetings took place—the parlour fireside in winter, and in summer a highly romantic ivy-clad bower, surmounting a perpendicular elevation of rugged rock, looking fiercely on the stream that murmured on its passage below, and itself overhung by a steep bank of forest trees, were the scenes which entertained the friends with

many a rich feast of heart communings. They had both moreover a little of romance in their nature, and from this originated the compact, that because of peculiar associations appealing to their tenderest sympathies, the sweet bower whither they so often resorted, should not be profaned by the discussion of any subject that was calculated to agitate the fiercer passions of human nature. It was as a hallowed sanctuary for the utterance of their most private communings,—a consecrated confessionary for the revelation of their most valued secrets.

One fine summer evening, while seated in their favourite retreat Henry addressed himself to his companion by saying, "It was, my dear sir, as I have already hinted, business of some importance that caused me to urge this kind visit, and as you may guess from the place where I reveal it, business of a rather private nature. You have often been my counsellor—my Mentor—my fidus Achates, and now more than ever I have need of your advice." Saying this, he took from his bosom a small red morocco case, which contained in miniature the portraits of three beautiful females painted on a piece of ivory. Handing it to his friend, he remarked, "You have often seen the originals, Edward: tell me what you think of them there?"

"Assuredly like the originals—very pretty," said Edward, "but you know, though I am a professed admirer of the fair sex, I have not so much to say for beauties when they are painted."

"And I do not so much admire you, my dear fellow, when you evade an answer to a very important question, by giving to it such colouring."

"I beg your pardon, Harry,—I did not know the question to be so important; but if you will let me know in what view it is so, I shall contrive to give you a more satisfactory answer."

"You are right,—I am to blame in not putting the question in form sufficiently definite. I left you to guess at too much to connect at my meaning. I ask it not because I would have your opinion of that highly prized gem as a piece of art. The design is, doubtless, spirited and chaste—the disposition of light and shade managed with a master hand,—the colouring combining force with delicacy of distribution; but all these are less to me in the present instance. If the eyes are made to beam with intelligence,—if the lips seem formed for honied accents—if every feature appears moulded to classic beauty, and each contour itself a model of perfection,—all these belong to the sweet originals, and have not been in the making of the artist, though doubtless he may justly claim his meed of praise for having done his work so well; but while every charm named is important to an admirer of female beauty, I am engrossed by a

more important question than any arising out of such a subject of criticism."

"And it involves a secret, I presume, and one that is deep seated; for I now begin to feel that it is long in coming: but now that my curiosity is excited, let me have it without farther delay or preamble, and I promise, in return, it shall have my serious consideration."

"Look then once more upon these miniatures. Let them assist in conjuring up to your remembrance all the amiable qualities which you know to be in possession of the dear ladies whose personal charms they so faithfully represent. Meanwhile let not my dearest interests be forgotten; and suppose I wish to make one of them my wife, answer me this question—this very important question—Which would you choose?"

"Tell me first," said Edward, "have you assurance that any one of them will take you?"

"I have no reason to think that any of them is engaged."

"But that does not evince that any one of them stands prepared to engage herself with you should you see fit to propose the measure."

"It is all that is needful, sir, to insure for either you or me, or any living man, the first lady of his own rank in society he may chance to ask in marriage; for these are not times for ladies, when husbands are rather scarce and hard to catch withal, to risk the probabilities of a second offer, by rejecting the first."

"Talbot, Talbot, were I not certain that you are now offering injury to the character of the fair, more in words than in thought, I would, as becomes the small share of gallantry I possess, stand up in serious defence of calumniated beauty, and stoutly maintain, in confirmed opposition to all gainsaying, that there are innumerable fair in our land, who are so far from admitting the article of marriage into their creed, as the *summum bonum* of life, that they would never seek to purchase exemption from the reproach of "growing, living, and dying in single blessedness," by falling into the degradation of entering a state of matrimonial union with no other feelings and views than such as belonged to a base utilitarian principle, where convenience, or family interest, or love of wealth were only and alone consulted. I am proud to think that we entertain in our society many such noble minded ones, who would scorn acceptance of a thousand tendered offers, if they felt that they had not their hearts to give with their hands to the thousand offerers. I am proud to think ———"

"Stop, stop, *mon cher ami*, for you are not preaching to an infidel. I believe in your doctrine, and with all my heart could be loud and pithy as yourself in advocacy of the same view, but I am in no mood at present for entering farther into the merits of the case. 1

take however upon me the blame of this digression from the point in hand, and returning to the all-engrossing topic, I put my question into a less objectionable form, and, *supposing* that I may have for the partner of my life any one of these sweet ladies, I ask, and ask seriously, which would you choose?"

"To you, Harry, the question is important; but I doubt it is one of a too delicate nature 'for a stranger to intermeddle with.' Were it for myself, I might not have much difficulty in making a selection, and not be deficient either in strong reasons justifying the preference: but she who is qualified to be all to me, may not be qualified to be as much to you. If you mean to determine your choice coolly,—more by the guidance of reason than the leadings of passion or the colourings of fancy,—study well your own dispositions in connexion with what you know of theirs. Learn what tastes and habits of life they have formed, so as to know whether they will readily unite with your own. If they have defects, as doubtless they have, for to them we must not in all their loveliness ascribe the attribute of perfection, nor do I believe they will ever think of usurping the claim;—then question with yourself whether you are prepared to overlook their blemishes, and to deal tenderly with their foibles, where you cannot succeed in rectifying what is faulty. See from which of the parties you could make up with yourself the nicest accommodation in all these important points, and you will not—or at least, you ought not to be long at a loss, which to choose. But I cannot well conceive that you should have no leanings—no partialities to one of these admired ladies more than to the other two—Is it not so?"

"I do not say, my dear Morton, that hitherto I have regarded them without such leanings as you suggest: but I would state the full amount of the distinction to be, that though I love them not all equally well, I love them all *so well*, that I cannot make up my mind to the alternative of taking one to the necessary and irretrievable loss of the other two. Time might operate a change in my feelings—and so determine the point, but I dare not leave it to time, for by an agency over which I possess no control, I am bound, if I would escape the pressure of a severe calamity, to marry before the termination of four months. Do not ask me whence this ordination; at present I dare not tell you more, and so much as I have now intrusted to your knowledge, keep inviolate till I am at liberty to give you a revelation of the mystery. Thus am I forced upon the necessity of coming to an almost immediate determination, but Edward—the trying question still is—*which would you choose?*"

"Truly your situation is novel. I have preached up caution hitherto, but it now seems as if a little intrepidity were necessary,

and therefore it occurs to me, you must try to find an Alexander's sword to cut this Gordian knot that appears so linked with your fate. This, to say the worst of it, were but "a bold stroke for a wife."

You might hazard the issue upon the throw of a die, for turn up what number it may, you are certain to draw a prize. Had you not been so prepared with such subjects for selection, I would have trembled for the result—for, yielding to the circumstances of your situation, you might have been tempted to enter into wedlock without judging wisely and well of the principles by which the union ought to be cemented."

"I have spoken, it is true, of a mysterious necessity for something like haste in this matter—but I must in justice to myself say, that long ere now I have considered deeply of the state of matrimony, and in deliberative judgment come to the conclusion, that it was my duty and my interest to look for a share of that happiness which a wise and beneficent God has appointed to bless the union existing between husband and wife."

"I may presume," said Edward, "that you have made yourself well acquainted with all the qualifications they possess, natural and acquired, for making them desirable partners in life."

"I have been at some pains in that matter," said Henry, "and would you guess it? I have had that gem prepared from their respective portraits, that by thinking upon their several excellencies with open eyes as it were, and by having them all present as a check upon what might amount to exclusive partiality, I may make up my mind with greater fairness to them and justice to myself. All this I propose for the sake of a cool, philosophic decision; and yet it is possible, after all, that a fit of caprice or an unlooked for contingency may seal my fate. I dare not, for the credit of my scheme, trust myself under my present state of feeling, in the society of any one of the trio; for should I happen to be at the time in that mood which leads me to an admiration of the more prominent traits of mind or peculiar accomplishments for which Mary, or Jane, or Eliza is distinguished, I might in an unguarded moment declare to the temporary dominant mistress my passion, and ask with her to be blessed—while yet conscious that my reason had no great share of merit in deciding the choice. When I am at any time in a contemplative mood, my sympathies are with the soft, the sweet and thoughtful Mary, whose beautiful eyes of mellowed blue, have, as you see, a meek expression of pensive melancholy, but no index withal to any morbid sensibility, or ascetic gloominess of mind, for her whole soul is imbued with the light and the warmth of a calm but satisfied feeling, that in its delightful emanations diffuses gladness around. Again, when

I am fretted with the world, or involved in doubts, I wing my way to Jane, whose matronly and high-minded bearing tell how much she is qualified to act with commanding dignity in every situation, and to guide by solid counsel amidst all the trials and difficulties of life. Then view the light and merry heart of Eliza, as revealed in her arch countenance, and you will tell, Edward, in what mood I am when I leave the other two to admire her. She is no 'April morn,—smiles and tears together,' but a bright summer day, radiant with glee and gladness. Like the happy Beatrice, she seems 'born to speak all mirth.' Her very presence puts to flight the gloom of melancholy, and pain itself is forgot in the sparkle of her roguish eye. 'Tis not for man to remember his sorrows, when blessed by the animation of her mirth, for

——' Oh! it is sportive as ever took wing,
From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in spring;
Illumed by a wit, that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris, just loos'd from their cages.
While her laugh full of life without any control,
But the sweet one of gracefulness, wrung from her soul;
And where it most sparkles, no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brightens all over;
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.' "

"Why, Harry, you are very poetical in your description; but indeed, *prosing* on such a subject could not well be tolerated, for the dear ladies are poetry itself;—but ho! who have we here? ladies coming up the walk—whence, whither, and for what."

One of the ladies was Talbot's sister, who resided with him, and managed affairs in the mansion of Rosehall. The other no less than the admired Mary, who owed her appearance at this juncture, to one of her occasional rides from her father's residence, which was in the neighbourhood, to inquire for her attached friend and relation Miss Talbot, for Mary Fenton was in the degree of second-cousinship with the Talbots. "Ominous," said Henry, rising from his seat; and receiving their fair visitants, they proceeded homeward, where tea awaited their arrival.

The visit proved ominous in reality, for it led to a settlement of the question. While Henry had Mary walking by his side, he felt much inclined, as a sort of preliminary to what might possibly follow, to ascertain in a sort of distant way, a point suggested by his friend Morton in the significant enough question, whether he had made it sure that any of the ladies would take him, while so much engrossed with the question, which of them he him-

If should take. In this view, he directed his conversation into such a line of banter, as might elicit something in the character of a allusion to this other nice point. Accordingly, the rally was commenced, but his fair antagonist fought shy—at least, he thought she did. This caused him to press a little more hard toward gaining a point: and although he could not lay hold of any thing which she said, that clearly and indubitably admitted of the construction he wanted,—yet his reflections afterwards upon what had passed from his lips brought him under the impression, that he had gone so far, not to go now the extreme length, without impeachment upon his honour, and put to her the categorical question, which must needs have a categorical answer, “would you choose me?” catching the first opportunity that left him alone with his friend, and directing towards him an anxious look, he said with some agitation in his manner, “Edward, I fear the die is cast—irretrievably cast.”

“And you *fear* that, Henry! I supposed you rather feared that you would not get the length of casting it—but haste and tell me now it is done, and what it shows—for it may be that I too have stake at hazard in this lottery.”

In answer to these inquiries, the conversation held with Mary as circumstantially detailed, and after it had thoroughly undergone the ordeal of critical examination, the conclusion was come to, that in order to realize expectations which must have been excited in her sensitive mind, and to maintain himself in the credit of a man of honourable bearing, it ought to be no longer a matter of doubt which he would choose. After this verdict was delivered, he sat for a few seconds in a very thoughtful mood, like a criminal meditating upon a sentence of condemnation newly passed by his judge: but instantly assuming a brighter cast of expression, he sprang as if convulsively from his seat, exclaiming with energy, “And it is no longer a matter of doubt—the dear Mary is mine—she is mine, Edward, if she is willing to make me her’s.”

“O noble judge! O excellent young man! for less praise than ‘*Fortia’s* for such a decision you do not merit, and it is no Shylock he gives it. And I,” added he exultingly, “ask the heart and hand of Eliza, for I have loved her long, though for your sake have loved her in secret. Do you approve of my choice?”

This declaration of Morton’s seemed on its announcement to excite in Talbot more of startling surprise, than satisfied delight. It had unexpectedly touched various chords, and set into operation a variety of jarring feelings. Doubtless, if he could not make *Eliza his own*, he would wish to see her in the possession of a *valued friend*; but as yet he did not feel that he was so self-approvingly

established in the propriety of his choice, as to yield up with perfect resignation, every species of title to his two rejected sweethearts.

Recovering from the surprise occasioned by the disclosure now made in his hearing, and trying to answer the question by which it had been followed, he exclaimed with much feeling, "O Edward, she is a sweet lady!" A pause succeeded, and then he added with an expression of evident concern—"true I have made my choice,—I do not, I *must* not regret,—I cannot have more than one—yet she is a sweet, dear lady too,—Edward, I say, Edward, she will make a good wife—but grant me one request; it is not very reasonable, but grant it: do not ask her—that is—let her be as she is, till I am united, ay, indissolubly united to Mary—perhaps she will be bridesmaid to Mary—no, that won't do—I cannot see either Jane or her at our nuptials."

Such a request was not truly very reasonable, but it was readily complied with, and Morton reckoned himself under the greater obligation to this, in consequence of his having by Talbot's agency been brought into acquaintanceship with Eliza. Besides, it was from feelings partly connected with this view, that he was so very backward to give his friend any direct help in forwarding the determination of his choice. From the deep regard he had for Eliza, he felt most anxious that Talbot should not make her the object of his selection, and thereby blast all the fond hopes he had long cherished in secret: but from a very high point of honour, would not, at the same time, endeavour to lead him past her, by saying such things of the other two as might relieve his mind of what he had most to fear. His virtue in this was amply rewarded, for while retaining the "*mens conscia recti*," he first saw Talbot the husband of Mary, and shortly thereafter, himself the happy husband of his beloved Eliza.

On Talbot's finding himself a married man, he was at liberty to tell his friend of the circumstances which laid him under the necessity of entering into wedlock within a definite period. By the will of a maternal uncle,—a man of many odd humours, as the greater number of old bachelor uncles are—Henry was written legatee to a considerable sum of money, but upon a condition somewhat singular. The old man having been led to attribute some misfortunes which befell him in early life, to his not having entered into matrimony at a particular period of his existence, took it into his head that he would provide against any evil of a like description occurring to his nephew, by so framing his will, that only in the event of Henry being married at a time specified should he inherit the legacy. There was yet another singularity in the old man's arrangements. None knew of

the terms of the deed, as it regarded this point, save Henry, to whom it was communicated in a private letter left him by his uncle: for the will was delivered before his death, in a bottle hermetically sealed, to three confidential friends appointed as executors, with the instructions that it was not to be examined till the day of such a date, and only then in the presence of his nephew. When the day arrived, Henry felt all was right, for he was a married man; but his curiosity was all alive to see the whole contents of a document, that in some measure had made him such, and especially was he anxious to know what was to have become of his uncle's money had he forfeited his claim to it; for this was a piece of information he had not. Judge of his surprise when he found that the whole sum was to revert to Mary Fenton, had it fallen from his possession. And it gratified him not a little to think that, though his Mary was nearly related to his uncle by her being the daughter of a cousin, his great partiality to the young lady had led him to prepare for her this *possible* good fortune. He almost wished that the good old fellow would just lift his head from the grave to see that he had taken to his bosom his own dear favourite girl, as he was wont to call her.

In all this there was cause of rejoicing; and Talbot rejoiced as long as the union lasted; but alas! the period was of no great duration. It is true "man never is, but always to be blessed," for the sweet lady fell a prey to pulmonary consumption, within eighteen months of her happy union. Thus soon she left her beloved Henry, and he the only one of the two who lost by the sad change, for she went to a better world—having died as she lived, a bright example of the power of christian faith. It was long that her mourning and bereaved husband "refused to be comforted;" but after remaining a widower for more than three years, he was persuaded, through the entreaty of friends, to think of wedlock for the second time. When he yielded to their counsel he had no difficulty in deciding which to choose, for the only one of his former admired ladies who remained unappropriated was Jane, and, singular enough, she became his bride, and lived long and happily with him. Such was Talbot's fortune—and on the faith of it, I may take it upon me to advise most seriously all bachelors, who can only account for their remaining such, from sheer inability to decide, "which they would choose," to begin by taking one of their lady-loves, and they may find in the end, that they have the good luck, like him, of getting two out of every three.

A. J.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

When spring to woods and wastes around
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murder'd traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky ;
And many a verdant blossom sprung,
And nodded, careless, by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
And, fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away ;
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarm'd, and hard beset ;

Nor how, when, round the frosty pole,
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole,
To banquet on the dead ;

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dress'd the hasty bier,
And mark'd his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoisten'd by a tear.

But long they look'd, and fear'd, and wept,
Within his distant home ;
And dream'd and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they look'd—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died,
Far down that narrow glen.

THE DISAPPOINTED POLITICIAN.*

BY MRS MOODIE.

"Should you like to be a queen, Christina?" said Count Piper, in a tone of affected carelessness, to his beautiful young daughter, who was reclining upon a couch, nursing a lap-dog. "Queen of Hearts," said the petite Venus, without raising her head. "That empire is your own already," returned the politician. "Then I have no ambition to extend my dominions. I have more subjects, at present, than I well know how to manage." "How! I was not aware, madam, that you had lovers. Surely you are too prudent to encourage their addresses." "Indeed! I am not so obligingly grateful for homage which I consider as my due. There is only one man in the world for whom I feel the least tender regard." The brow of the prime minister of Sweden darkened. "And pray, who is the favoured Adonis?" Christina blushed, looked enchantingly simple, and redoubled the caresses she was bestowing upon her dog. The Count repeated the question. "My cousin Adolphus Von Hesse." "You have not been so foolish as to fall in love with that boy?" "Boy, indeed! No, I walked into love with him; for I cannot remember the day when he first appeared lovely in my eyes." "Nonsense! You have been brought up together. 'Tis a mere sisterly regard." "I should be very sorry if Adolphus were my brother." "But the youth is portionless;—has no other maintenance than his commission and my bounty." "He is handsome and brave; and, when I discovered that he had fine eyes, and that they spoke the most eloquent language in the world, I never examined the depth of his purse." "My dear girl, you must forget him," said the Count, passing his arm tenderly round her waist. "My good sire, I don't mean to try. You are not indifferent to his amiable qualities, and love him yourself." "Not well enough to make him my heir." "And you will not render us the happiest couple in the world," said Christina, her fine eyes sparkling like sapphires through her tears. "Christina, you have been a spoiled child. I have given you too much your own way; and now you demand impossibilities. You are not old enough to choose a husband for yourself. Be a good girl, and your aunt shall introduce you at court; and then you will see our brave young King." "The rude monster! I have no wish to see him. Besides, he hates women." "'Tis a libel. He is in love with you."

* From 'The Gem,' 1832.

"With me! I never saw him in my life." "But he has seen you, and he says—" "Ah, my dear father, what does he say?" "You do not care for the opinion of a rude monster, and a woman-hater?" "Ah, but he is a king. What did he say?" But the Count was determined to keep the secret; and no coaxing, in which feminine art the little flirt was a perfect adept, could wheedle it out of him. "Christina, I shall bring an officer home to sup with me—you must treat him with respect, as I intend him for your husband." "But I will never have him," said Christina, laughing, as the Count left the room. "If I do not marry my soldier, I will die a maid."

"Bravely resolved, sweetheart," cried Von Hesse, stepping from behind the arras. "It is worth playing at hide-and-seek, to hear you advocate a cause so hopeless as mine." "Hopeless! why the battle is half won. My father's anger is like the dew upon the grass, which the first sunny smile evaporates. Prithce, do not sigh, and fold your arms, and look so sentimentally solemn. Love will pay the piper, and we shall yet dance to a merry tune." "You suffer hope to deceive you, Christina. I know your father better. Ah, Christina! you will not be able to refuse the magnificent bribe he will offer in exchange for the warm heart and devoted attachment of your cousin." "I perceive that you are determined that I shall increase the list of faithless lovers," said Christina, pouting, "in spite of the late convincing proof you so treacherously obtained of my constancy." "Dearest love, you mistake my meaning. Dry these tears, Christina: I am not Stoic enough to withstand such eloquence." "Why did you cause them to flow?" said Christina, still sobbing. "Was it merely to indulge in the levity of kissing them away; or were you jealous of some imaginary rival? What think you of that antidote to the tender emotions of the heart, Count Ericson?" "Ah, Christina! —" "Why that sigh, Adolphus?" "Your father will introduce to you, to-night, a new lover, and I—I shall be forgotten." "You deserve the fate you anticipate, for entertaining these unjust suspicions. But, you are a man—and I forgive you." "Then you really love me, Christina?" "Am I to tell you so a thousand times? You must be tired of the repetition of that word." "On the contrary, 'tis ever new to me." "We love each other," said Christina; "but my father will not, at present, give his consent to our union; and we must wait patiently till he does." "And if that period should not arrive?" "Never fear." "But, Christina, I do fear." "Our happiness would not be increased by an act of disobedience." "I thought as much, Christina: you have grown very prudent." "I cannot break my father's heart." "But mine?" "Adolphus, if I am not your's

with my father's consent, I will never wed another. But he is so kind—so good—I am his only child. No, no—I cannot disobey him."

The young soldier frowned, and walked several times hastily across the room, at every turn stopping to contemplate the fair tyrant who held his heart in her chains. Christina was trying to look grave; but the roguish dimples, which gave such a charm to her rosy mouth, were ready to expand, upon the first provocation, into a hearty laugh. It was impossible for the little beauty to look sad for two minutes together. Von Hesse was in no laughing mood. He was in the very heroics of love; and his distorted fancy magnified the reasonable impediments to his union with Christina into mountains, guarded by those hope-extinguishing monsters, ambition and avarice. Ignorant of her father's designs, and firmly confiding in his parental love, Christina saw no difficulty in the matter; and she was greatly diverted by the perplexed and jealous askances of her lover. Von Hesse was out of humour. He dared not complain of Christina's coldness; and he, therefore, endeavoured to draw upon her compassion by railing at himself.

"Christina, I have suffered a fatal passion to mislead me. I will not repay the debt of gratitude I owe your father by robbing him of his child. Farewell, Christina. I go to join my regiment. Should I fall in battle, sometimes think of Von Hesse." His voice faltered—the tears rushed into Christina's eyes—Von Hesse was at her feet. All his magnanimous resolutions vanished; and the lovers parted more enamoured with each other than ever.

If Adolphus was inclined to despair of the success of his suit, Christina, on the other hand, was too sanguine in believing that small opposition would be made to her wishes. The influence she maintained over her father was great; but it was not without limitation. She reigned an absolute queen over his household. Her comfort, her taste, and her inclinations, were consulted in every thing; but her power extended no further. To Christina politics were a forbidden subject: the Count suffered no female interference in state affairs. But, latterly, he had retailed much of the court news to his daughter, and was always eulogising the young monarch, whose favourite he had the good fortune to be, and who was daily heaping upon him fresh marks of his affection and esteem. This brave prince, whose eccentricities had filled all Europe with astonishment, had been introduced, incognito, to Christina, and, in spite of his professed antipathy to the sex, was secretly among the train of her admirers; a circumstance which gratified the pride, and called forth all the ambitious hopes, of her father. Nor was it unreasonable for the politician to suppose, that the youth who

had commenced his reign by crowning himself, and beating the united forces of Denmark, Saxony, and Russia, would scrupulously consult the etiquette of courts in the choice of a wife. In his charming daughter Count Piper thought he beheld the future Queen of Sweden.

The hint which he had dropped about the young King's admiration of her personal charms, did not fail to make an impression upon the lively Christina. She knew she was beautiful; and the agreeable consciousness of the fact was displayed with such natural ease and gaiety, that what would have appeared absurd in another female, increased the attractions of Christina. Fond of admiration, she was pleased with those gallant attentions from the other sex which all women secretly love to receive. Her attachment to Von Hesse was steady and sincere; but she thought it no treason against the sovereignty of love to appear as agreeable as she could in the eyes of all men. She received their homage as a matter of course; but it was only when Adolphus approached that her voice became tremulous, the brilliancy of her eyes softened, and her heart beat with reciprocal tenderness. Christina would not have died for love; but she would have retained through life a painful impression of the lost object of her early affections.

In spite of her lover's jealous fears, the spirit of coquetry induced her to bestow an extra ten minutes on the business of the toilette; and, when she entered the hall, where supper was prepared, for her father and his solitary guest, with unusual magnificence, she looked perfectly captivating. The stranger advanced to meet her, and in an awkward and constrained manner, led her to her seat at the head of the table. Great was Christina's disappointment in recognizing, in her new lover, an old familiar face. "Count Ericson!" she muttered to herself: "what does my father mean by introducing such a dull wooer to me?"

And who was Count Ericson? Patience, gentle reader:—a tall, raw-boned youth, in a Captain's uniform, with large blue eyes, a high aquiline nose, ruddy cheeks, and yellow curling hair; slovenly in his dress, ungraceful in all his movements, and so blunt and uncourteous in conversation, that he had long been Christina's butt and aversion. For some weeks past, this half-grown man had been a constant visitor at her father's table, with whom he was often closeted for hours. Christina, out of very mischief, had played off, upon this luckless wight, all her artillery of bright glances and wreathed smiles, without being able to extort from him a single compliment. He would sit and stare at her for hours, without speaking a word; and sometimes, but this was seldom the case, he had condescended to laugh at her bright sallies. Christina had

given him up in despair, and great was her indignation at her father's providing her with such a spouse; and she determined to affront him the first time they were left alone together. As if aware of her hostile intentions, the silent youth endeavoured to exert his powers of pleasing, and, for the first time, commenced a conversation with his fair enslaver, by abruptly asking her what she thought of Alexander the Great? Christina burst out a laughing, and replied, with great simplicity, that "she had never thought much about him; but she remembered, whilst reading his history, considering him a madman." Ericson eagerly demanded her reason for pronouncing *non compos mentis* the greatest conqueror the world ever saw? "Had Alexander been as wise a man as he was a great conqueror," said Christina, "he would have learned to govern himself before he undertook the subjugation of the world." Ericson reddened, and his proud eye flashed, as he replied with some warmth, "Cannot you, madam, enter into the noble zeal which hurries a brave man into the focus of danger, and induces him to relinquish life, and all its petty enjoyments, to gain the wreath of immortal fame?" "No, indeed," returned Christina, "I have no feelings in common with the destroyer. I would rather be celebrated for conferring blessings upon my fellow-creatures, than be immortalized by their curses. I have ever looked upon great conquerors as fools or madmen—a scourge to their own people, and an intolerable pest to society." "My lord," said the minister, striving to mollify the rising choler of his guest, "you must pay no heed to my daughter's impertinencies. Her knowledge of battles and conquerors is confined to the chess-board. On that limited sphere, she enacts the General so well, that even an old soldier like me finds some difficulty in taming her audacity."

Ericson regained his composure, and, turning to the laughter-loving Christina, with more gallantry than she had imagined him capable of displaying, challenged her to play a game with him. "With all my heart," said Christina; "but if I should beat you?"

"It would not be the first time that I have been vanquished by you, Lady Christina," said Ericson, looking her full in the face. Christina coloured, and cast her eyes to the ground, only to flash them again upon the Count with a proud glance of mingled coquetry and disdain. But the ice was broken—the bashful youth had gained more confidence; and he met her indignant look with an expression of admiration and defiance. "There is more mettle in this proud boy than I imagined," thought Christina, as she took her seat at the chess-board; "my father has set me to play a dangerous game." She shaded her glowing cheek with her hand, and fixed her eyes immovably on the board, determined, out of pure

contradiction, to play as stupidly as she possibly could, to mortify her opponent. The game, however, required no particular skill to insure a conquest on her part. Ericson scarcely looked at his pieces. His moves were made without judgment: they were rash, and easily counter-planned. "My queen gives check to the king," said Christina, with a triumphant air. "Fair tyrant," said the defeated, "do not you wish that you could make the king your prisoner?" "No, it is enough that I have him in my power." "Most completely," said Ericson, rising and pushing the board from him: "you have checkmated me." . . .

"Father, how could you impose upon me by bringing Count Ericson here as my wooer? Do you imagine that a girl of any sensibility or taste, could condescend to marry that awkward boy?" "He is nineteen; just two years your senior; is brave, wealthy, and nobly born. What would you desire more?" "My cousin," said Christina: "as to this Count Ericson, I detest him, and mean to tell him so the very next time I have the misfortune to spend a whole evening in his company."

But many days passed away, and Christina was too much amused in tormenting her unfortunate lover, to put her threat into practice. Besides, Von Hesse purposely absented himself from the house; or, when present, behaved in so cold and distant a manner, that Christina saw no other way of restoring him to his senses than by flirting with the Count.

"I had the misfortune to dream of you last night," she said one morning to the enamoured youth: "I wish for the future, that you would not presume to disturb my slumbers by your unwelcome presence." "I, too, had a dream," said Ericson: "I dreamt that you smiled upon me, and I was happy." "You must take dreams by their opposites," said Christina. "I know better, waking, where to bestow my smiles." "How did I appear to you last night?" said the Count. "Oh, just as agreeably as you do to-day." "Scornful girl, teach me how to woo you," cried Ericson, suddenly imprinting a kiss upon her ruby lips. This freedom, the rudeness of which he was not quite aware of, was repaid by so smart a blow, that the offender, as he rubbed his crimsoned cheek, marvelled how it could have been inflicted by a hand so soft and delicate. "Your father led me to imagine," he said, in a sullen tone, "that you would not receive my addresses with indifference." "My father knew nothing about the matter," said the indignant Christina, "or he never would have introduced to his daughter such an unmannerly youth. But you are not an object of indifference"—Before she could conclude the ominous sentence, Von Hesse stood before her.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Ericson, fiercely. "A soldier,"

said Von Hesse, flinging his sword carelessly upon the table: "one who has bled in the cause of his country, and is ready to die in her service." "We must be friends," said Ericson, extending his hand. "We are rivals," said Von Hesse, drawing back. "Does Christina love you?" "She has told me so a thousand times. See what it is to trust to the faith of woman. You are no longer an object of indifference, and I resign my claims." "To whom?" said Christina, the tears slowly gathering in her eyes. "The King," said Von Hesse, turning away. "Stay!" said Charles. The young man reluctantly obeyed. "I have seen your face before—what is your name?" "Adolphus Von Hesse, the son of a brave officer, who died on the field of battle, and left me no other heritage than his good name and my mother's tears." "And where did you receive that scar upon your left temple?" "In the battle of Narva, where your Majesty, with a handful of men, defeated the armies of Russia." "You need no other passport to my favour," said Charles, raising him from the ground, as he attempted to kneel and kiss his hand. "That glorious day made me act the part of a soldier, and feel like a man. Then turning to Christina, who had already dried up her tears, he said with an air of pleasantry, "By my sword, maiden, I am a sorry wooer. That blow of thine has frightened away all the Cupids that had taken possession of my heart. Do you love this brave youth?" "Most sincerely." "What prevents your union?" "My father refuses to make us happy." "On what plea?" "He has higher views for his daughter." "Umph!" said Charles, "I see through them now; but Love has outwitted the politician. Christina, if your father refuses to bestow you in marriage on the man of your heart, why—I will. Charles, though an uncourteous lover, is not an ungenerous friend."

The delighted pair sunk at his feet; and, with blunt good-humour, he united their hands. Then, bending over the blushing Christina, he pressed upon her snowy brow the last kiss of love he ever proffered to woman. "Will your Majesty pardon me," whispered Christina, "for inflicting such a severe blow upon your royal cheek?" "Silence," returned Charles; "have I not amply revenged the injury?" "My bride must be wooed in the field of battle, and won 'mid the shouts of victory!"

The following week he honoured the marriage of Christina and Adolphus with his royal presence; and THE DISAPPOINTED POLITICIAN alone wore a grave countenance at the feast.

ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE UPON LOCH AWE.

From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined Castle on an Island* at some distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The Castle occupied every foot of the Island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine; there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of Turrets—nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin."—*Extract from the Journal of my Companion.*

CHILD of loud-throated War! the mountain Str-am
 Roars in thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
 Is come, and thou art silent in thy age;
 Save when the winds sweep by, and sounds are caught
 Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.
 Oh! there is life that breathes not; Powers there are
 That touch each other to the quick in modes
 Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
 No soul to dream of. What art Thou, from care
 Cast off—abandon'd by thy rugged Sire,
 Nor by soft Peace adopted; though in place
 And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem
 But a mere footstool to yon sovereign Lord,
 Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner Hills
 Might crush, nor know that it had suffer'd harm;)
 Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims
 To reverence suspends his own; submitting
 All that the God of nature hath conferr'd,
 All that he has in common with the stars,
 To the memorial majesty of Time
 Impersonated in thy calm decay!

Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unreprieved,
 Now, when a farewell gleam of evening light
 Is fondly lingering on thy shatter'd front,
 Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and rule
 Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
 Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods, unite
 To pay thee homage; and with these are join'd,
 In willing admiration and respect,
 Two Hearts, which in thy presence might be call'd
 Youthful as Spring. Shade of departed Power,
 Skeleton of unflesh'd humanity,
 The Chronicle were welcomed that should call

* Castle Kilchurn stands on a Peninsula at the east end of Loch Awe—not on an island as above stated. It is possible the poet mistook the ruins of an ancient castle upon the small island called *Fraoch Eilan* for Kilchurn Castle itself. The Tradition is, that Kilchurn Castle was built by the Lady of Sir John Campbell during the absence of her Lord in Palestine. It is the stronghold which Sir Walter Scott had in his eye, in sketching the residence of Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, in the 'Legend of Montrose.' The scene is also dwelt upon in the same novelist's tale of 'The Highland Widow.'

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

4.



Painted by H. M. O'Leary

Map by E. C. Green

RESCUEMEN CASTLE, TOCIC AVE.

FROM THE OUTRICK, THE CASTLE IS IN THE HANDS OF THE LADIES

Into the compass of distinct regard
The toils and struggles of thy infancy!
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
Its dizzy turbulence clouds the eye,
Frozen by distance; so, majestic Pile,
To the perception of this Age, appear
The fierce beginnings softened and subdued
And quieted in character; the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades!

WORDSWORTH.

"WE'LL SEE ABOUT IT."

BY MRS A. C. HALL.

"We'll see about it!"—from that simple sentence has arisen more evil to Ireland, than any person, ignorant of the strange union of Impetuosity and Procrastination my countrymen exhibit, could well believe. They are sufficiently prompt and energetic where their feelings are concerned, but, in matters of business, they most invariably prefer *seeing about* to *doing*.

I shall not find it difficult to illustrate this observation:—from many examples of its truth, in high and in low life, I select Philip Garraty.

Philip, and Philip's wife, and Philip's children, and all of the use of Garraty, are employed from morning till night in *seeing out* every thing, and, consequently, in *doing* nothing. There is Philip—a tall, handsome, good-humoured fellow, of about five-and-irty, with broad, lazy-looking shoulders, and a smile perpetually twinkling about his mouth, or in his bright hazel eyes—the picture of tolerance and kindly feeling. There he is, leaning over what was once a five-barred gate, and leads to the haggart; his blue worsted stockings full of holes, which the saggan, twisted half way up the ill-formed leg, fails to conceal; while his brogues (to use his own words) if they do let the water in, let it out again. With what undidled elegance does he roll that knotted twine and then unroll it; trying his occupation, at times, by kicking the stones that once crossed a wall, into the stagnant pool, scarcely large enough for full grown ducks to sail in. But let us first take a survey of the premises. The dwelling house is a long rambling abode, much larger than the generality of those that fall to the lot of small Irish farmers; but the fact is that Philip rents one of the most extensive farms in the neighbourhood, and ought to be "well to do in the world." The dwelling looks very comfortless, notwithstanding: *part of the thatch is much decayed, and the rank weeds and damp*

moss nearly cover it; the door posts are only united to the wall in a few scattered portions of clay and stone, and the door itself hanging but by one hinge; the window frames shake in the passing wind, and some of the compartments are stuffed with the crown of a hat, or a "lock of straw"—very unsightly objects. At the opposite side of the swamp is the haggart gate, where a broken line of alternate palings and wall, exhibit proof that it had formerly been fenced in; the commodious barn is almost roofless, and the other sheds pretty much in the same condition; the pig-stye is deserted by the grubbing lady and her grunting progeny, who are too fond of an occasional repast in the once-cultivated garden to remain in their proper abode; the listless turkeys, and contented half-fatted geese, live at large on the public; but the turkeys, with all their shyness and modesty, have the best of it—for they mount the ill-built stacks, and select the grain, *a plaisir*.

"Give you good morrow, Mr Philip; we have had showery weather lately." "Och, all manner o' joy to ye, my lady, and sure ye'll walk in, and sit down; my woman will be proud to see ye. I'm sartin we'll have the rain soon agin, for it's every where, like bad luck; and my throat's sore wid hurishing thim pigs out o' the garden—sorra' a thing can I do all day for watching thim." "Why do you not mend the door of the stye?" "True, for ye, Ma'm dear, so I would—if I had the nails, and I've been threatening to step down to Mickey Bow, the smith, to ask him to see about it." "I hear you've had a fine crop of wheat, Philip." "Thank God for all things! You may say that; we had, my lady, a fine crop—but I have always the light of ill luck somehow; upon my sowkins (and that's the hardest oath I swear) the turkeys have had the most of it: but I mean to see about setting it up safe to-morrow." "But Philip, I thought you sold the wheat, standing to the steward at the big house." "It was all as one as sould, and it's a bad world, Madam dear, and I've no luck.—Says the steward to me, says he, I like to do things like a man of business, so, Misth Garraty, just draw up a bit of an agreement that you deliver out the wheat field to me, on sich a day, standing as it is, for sich a sun and I'll sign it for ye, and thin there can be no mistake, only let me have it by this day week.—Well, to be sure I came home full o' n good luck, and I tould the wife; and on the strength of it she ma have a new gown. And sure, says she, Miss Hennessy is just con from Dublin, wid a shop full o' goods, and on account that she's n brother's sister-in-law's first cousin, she'll let me have the first sig o' the things, and I can take my pick—and ye'll have plinty of th to see about the agreement to-morrow. Well, I don't know how was, but the next day we had no paper, nor ink, nor pena ir

house; I meant to send the gosson to Miss Hennessy's for all—but forgot the pens. So when I was *seeing about* the 'greement, I be-thought of the ould gander, and while I was pulling as beautiful a pen as ever ye laid ye'r two eyes upon, out of his wing, he tattered my hand with his bill in sich a manner, that sorra' a pen I could bould for three days. Well, one thing or another put it off for ever so long, and at last I wrote it out like print, and takes it myself to the steward.—Good evening to you Mr Garraty, says he; good evening kindly, Sir, says I, and I hope the woman that owns ye, and all ye'r good family's well: all well thank ye, Mr Garraty, says he; I've got the 'greement here Sir, says I, pulling it out as I thought—but behould ye—I only cotcht the paper it was wrapt in, to keep it from the dirt of the tobacco that was loose in my pocket for want of a box—(saving ye'r presence); so I turned what little bits o' things I had in it out, and there was a grate hole that ye might drive all the parish rats through, at the bottom—which the wife promised to *see about* mending, as good as six months before. Well, I saw the sneer on his ugly mouth (for he's an Englishman), and I turned it off with a laugh, and said air holes were comfortable in hot weather, and sich like jokes—and that I'd go home and make another 'greement. 'Greement for what? says he, laying down his grate outlandish pipe. Whew! may be ye don't know, says I. Not I, says he. The wheat field, says I. Why, says he; didn't I tell you then, that you must bring the 'greement to me by that day week;—and that was by the same token (pulling a red memorandum book out of his pocket), let me see—exactly this day three weeks. Do you think, Mister Garraty, he goes on, that when ye didn't care to look after ye'r own interests, and I offering so fair for the field, I was going to wait upon you? I don't lose my papers in the Irish fashion. Well that last set me up—and so I axed him if it was the pattern of his English breeding, and one word brought on another; and all the blood in my body rushed into my fist—and I had the ill luck to knock him down—and, the coward, what does he do but takes the law o' me—and I was cast—and lost the sale of the wheat—and was ordered to pay ever so much money: well, I didn't care to pay it then, but gave an engagement; and I meant to *see about it*—but forgot: and all in a giffy, came a thing they call an execution—and to stop the cant, I was forced to borrow money from that tame negur, the exciseman, who'd sell the sowl out of his grandmother for sixpence (if indeed there ever was a sowl in the family), and its a terrible case to be paying *interest* for it *still*."

"But, Philip, you might give up or dispose of part of your farm. I know you could get a good sum of money for that rich meadow by the river."

" True for ye ma'm dear—and I've been *seeing about it* for a long time—but somehow *I have no luck*. Jist as ye came up, I was thinking to myself, that the gale day is passed, and all one as before, yara a pin's worth have I for the rint, and the landlord wants it as bad as I do, though it's a shame to say that of a gentleman; for jist as he was *seeing about* some ould custodium, or something of the sort, that had been hanging over the estate ever since he came to it, the sheriff's officers put *executioners* in the house; and it's very sorrowful for both of us, if I may make bould to say so; for I am sartin he'll be racking me for the money—and indeed the ould huntsman tould me as much—but I must *see about it*: not indeed that it's much good—for I've no luck." " Let me beg of you, Philip, not to take such an idea into your head; do *not lose* a moment; you will be utterly ruined if you do; why not apply to your father-in-law—he is able to assist you; for at present you only suffer from temporary embarrassment." " True for ye—that's good advice, my lady; and by the blessing of God I'll *see about it*." " Then go directly, Philip." " Directly—I can't ma'm dear—on account of the pigs: and sorra a one I have but myself to keep them out of the cabbages; for I let the woman and the grawls go to the pattern at Killaur; it's little pleasure they see, the craturs." " But your wife did not hear the huntsman's story?" " Och, aye did she—but unless she could give me a sheaf o' banks notes, where would be the good of her staying—but I'll *see about it*." " Immediately then, Philip, think upon the ruin that may come—nay, that *must* come, if you *neglect this* matter: your wife too; your family reduced from comfort to starvation—your home desolate"—" Asy my lady,—don't be after breaking my heart intirely; thank God I have seven as fine shahulugh children as ever peeled pratee, and all under twelve years old; and sure I'd lay down my life tin times over for every one o' them: and to-morrow for sartin—no—to-morrow—the hurling; I can't to-morrow; but the day after, if I'm a living man, I'll *see about it*."

Poor Philip! his kindly feelings were valueless because of his unfortunate habit. Would that this were the only example I could produce of the ill effects of that dangerous little sentence—" *I'll see about it!*" Oh that the sons and daughters of the fairest island that ever heaved its green bosom above the surface of the ocean, would arise and *be doing* what is to be done, and never again rest contented with—" *SEEING ABOUT IT.*"

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